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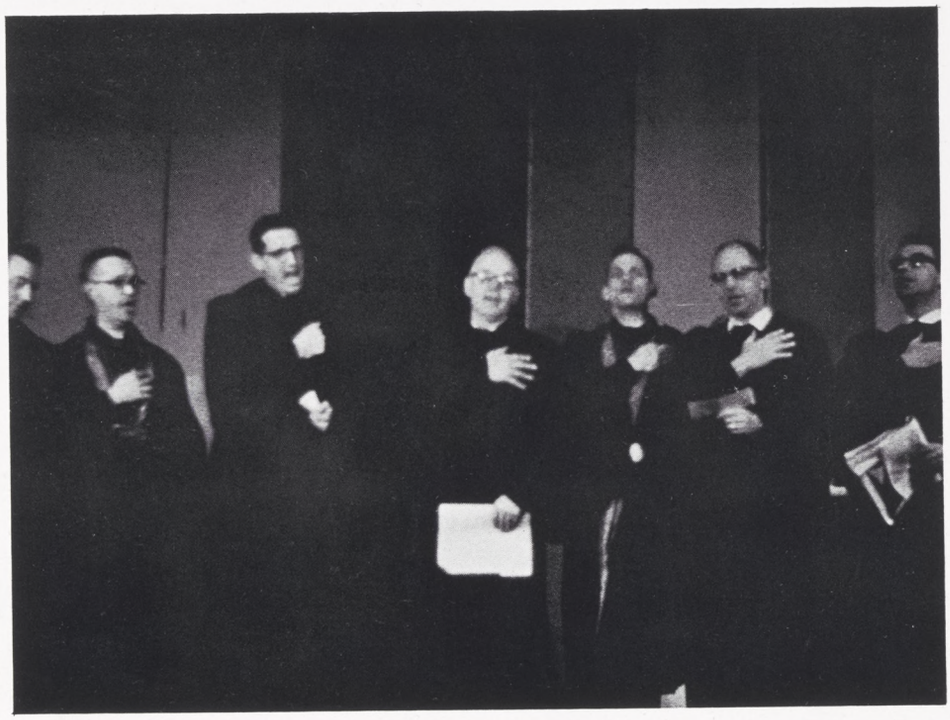
contents

faculty 6
activities 16
athletics 42
panorama 76
social 104
seniors 130
advertising 172
editor's note 177

page 3 photo
A. W. Servatios

Pilkington, Lewis, Sears, McEwen, Hyde, Wheeler, Johnson, Bennett, Hansen, Meade, Letzelter, Tolles, Wertimer.

administration



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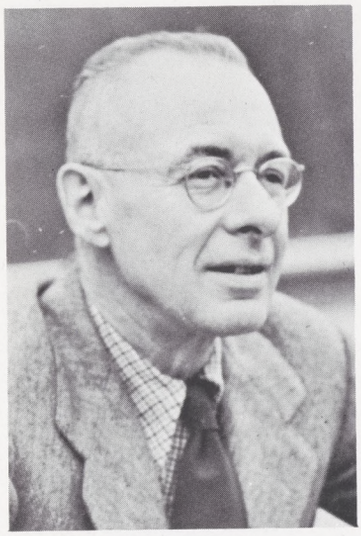

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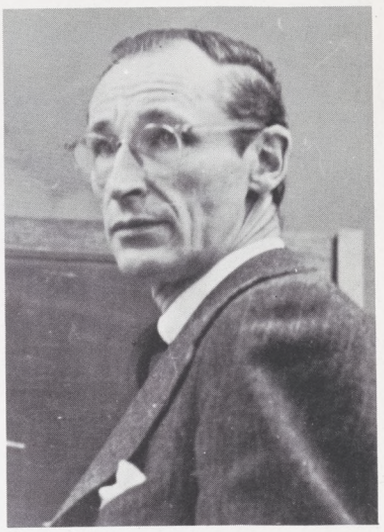

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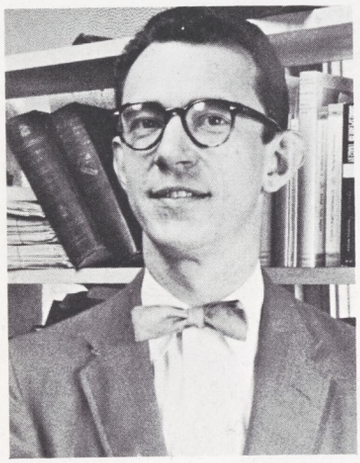

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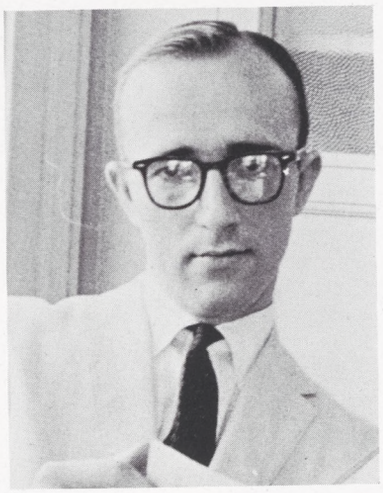

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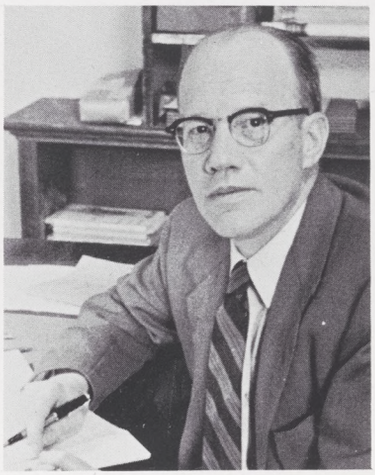

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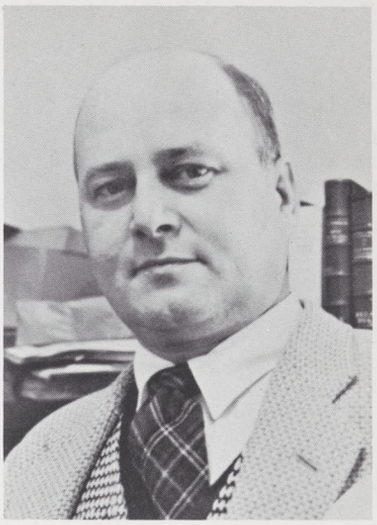

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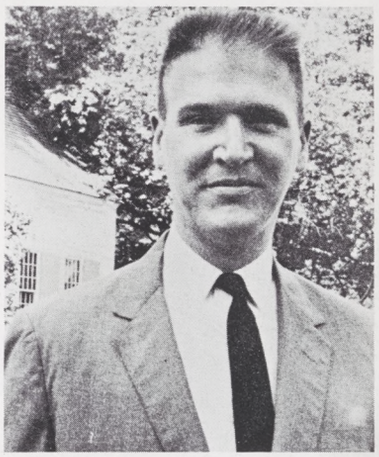

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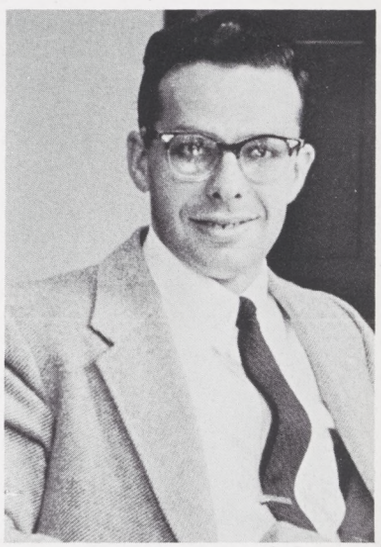

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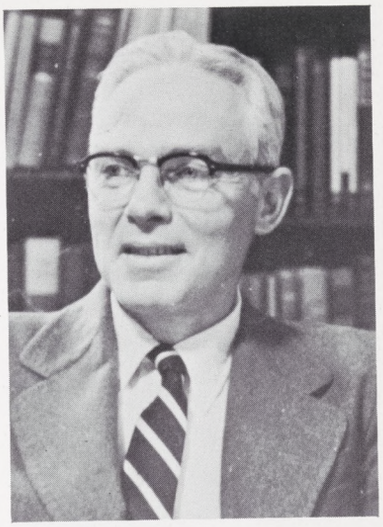

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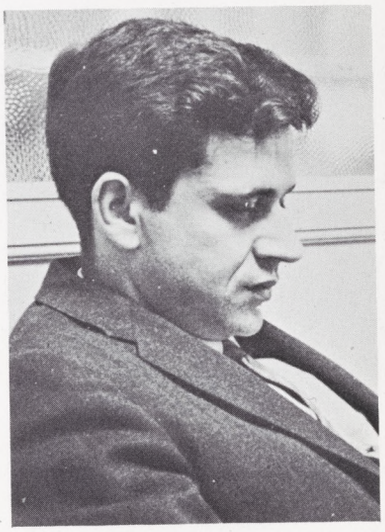

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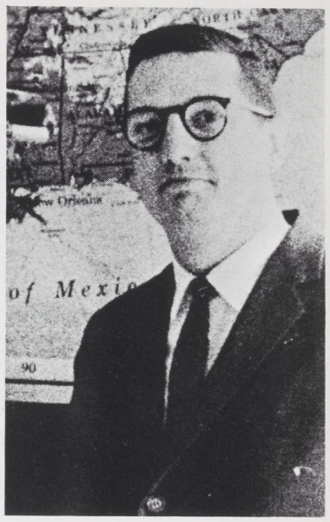

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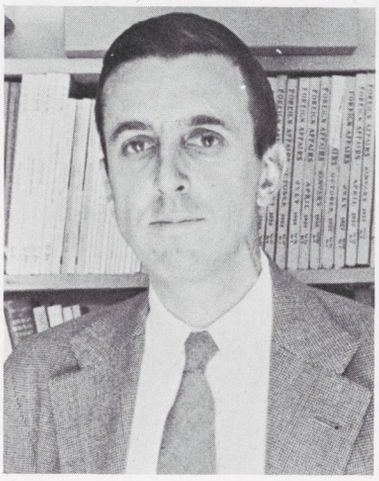

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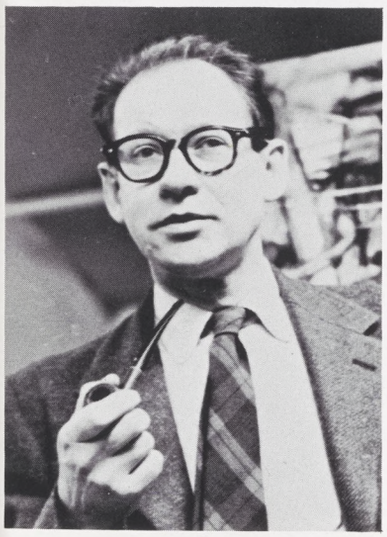

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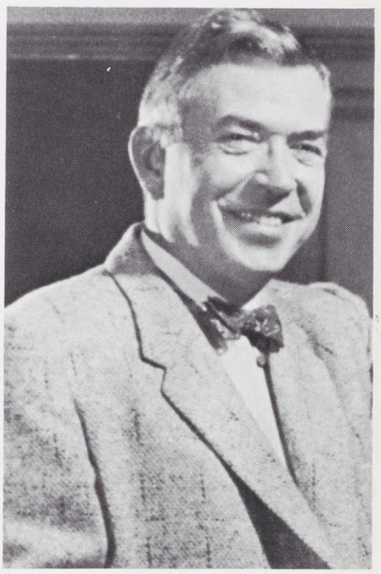

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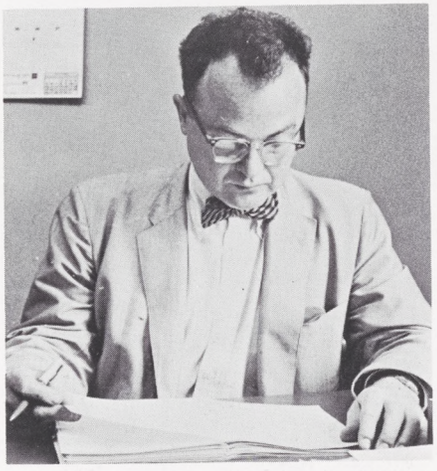

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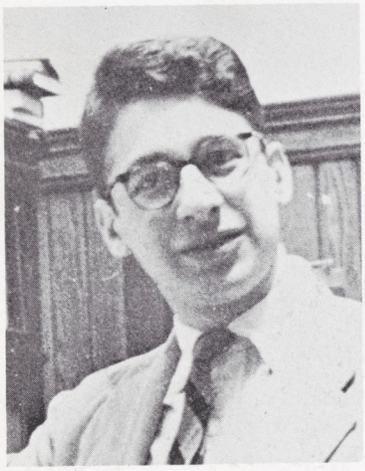
John Sake Gambs, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Leavenworth Professor of Economics*



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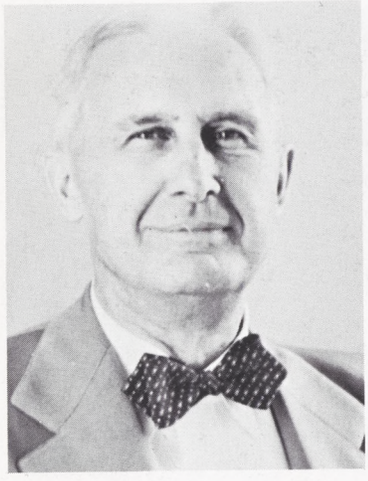

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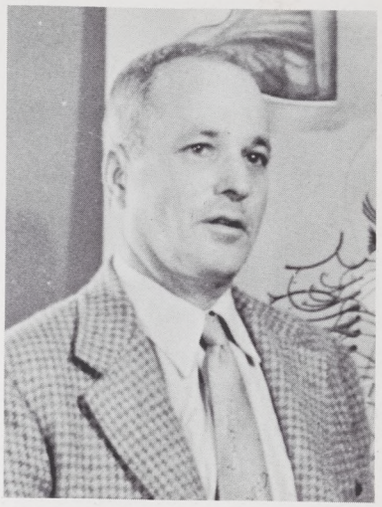

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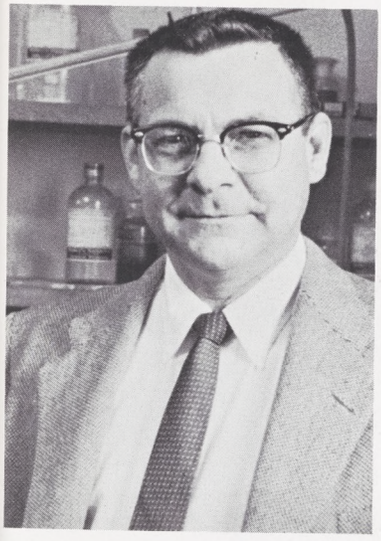

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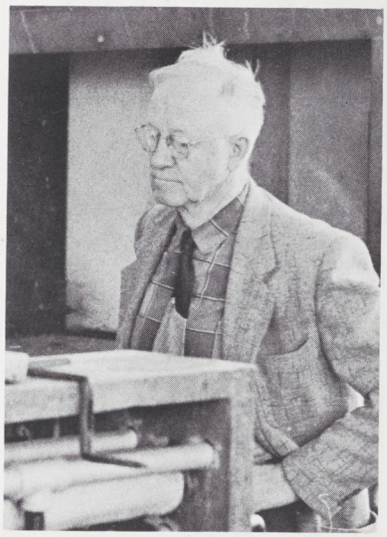
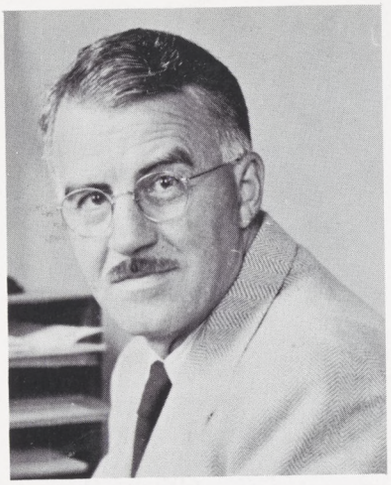


Asa Emanuel McKinney, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Childs Professor of Chemistry, Emeritus*



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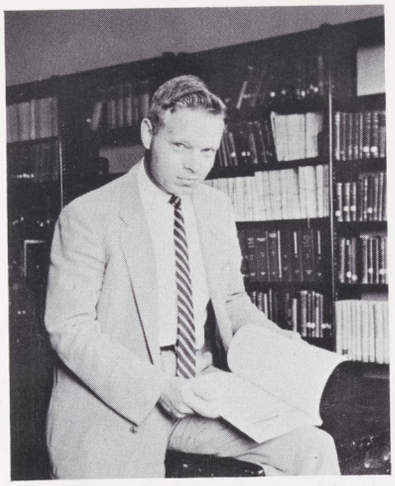

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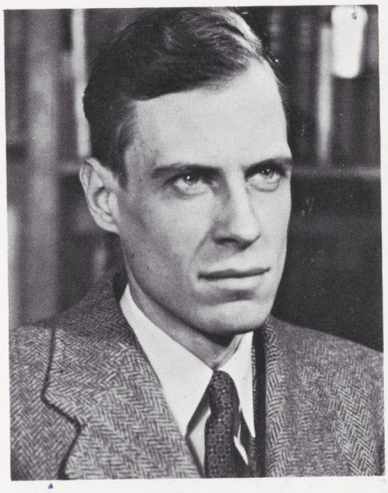

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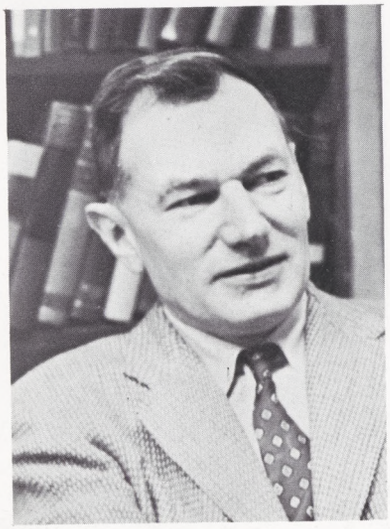

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John Low Baldwin, Jr., *Assistant Professor of Music, Director of the Choir, Director of Root Art Center*

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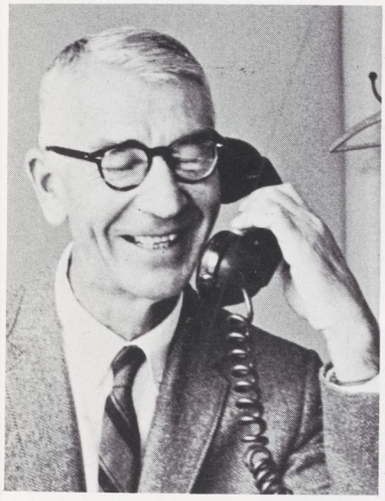

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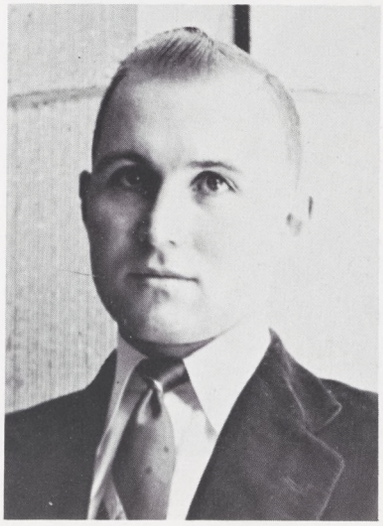

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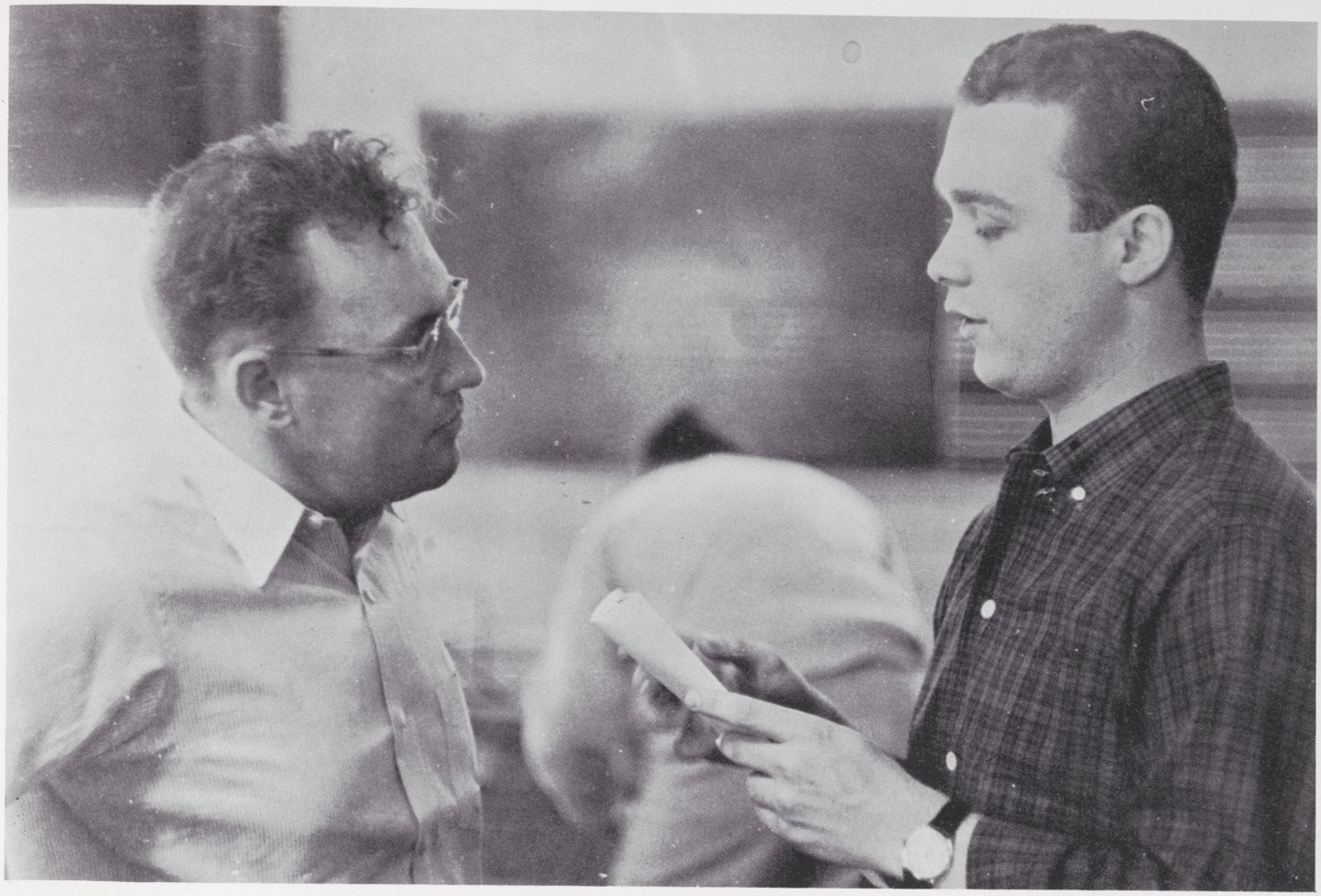
Charles L. Hunter, B.S., *Instructor in Physical Education*



activities

phi beta kappa

Peter Clare Appleby

Brian Thomas Canning Davis

John Michael Griffin

Richard Frederick Hinman

Dennis Philip Howie

Philip Bartlett Mead

John Francis Naylor

Robert Dixon Patton

George David Richards

Reynold August Riemer

Ben Zeichner

pentagon

senior honorary

Murdock, Crosier, Scholl, Flanagan, Moore, R.

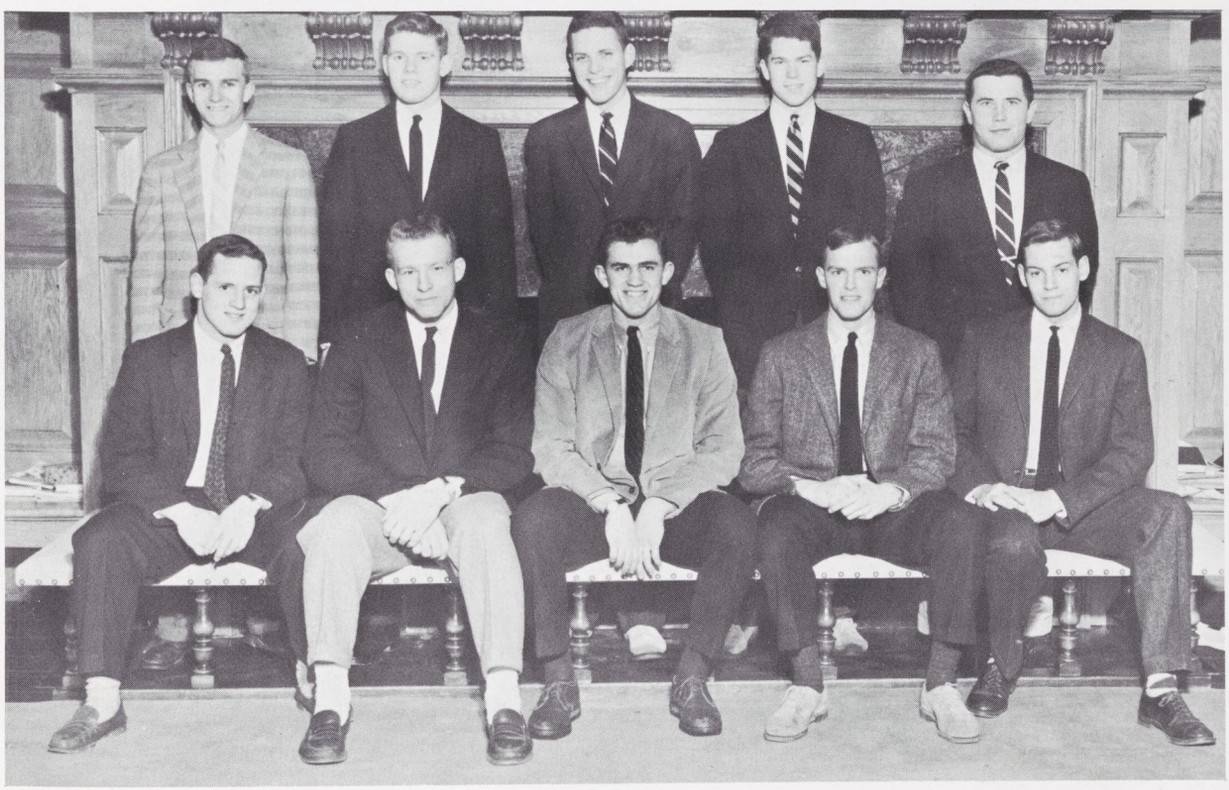
was los

junior honorary

Strawbridge, Turnbull, Norbeck, Andrews, Jo., Colton, Rasmussen, P.

D.T.

sophomore honorary



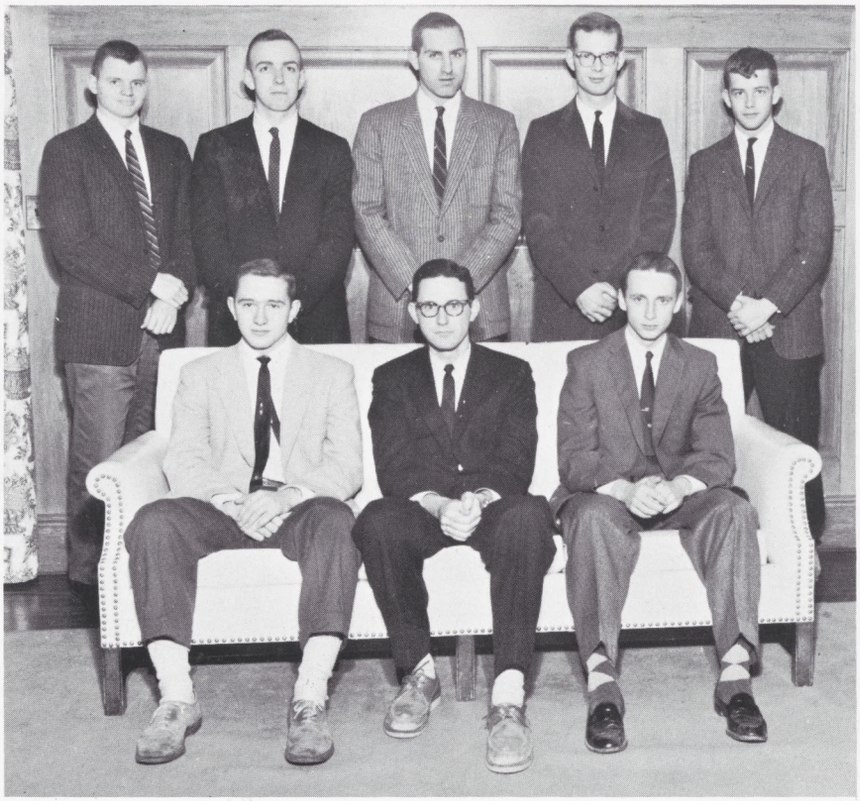
First Row: Schoonover, Blessing, Payne, Ramsay, R., Smyth, J. *Second Row:* Martin, Ennis, Kirkpatrick, Burke, D., Krupka.

honor court

Some innovations were adopted by the Honor Court during the year 1958-1959. In the hope that the System might dispense justice in a manner more in line with standard legal practice, measures were taken to ensure the right of every defendant to a fair and impartial trial. These measures included the formation of a defense counsel position, the standardization of trial procedure, the tightening of attendance requirements for Court members, and the more efficient use of alternate members appointed to the Court.

For the first time since the inclusion of the article, the Honor Court took action in a violation of the library regulations. In another innovation, full details of the trial, excluding names, were reported to the student body.

All these new devices had as their purpose to make more consistent and understandable, and, therefore, to strengthen the Honor Court, with the further purpose of strengthening student interest and participation in the Honor System of which the Court is the servant and agent. By this means will the System and its Court continue to merit the title of "Hamilton's proudest tradition."



First Row: Eckerman, Flanagan, Hineline. *Second Row:* Rasmussen, P., Turnbull, Spencer, Appleby, Hakanson.

Park, Wyckoff, Crane, von Bergen, Williams, K., Mead, Smith, T. S., Scholl, Blinkoff, Moore, R. B., Crosier, Lane, Hakanson, Driscoll.

student senate

The Student Handbook states that the Student Senate "promises to be a stronger, more efficient government (than the former Student Council and Interfraternity Council) working closely with all student organizations and serving as a liaison group between the student body and the faculty and administration of the College." This statement summarizes the second year's activity of the Senate. The Senate proved its strength and effectiveness by working out the important problems of implementing deferred rushing, instituting a new bidding system, and modifying initiation week. It worked closely with student organizations, making suggestions, asking for progress reports throughout the year, and requiring an annual report at the close of the year. It served as a liaison group between the students and the faculty and administration most directly while working with such problems as those concerning social rules. The past year has posed many important and difficult problems for Senate action. These problems have been met and solved in a forthright and effective manner that has earned the respect of the students and faculty.

Foreground: John Low Baldwin, Jr., Master Organist. *First Row:* Pritchard, Wieting, Crisp, Greene, Arnold, Benson, Crane, Kremer, Merkel. *Second Row:* Foster, Walker, Aitken, Stone, Nelson, Howie, Griffin, Ring, Huff, Bleezarde, Oatman, Hineline, Haug, Palmer, Perkins. *Third Row:* Geer, Storm, *Manager*, Moses, Becker, F. Beste, Wilcox, Holmlund, Bonbright, Webster, Starkweather, Spaeth, Roots, Montgomery, Futch. *Fourth Row:* Lutton, Scholl, Manitsas, Hall, Moore, Putnam, Solmssen, Mason, Gottovi, Smith, W., Pinkerton, Barron. *Fifth Row:* Skidmore, Wells, Elferink, Vaughn, Meyer, Bremenstuhl, Olsen, Carnay, Kirkpatrick, Lane, DeHaven, Allen, Smith, J., Murdock, Thomas.

choir

During each of the last few years, the Hamilton College Choir has undertaken a greater number of concerts, and this year was obviously no exception. The year began early in November with a successful weekend at Smith College, where the Smith Glee Club joined in with three works—the *Jubilate Deo* by Purcell, the *Magnificat* by Finzi, and choruses from Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. Early in December the Choir took two days off from academic work for a pre-Christmas tour in the New York area. Concerts were given at Arlington High School in Poughkeepsie, and at the Century and University Clubs in New York City. The end of the tour saw the Choir singing in the Hunter College Auditorium with the Hunter College Choir, Kodaly's *Te Deum*, and the next day Purcell's *Jubilate Deo* with the Emma Willard School Choir at the evensong service of St. Thomas Church.

The Christmas tour at the beginning of vacation consisted of three joint concerts with the Radcliffe Choral Society. The first two were at the First Baptist Church in Worcester, Mass., and Christ Church in Coopers-

town, N. Y. At these concerts both groups presented individual programs followed by the combined singing of Bach's *Christmas Cantata, No.* 142. The third concert was in the torch-lighted Rock Quarry Pageant, half on and half in a hill behind Cooperstown, with soloist William Warfield. In monks robes and sub-zero weather, the Choir closed a very full and most enjoyable semester season.

The first concert of the second semester was with the Wells College Choir at Hamilton in late February. *Te Deum* was the combined work, preceded by individual programs. On March 12, the Choir sang at Nottingham High School in Syracuse, and six days later were hosts to the Smith Glee Club as the girls began their Midwestern tour. The next evening the Choir traveled to Rome, New York, where it presented a concert at the First Methodist Church.

One of the major accomplishments of the Choir this year was its singing of almost the entire J. S. Bach *Mass in B Minor*. It was sung three times, the first being April 9, when the Choir went to Oneonta, New York, and presented the *Mass* with the Women's Chorus of Oneonta State Teacher's College. The concert was under the direction of the Oneonta director, Charles Burnsworth, and an orchestra was used in the performance. Three days later the Vassar College Choir arrived on the Hamilton Campus, and the *Mass* was sung in the Alumni Gymnasium. On the following weekend, the Hamilton

Choir went to the Vassar Campus to give the final of the three performances of the *Mass*.

The Choir year ended with the traditional concert at Commencement in June, but not before the ambitious group had recorded the tapes for a new record, the Choir's second 12″ L.P. in three years.

Two instrumental groups have recently arisen: the Brass Ensemble, and the Woodwind Ensemble. The Brass Ensemble is now two years old, and very mature for its age. It appears at nearly all Choir concerts, playing selections from its repertoire of all kinds of music from 16th Century Tower Music to modern compositions for Organ and Brass. The Woodwind Ensemble is a new group, having played twice this year in Sunday Chapel. Under the management of Rocky Nelson, it plans to expand its activities greatly next year.

brass ensemble

First Row: Mr. Baldwin, Pritchard, Timourian, Blinkoff, McElderry, Wieting, Smith, W. *Second Row:* Gottovi.

First Row: Wells, Huff, Bricker, Ward, J., Colburn. *Second Row:* Mr. Baldwin, Nelson, J., Moulton.

woodwind ensemble

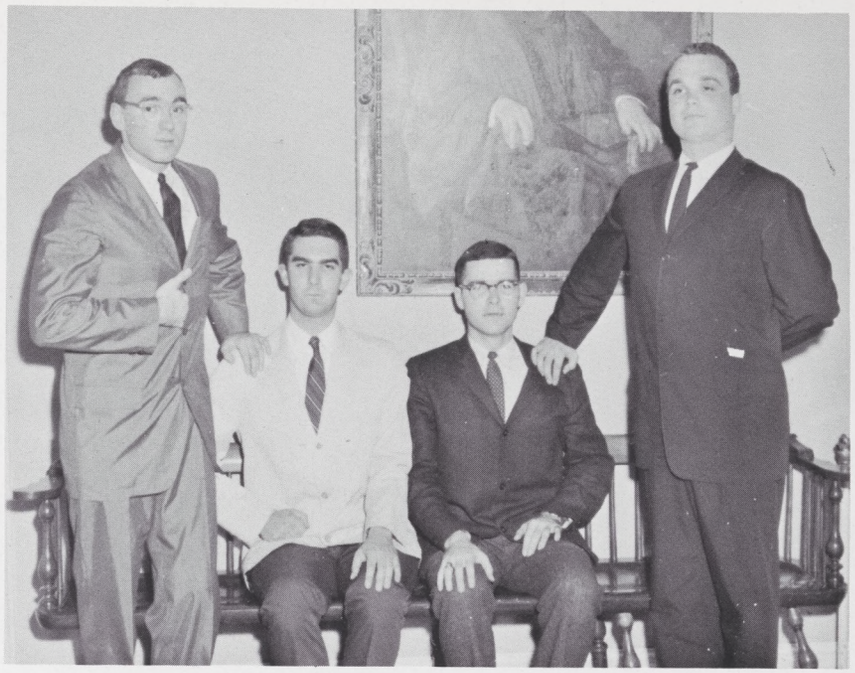
glee club

First Row: Renfrew, Romeo, Mr. Baldwin, Fraser, Burr, Ellis, Colton, Moulton, Bossert. *Second Row:* Pettet, *President*, Rising, Wohlheuter, Anderson, Harmon, Roberts, K., McKnight. *Third Row:* Allan, Nucci, Conley, Emerson, Stachura, Schaab, Park, Cantwell.

Elferinck, Skidmore, Montgomery, Griffin, Walker, Webster, Wieting, Scholl.

buffers

pi delta epsilon



French, Smith, T. S., Murdock, Storm. *Absent:* Burke, Nagy.

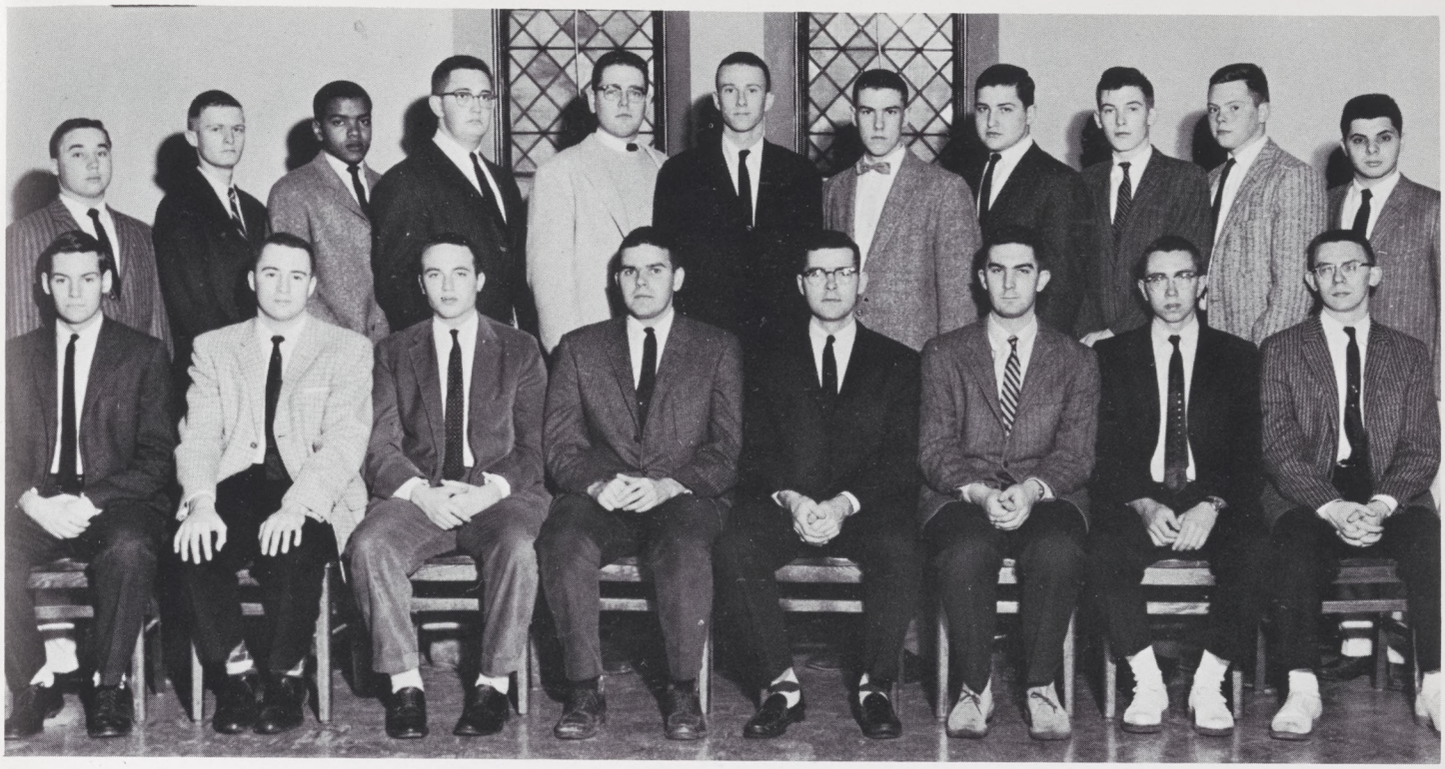
literary society

First Row: Suenson, Storm, Marcy, Hand, T., Shepard. *Second Row:* Petri, Appleby, Brand, Spillman, Bauer.

hamiltonian

Editor-in-Chief.....Kenneth J. Burke, '59
Layout Editor.....Robert H. Wells, '60
Senior Editor.....H. Ward Wettlaufer, '59
Activities Editor.....James McC. Miller, '60
Sports Editor.....Penn R. Watson, III, '59
Photography Editor.....Terence J. Meyer, '59
Social Editor.....Timothy R. Hutchens, '60
Faculty Editor.....William B. MacLachlan, '62

First Row: Burke, K., *Editor-in-Chief. Second Row:* Smith, T. S., Hutchens, Wells, R. H., Miller, J. McC.



First Row: Smyth, J., Winiarski, Andrews, Jo., Nagle, Murdock, *Editor-in-Chief*, Smith, T. S., Jackson, Holzhauer. *Second Row:* Fisk, J., Allen, Jo., Williams, K., Harman, Levitt, Pomeroy, Nelson, W., Wohlhueter, Marks, Cobourn, DeLuca.

spectator

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Daniel Murdock, '59
Associate Editor . . . . . John Naylor, '59
Associate Editor . . . . . David Nagy, '59
Managing Editor . . . . . Lindsley Schepmoes, '60
News Editor . . . . . John Andrews, '60
Sports Editor . . . . . Leo Winiarski, '59
Feature Editor . . . . . Peter Haug, '60
Business Manager . . . . . Theodore Smith, '59
Staff Photographer . . . . . Richard Schumann, '60
Circulation Manager . . . . . David Eastham, '59
Local Advertising . . . . . Marston Jones, '60
National Advertising . . . . . Robert Staub, '60

continental

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Richard H. Storm
Associate Editor . . . . . John R. Nelson, Jr.
Associate Editor . . . . . Elbert O. Hand, III
Business Manager . . . . . Theodore S. Smith, Jr.

Smith, T. S., Nelson, J., Storm, *Editor*, Hand, E.

press board

First Row: Bluestone, Mr. Hyde, Nagy. *Second Row:* Richardson, R., Markey, Marks.

publications board

French, Smith, T. S., Burke, K., Murdock, Storm.

charlatans

"Walter Smyth presents . . ." and presents, and presents. The 1958-1959 Season was one of the busiest in the Charlatans' history, and well might it be! It was the group's golden anniversary. In 1909 Robert Rudd and company founded the Charlatans.

The fall production, under the direction of Walter Smyth, was William Saroyan's *The Cave Dwellers.* Starring Marion Shoninger, Gerry Moses, Woody Starkweather, and Linn Whitehouse, the show was received very well by nearly all the student body. One outstanding exception was the character assigned by the Spectator to review the play; he preferred the New York version.

The consistently poor quality of the student-written one act plays was finally realized this year, and none were produced. There were one act plays, however, and a very fine trio was chosen: The first of the three was *In the Shadow of the Glen* by J. M. Synge. Directed by Woody Starkweather, it was played by Marcia McQuade, Dave Eckerman, Dean Brunel, and Starkweather. Second was *Masque of Reason* by Robert Frost. Walter Smyth again directed, and the cast included Dick Flanagan, Freshman Sam Crowl, and Marie Wallace. The last of the three was *The Wonder Hat* directed by Gerry Moses. John Loder, Linn Whitehouse, Jane Dance, and Duffy Fitzgerald were a part of the cast.

The spring production was the popular *Arsenic and Old Lace* again directed by Walt Smyth. The leading female roles were played by Gerry Moses and Smyth much to the delight of the large audiences.

Seated: Smyth, *Director,* Mould, Richardson, R. *Standing:* Hayes, W., Scott, Hall, Meloy, Ring, Riener, Schoemer, Hand, T., Stockbower, Roberts, K., Starkweather.

The last event of the season was a reading done on May 19 in the Chapel directed by sophomore Robert Brown. The Christopher Fry comedy, *The Lady's Not for Burning*, was read superbly by Tim Scholl, Dave Eckerman, Woody Starkweather, Jane Dance, Judy Mills, Bill Mattern, Terry Meyer, Miles Frazel, Scott Perry, and Thomas Markey.

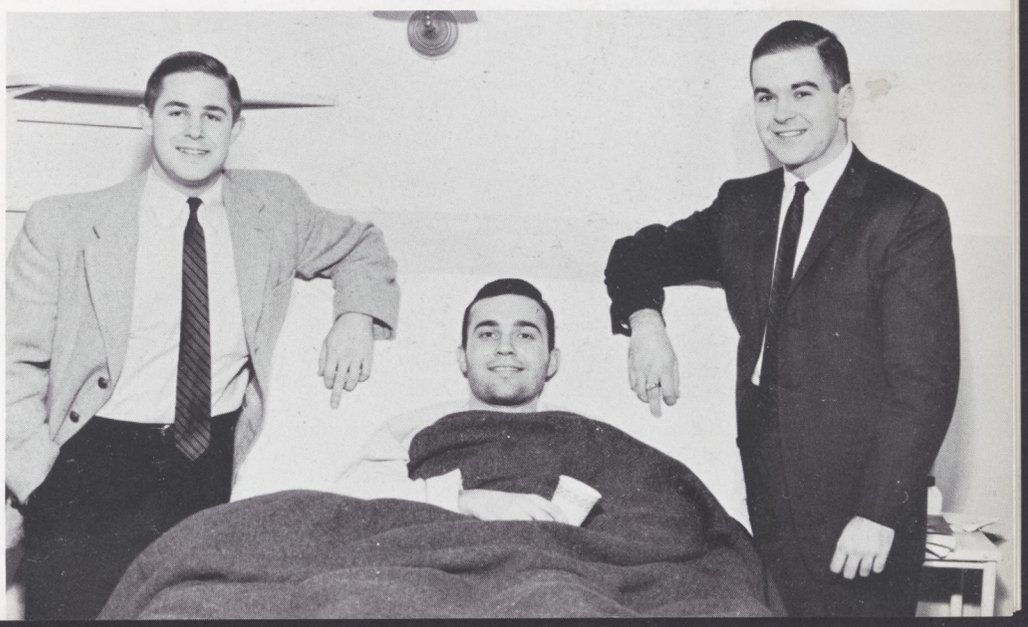
There were many events which helped to celebrate the golden anniversary. Perhaps most important was the Robert Frost production, *Masque of Reason*, a world premiere. Mr. Frost telegraphed his regrets at having to miss the performance and indicated his pleasure that *Masque of Reason* was being produced by a college group. The spring production, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, was the official anniversary production. In it, female roles were played by males as was the custom when the Charlatans were founded.

Such people as Gerry Moses, Woody Starkweather, Sam Crowl, Bob Brown, and many others have worked an unbelievable amount to make the Charlatans' fiftieth year a success. Naturally such seniors as Walter Smyth, C. Warren Ring, and Terry Hayes are to be included in the group.

The 1958-1959 season draws to a close with confidence that the Charlatans will live to see their 100th anniversary.

alpha psi omega

Ring, C., Smyth, W., Hayes.



debate club

First Row: Ward, B., Eastham. *Second Row:* McDermott, Markowitz, Mr. Hunt.

delta sigma rho

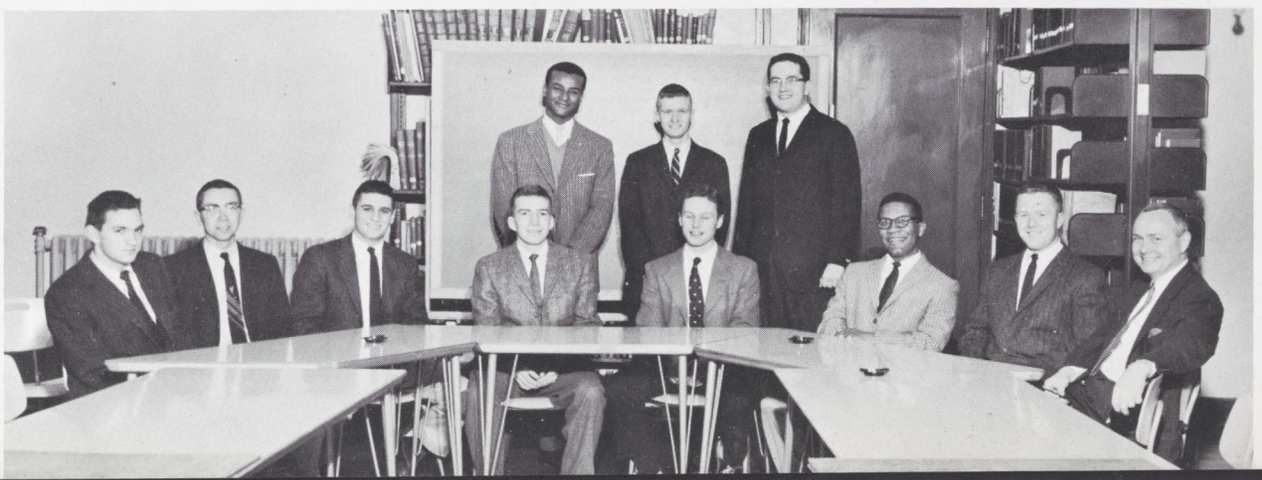
Flanagan, Eastham.

student admissions committee

First Row: Smith, T. S., Roberts, R. *Second Row:* Ward, B., Cadigan, Sykes, Burke, K., Allen, Jo.

I.R. club

First Row: Nadzo, Jackson, Pilson, Button, Ward, B., Taylor, R., Townsend, Mr. Richardson. *Second Row:* Olympio, Allen, Jo., Bonbright.



block 'h' club

First Row: Smith, M., Hineline, Melchior, Burke, D., Ramsay, R., Ward, B. *Second Row:* Nicolette, Rickerson, Hoyt, W. L., Dirvin, Spencer. *Third Row:* Logan, Jackson, Meisner, Vincent, Lennon, Nichols, F., Thomas, C., Ensor, Schoonover.

intramural council

First Row: Hutchens, Roberts, R., Strawbridge. *Second Row:* Colella, Parker, D., Logan.

band

First Row: Lawrence, D., Harris, D., Arnold, Moulton, Bremenstuhl, Bricker, Starkweather. *Second Row:* Nelson, J., *Leader*, Colburn, D., Anthony, Wells, Park, Heilig, Kleinbaum, Huff.

cheerleaders

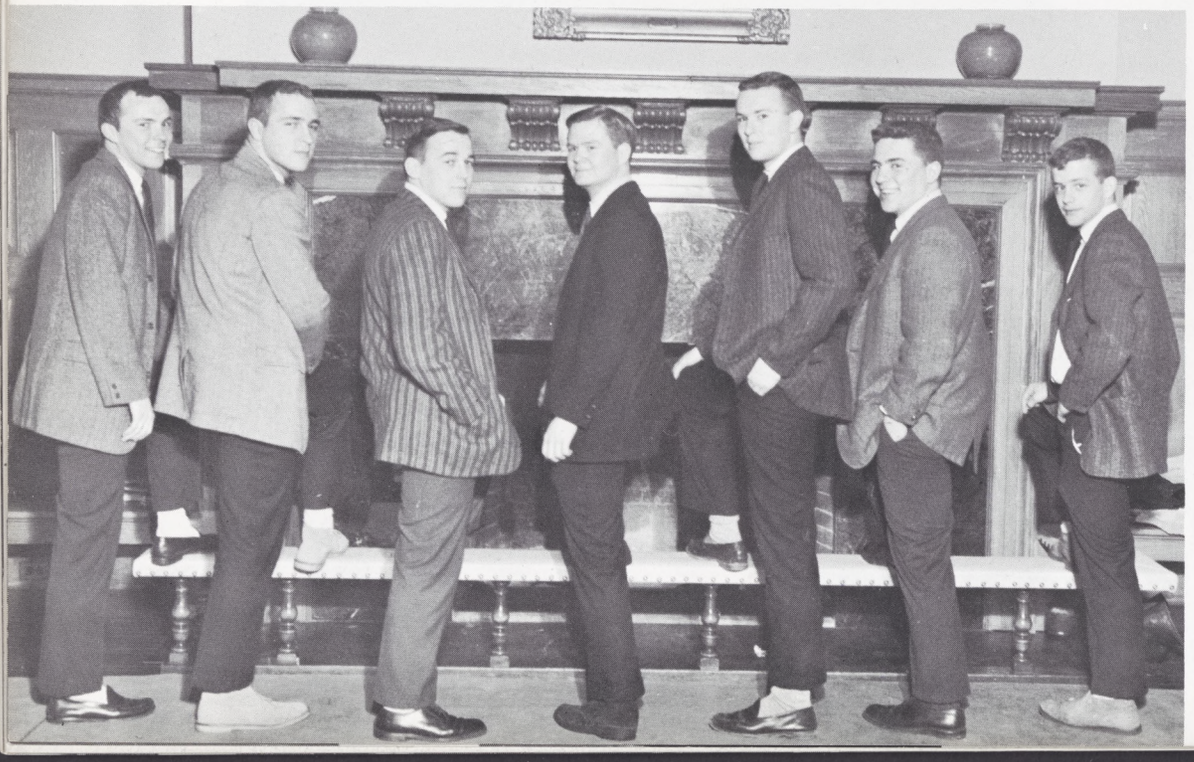
Hatcher, Christensen, Crane, T., Pinkerton, Boben, *Captain.*

social committee

Andrews, Jo., Woodworth, Sawyer, Kittell, D., Cornell, Putnam.

nous onze

Polk, Porter, Driscoll, Hudson, C., Dirvin, Mongeau, Hakanson.



french club

First Row: Rockino, Arnold, J., Thomas, C., *President*, Starkweather, Allen, Ja., Allen, Jo. *Second Row:* Puschel, P., Russell, D., Harman, Wheatley, Markey, Mould, Levene.

spanish club

Landers, Hayes, T.

biology club

First Row: Staub, Babcock, Shpetner, Loder, Dixon, Citro. *Second Row:* Lennon, Patton, Merkel, *President*, Bluestone, Colella. *Third Row:* Ames, Perkins, R., Schmidt, R. C., Smith, K., Hughes, Crossley, Burr, Hirsch, Howie, Miller, J. McC.

outing club

First Row: Zeiner, Rockwell, R., Garrabrant. *Second Row:* Miller, C., Taylor, Jo., Hanley, *President*, Brennan, Dixon, Burr.

root art center

chapel board

First Row: Smith, T. S., Bonwitt, Arnold. *Second Row:* Colton, Pinkerton, Geer, *President*, Thornhill.

canterbury club

First Row: Pinkerton, Father Gorton, Winiarski. *Second Row:* Stanton, Hafely, Thornhill, Emerson, Allen, Ja.

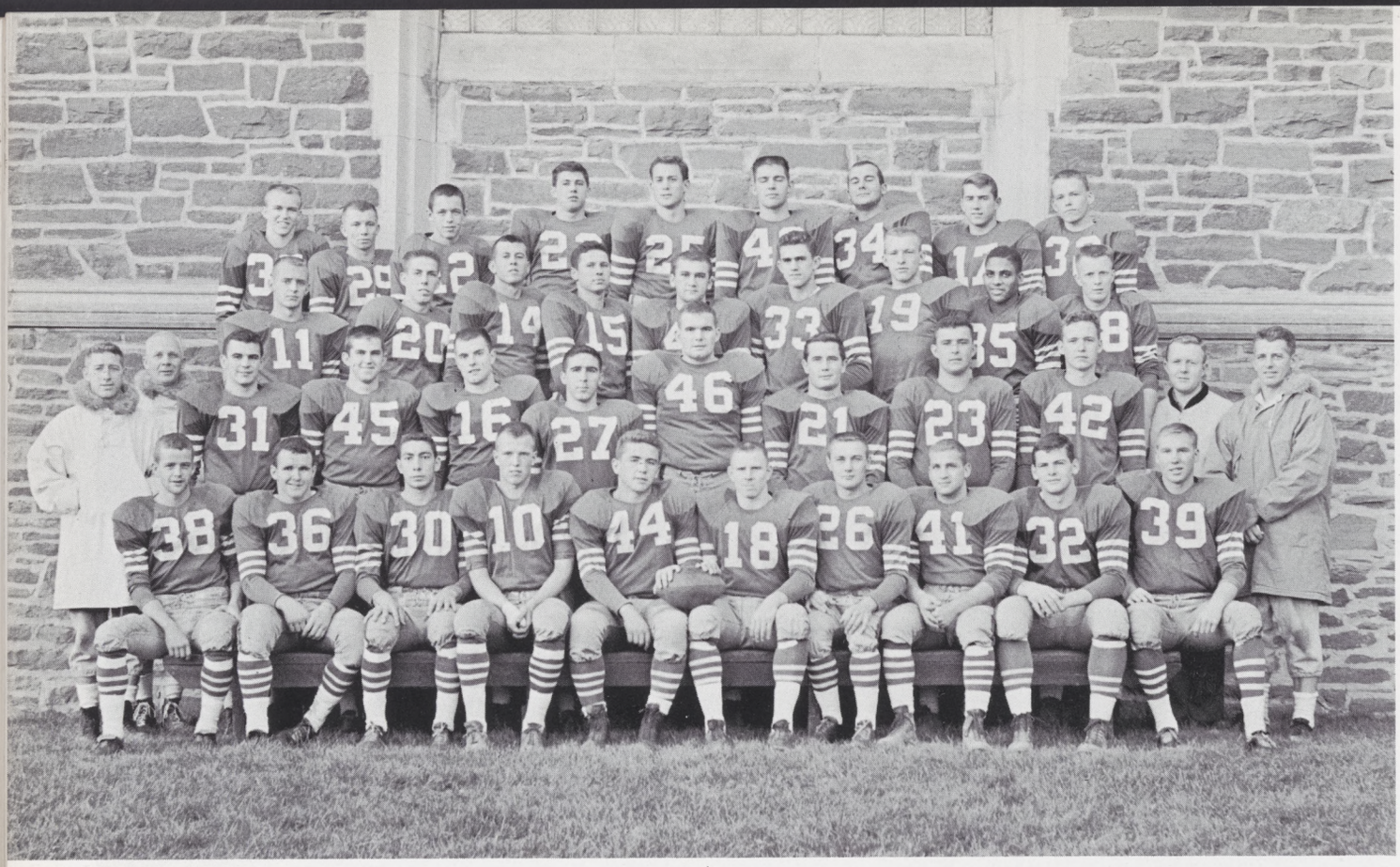
newman club

First Row: Meisner, Hoyt, W. L., *President*, Father Hayes, Nicolette, Schoemer. *Second Row:* Seeber, Romeo, Jackobson, Dirvin, Nelson, Ryan, McNerney.

wesleyan club

Polgreen, McKnight, Crisp, Roberts, K.

athletics



First Row: Hakanson, Slattery, Nicolette, Finegan, Co-Captains Mongeau and Hoyt, Rickerson, Schneider, Downey, Lies. *Second Row:* Coach Batt, Coach Patrick, White, Zeis, Svenson, Holden, Sawyer, Krupka, McNamara, Turner, Mgr. Townsend, Coach Jones. *Third Row:* Black, Searls, Lawrence, Roe, Carroll, Payne, Blessing, Thornhill, Baldwin. *Fourth Row:* Taft, Charvala, Gow, Williams, Messersmith, Mahood, Welsh, Hamilton, Price.

football

In compiling a 6-0-1 record, the Continentals finished their best season in 68 years of recorded football. Previously their best year had been in 1933 when they won 6 and lost 1.

Pre-season practice saw Coach Don Jones already optimistic about the ability of his 1958 team. Returning from last year's starting eleven, which won five while losing only two, were seven men.

In a major position switch, John Stevens, whom Jones called the best tackle he had ever coached, was moved from tackle to end. The gamble paid off as Stevens became Hamilton's first little All-American since Continental halfback Milt Jannoue led the East in scoring in 1941. The 6′2″, 195-pound end set two Hamilton records and tied a third. His eight pass receptions in one game and three touchdown passes received in a game were both new Hamilton records. He also caught five touchdown passes during the season to tie another record.

The Eastern College Athletic Conference also gave Stevens honorable mention of their All-East team. Mike Slattery and Dick Blessing were included along with Stevens in the listings.

Slattery was the leading scorer for the Continentals, with 50 points earned on eight touchdowns, and one plunge for points-after-touchdown.

Blessing completed 28 of 57 passes to account for nearly a quarter of all the yardage earned by the Blue. He threw six TD passes, five of them to Stevens.

The only blemish on Hamilton's otherwise perfect record came on a crisp November 8 afternoon. At that time the Hobart Statesmen managed to score two touchdowns in the closing minutes of the game and thereby earn a 12-12 tie.

Play was so dominated by the Blue team for almost three periods that the Statesmen were hard pressed to advance the ball beyond mid-field. Defensive play by Hamilton was outstanding in general, limiting the Hobart ground attack to only one advance into Blue territory during the first half and allowing no pass completions until almost mid-way through the third quarter. Only fumbles by Hamilton backs prevented the Continentals from scoring at least four touchdowns in the first half.

The Continentals tallied once in both the first and second periods to take an early 12-0 lead. The score remained unchanged until midway through the fourth

quarter when Yelas connected for two touchdown passes. The second of these throws was a desperate heave which traveled almost 35 yards before it settled into the waiting arms of Bob Christie. Slattery broke through to block Dahowski's attempted kick for the extra point, thereby foiling Hobart's attempt for a 13-12 victory.

Intermittent rains and a muddy field failed to hamper the Continentals as they defeated the men from the United States Merchant Marine Academy, 25-6, for their first victory of the year.

Spearheading the Buff and Blue attack were quarterback Blessing and end Stevens. During the second half, Blessing completed nine out of 11 passes, seven of which were caught by Stevens and three of which he snared for touchdowns.

Hamilton opened the scoring when Joe Nicolette culminated a 72 yard drive with a quarterback sneak for the score. Bob Mongeau's attempt to kick the extra point failed, giving Hamilton a 6-0 lead.

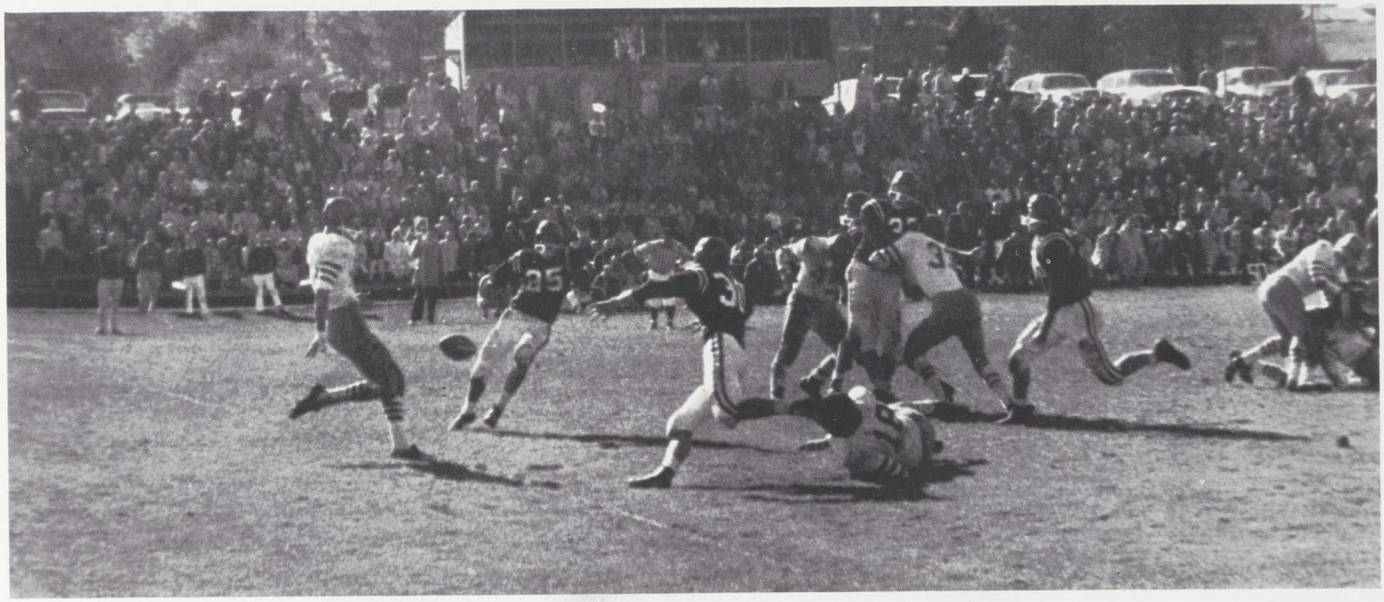
King's Point scored its lone touchdown of the afternoon when Nicolette fumbled on his own 23 and Steve McCabe recovered for King's Point. After three successive plays lost seven yards for the Mariners, Namahoe completed a 27 yard pass to Hunter Allen and on the next play Joe Ryan sprinted around right end for six points.

Hamilton scored twice in the fourth quarter with Stevens each time catching a Blessing pass in the end zone. Near the end of the game coach Don Jones substituted freely. When the final gun sounded 11 freshmen had the Marines stalled on the Hamilton 37.

Looking for their second victory, Hamilton met R.P.I. at Steuben Field, scored on three Rensselaer fumbles in the first 10 minutes of play, and finally went on to win 34-13.

Hamilton again showed a powerful air attack, completing eight out of 17 passes for three touchdowns. The combination of Dick Blessing and John Stevens, which proved so successful against King's Point, accounted for two of the touchdowns. This brought Stevens' total to five TD pass receptions in two games, making him one of the leading scorers in the East.

The game was not yet four minutes old when the Buff and Blue garnered their first touchdown. R.P.I. received the kickoff and after three running plays proved fruitless, they elected to punt. Dignazio, the Rensselaer captain, dropped back to punt but the pass from center sailed over his head and finally came to rest on the seven yard line where Hamilton took over. Two plays later Deming Payne scored on a plunge off tackle.



R.P.I. made their next fumble on their first play after the kickoff and it took Hamilton but five plays to tally, with Mike Slattery finally going over from the three for the score.

The game began to take on almost a comical quality when once again Rensselaer fumbled on the first play after kickoff, this time losing the ball to Bob Mongeau on the 22 yard line. Three plays later Blessing threw a pass to Stevens in the end zone.

On their fourth attempt R.P.I. finally managed to hold onto the ball and marched 65 yards against the Hamilton second string to score their first touchdown of the game.

The Blue scored twice more in the first half to make the score 34-6 at half-time. The Engineers made their final tally late in the third period when they marched 52 yards in 11 plays, Denson going over from the five.

Hamilton made it three in a row by sweeping 63 and 55 yards late in the game to defeat Wagner, 20-13.

It was again the outstanding play of quarterback Dick Blessing that sparked the Continentals to their third straight victory of the season. Blessing, who completed 7 out of 14 passes, led the Continentals on their 63 yard winning drive late in the fourth quarter. The drive was climaxed by a two yard pass to Earl Rickerson for the score.

The final score of the game came in the last 30 seconds of the contest when freshman back Paul Williams scooped up Steve Holden's fumble on the Wagner 10 yard line and carried it into the end zone.

Wagner took the lead early in the first quarter when they had the advantage of a 30 mile an hour wind at their backs. The wind proved to be an important factor in the game with all five touchdowns coming when the teams were driving East with the wind at their backs.

Scoring three touchdowns in a wild fourth quarter and capitalizing on seven Garnet fumbles, the Continentals rolled to their fourth consecutive win of the season by defeating Swarthmore, 34-8.

The game was much closer than the score indicates, for Hamilton was but seven points ahead going into the final period and trailed Swarthmore 8-7 throughout most of the second quarter.

The Continentals big break came midway through the third period when Steve Downey recovered a Swarthmore fumble on the Blue's 25 yard line. Mike Slattery then took the ball to the 14 and one play later bulled his way the remaining yards for the score. From this point on Swarthmore never endangered the Continentals' lead.

Scoring two touchdowns in the fourth quarter to break a 6-6 deadlock, the Continentals ran their undefeated string to five straight as they overcame Haverford, 20-6.

Hamilton's big break came early in the fourth quarter when, with the score tied 6-6, Earl Rickerson cut around right end for a 68 yard touchdown run. Slattery carried the ball over on the extra point try.

The initial Continental score came in the first period. Sophomore halfback Deming Payne grabbed a punt on the Blue 20, picked up blocking support, and raced down the left sideline for the touchdown. The visitors lone tally came in the third period on a 30 yard run by Tom Othnan.

After tying Hobart, the Continentals met Union in their final game of the season.

Both teams entered the game with unblemished records—Hamilton was undefeated while Union had yet to win. The final score was 18-0 in favor of the Blue.

Mike Slattery scored all three Hamilton touchdowns and for his troubles was named to the All-East team of the week.

There were many fumbles in the game (9), due to the fact that Steuben Field was mud strewn, caused by two days of heavy rain.

Slattery scored one touchdown in each of the final three periods on runs of 13, 28, and 5 yards respectively.

For the season, Blessing led in total offense with 419 yards, followed by Rickerson, Slattery and Payne. Stevens caught 19 passes for 279 yards and five touchdowns. The team scored 163 points, while opponents scored 59.

First Row: Hoyt, Lennon, Friend, Captain Winiarski, Bonbright, Sullivan, Norbeck. *Second Row:* Coach Hunter, Reynolds, Burke, Fitzgerald, Sullivan, Ahrens, Renert, Yoder, Mgr. Stevens. *Third Row:* Trainer Graeme, Melchior, Willis, Smith, Polgreen, Schmidt, Thomas, Nichols, Asst. Mgr. Randall.

soccer

With high hopes of improving on the previous season's record of three wins and four losses, coach Chip Hunter greeted ten returning lettermen early in the fall. Among the veterans were Captain Toby Winiarski, Tim Norbeck, Dick Lennon, Bill Hoyt and Al Ahrens. The return of goalie Bill Friend also bolstered Hunter's lineup to such a great extent that Norbeck was moved from his coveted goal position to fullback. Filling out the lineup were many new faces from the freshman class including Tim Melchior, Art Reynolds, Bill Willis, and Charlie Thomas.

Opening against the Yellowjackets of Rochester, the Buff and Blue faced a team still as outstanding as the previous year. Led by the unbeatable threesome of Fenby, Zornow, and Friedrich, the Yellowjackets walked away with an easy 6-2 victory on three goals in the third period. Both Hamilton goals were accounted for by late-starter Chuck Colton, a junior who was high scorer for the team his freshman year.

In what turned out to be one of the finest games of the season, the Hillmen dropped a close one to Ithaca by the score of 1-0. At 19:16 of the last quarter, center-forward Murphy slipped one by Bill Friend for the margin of victory. Coach Hunter meanwhile found a new center halfback in sophomore Bill Rennert, a late addition to the team.

The Blue were shut out for the second time in a row when the fired up Red of Cortland State Teachers College dumped them 5-0 on three goals by left-inside Fairben. A tremendous second half surge by Cortland produced four of their five goals and the resulting wide margin.

Before a Fall House party crowd, the Hillmen finally found the scoring punch and registered their first victory of the season, a 4-3 decision over Colgate. The victory over the Red Raiders came on goals by Charlie Thomas, Pete Yoder, Bill Hoyt, and Toby Winiarski. This was, without a doubt, the most outstanding game of the season for the Blue with a place-kick by Toby Winiarski at 6:25 of the fourth quarter finally proving the margin of victory.

New to the schedule this year was Clarkson. Playing on their home field under wet conditions, the men of Clarkson dumped the Hillmen by a score of 6-2. Hamilton goals came from Jim Sullivan and Tim Melchior, but to no avail as center-forward Lefwandowski led the

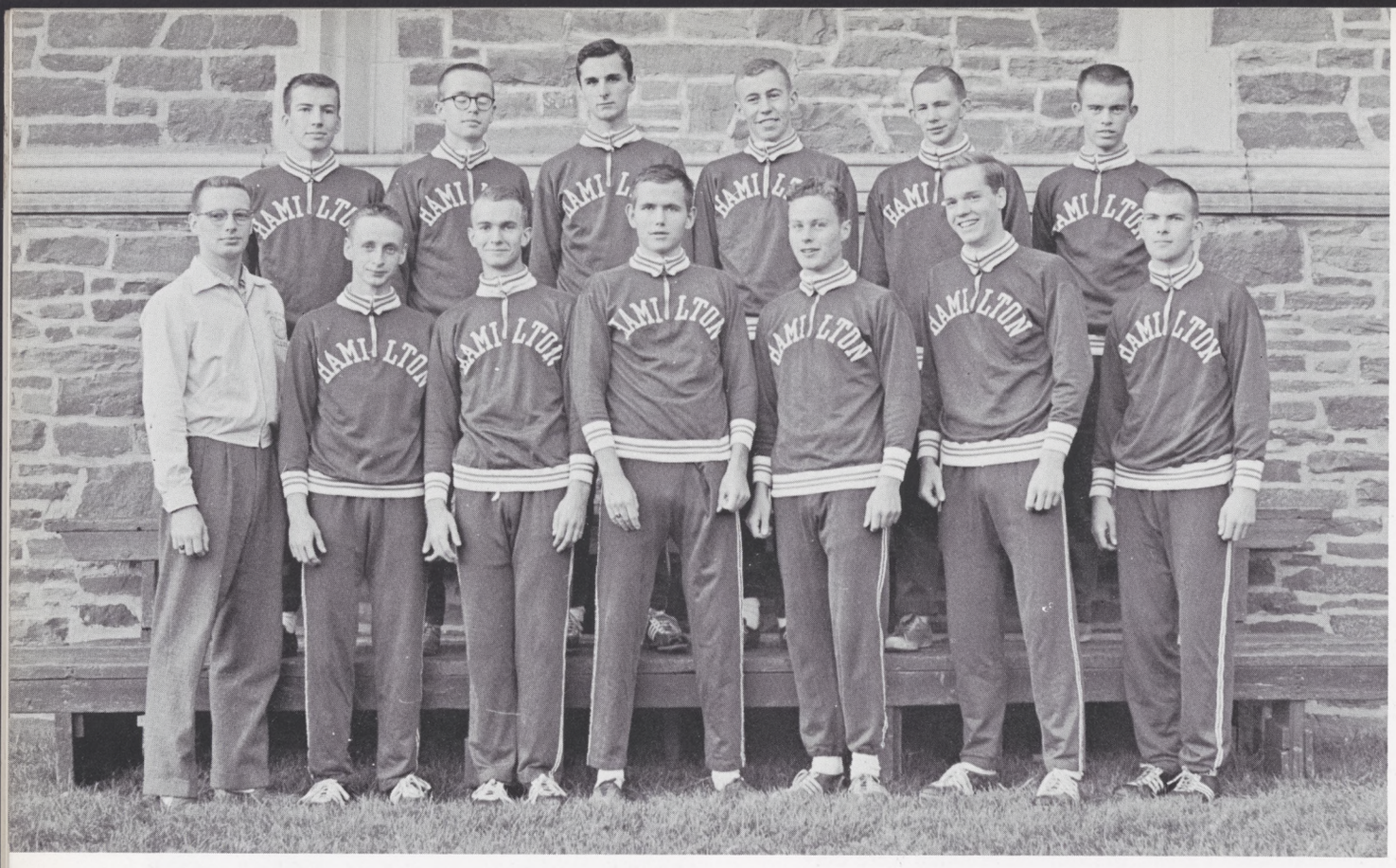
Clarkson attack with four goals.

Playing host to Hobart, the Blue had no trouble repeating their victory of the previous year and walked away with a 4-1 victory on goals by Jim Sullivan, Jim Bonbright, Bill Willis, and Charlie Thomas. Outstanding defensive play by Tim Norbeck, Dick Lennon and Bill Friend limited the visitors to only nine shots.

The season closer before a Homecoming crowd was a bit disappointing as the Blue dropped one to Union by a 7-2 margin. Hindered by right-in-side Vanneck and right-wing Krause who together accounted for five of the Statesmen's goals, the spirited Hillmen were outclassed throughout the game. Blue goals were by Bill Hoyt in the first quarter and Toby Winiarski in the fourth quarter. This was the last game for seniors Jim Bonbright, Ed Dixon, Dan Murdock, Bill Friend, Jim Sullivan, and Toby Winiarski. Only Winiarski and Friend were losses from the starting lineup however. The outlook for next year is very hopeful with the return of nine of the eleven starters and a bench full of eager young hopefuls. The season, although not successful from the standpoint of wins and losses, was an indication of better future teams and a more than respectable showing by all the players.

As evidence of outstanding play for the season, right-fullback Tim Norbeck and right-wing Chuck Colton were elected to the first string of the All New York State Soccer Team. Even, further, center halfback and captain Toby Winiarski and left fullback Richie Lennon received Honorable Mention on the same team.

Next season's co-captains will be Dick Lennon and Tim Norbeck.



First Row: Mgr. McKnight, Hineline, McMartin, Co-Captains Poole and Ward, Patton, Mosedale. *Second Row:* Button, Meisner, Von Brockdorff, Stanton, Vincent, Schwab.

cross country

"They said it couldn't be done," but in the fall of 1958 Poole, Ward and Company made it two straight undefeated seasons. Gene Long's cross country team, despite the loss of two top men from the previous season, turned back all comers and successfully defended their title at Troy in the State Conference Meet.

Bill Poole was usually first to cross the finish line of the new 4:82 mile course, or any other course for that matter, and if he didn't, Barclay Ward did. Following close on the heels of the two co-captains was freshman sensation Phil Hineline and right behind Hineline was Bob Patton. Sophomores Dan McMartin and Bob Mosedale took turns finishing in the Blue's fifth spot while Jerry Meisner and freshman Hal von Brockdorff brought up the rear guard which was never very far in the rear.

The season began at Oswego as the Continental Harriers all but shut out the Teachers, 19-42. Poole, Ward, and Hineline finished one, two, and three, and two Os-

wego runners managed to scurry home just ahead of the rain of Hamilton men, as McMartin, Mosedale, Patton, and Meisner all finished ahead of Oswego's number three man.

A houseparty crowd of enthusiastic co-eds watched Poole set the Hamilton course record of 24.34 and the Blue move to their second triumph of the season as they captured five of the first seven places to beat Buffalo State and Cortland State. Behind Poole came Hineline in fourth position, Ward in fifth, Patton in sixth, and Mosedale in seventh. The score was 23 for Hamilton, 51 for Buffalo State, and 56 for Cortland.

Heavy rains failed to stop the Blue the week after houseparty, as they romped to their third victory. Harpur, Mohawk Valley Tech, and Utica College were invited to the hill to play with the Sons of S. Kirkland, but Hamilton proved to be an exceedingly rude host, as they took the first seven places in the quadrangular meet. The rain, however, prevented Poole, who finished first, from covering the course in anything like his time of the previous week.

Traveling to R.P.I. the following week-end, the Continentals made the Engineers wish they had stayed indoors to work on some math problems as they shut out the Troymen 15-50. Virus and colds hampered R.P.I. and their number one man was unable to enter the race. The visitors showed little sympathy, however, as Poole and Ward led the pack home in 24:50 followed by Hineline, Mosedale, McMartin, Patton and von Brockdorff.

The State Conference Meet at Troy was expected to be close and Hamilton's chances of retaining their title for a second year were a toss up. When the meet was over, however, Ward had finished fourth, Poole eighth, Hineline fourteenth, McMartin eighteenth, Patton twenty-first, and von Brockdorff twenty-fourth to give the Blue first place with 60 points, a mere 21 below second place Roberts Wesleyan.

Union and Tom Hoffman stood between Hamilton and an undefeated season. Hoffman had won the meet at Troy the week before although Union as a team had finished third. On homecoming week-end the two teams met in a heavy downpour. Football fans turned to the golf course at half-time to see Poole coming over the last hill four seconds ahead of Union's Hoffman. Ward and Hineline trailed Hoffman across the finish line, and McMartin and Mosedale took the seventh and eighth spots to wrap up the second undefeated season for Coach Long and the team.

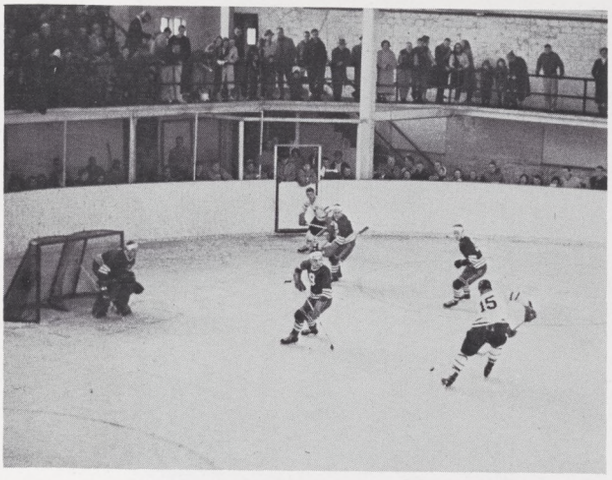
Despite the loss of co-captains Poole and Ward, and Bob Patton through graduation, prospects for next season are still bright. Hineline, von Brockdorff, Dick Stanton, and Art Schwab have had a year of experience and Mosedale and McMartin two years, while Chuck Vincent, Tom Button, and captain-elect Jerry Meisner should be at their peaks.

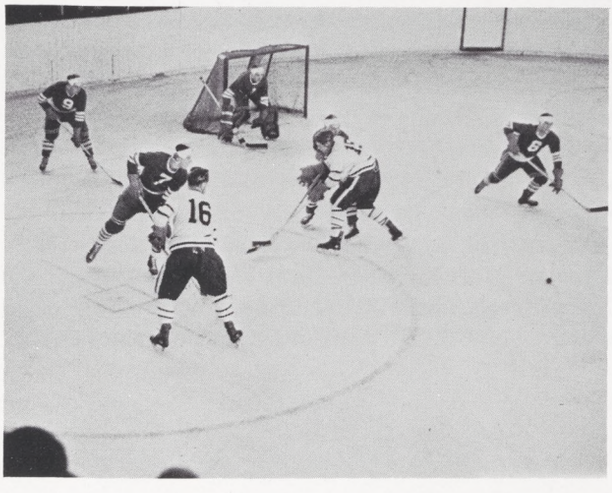
First Row: Burns, Strawbridge, McDonnell, Collins, Captain Spencer, Norbeck, Beebe, Moore. *Second Row:* Coach Batt, Ripley, Hutchinson, Burke, Brenner, Price, Hudson, Mgrs. Marsted and Haines.

hockey

At the beginning of the 1958-1959 campaign, the Hamilton Hockey team looked forward to what might have been one of its finest seasons. But, as usual, at the midpoint of the season, the team found itself plagued with injuries and academic troubles, which limited its scoring power. Hans Solmssen, who was sidelined most of last season, injured his knee in a practice session and was forced out of action for the entire year. Tom Perkins, whose speed and agility were beginning to pay off, left at the height of the season for academic reasons. Again, Coach Greg Batt had only two regular lines, due to the lack of depth. As a result, the team ended the season with 8 wins, 9 losses, and 1 tie.

Despite the usual handicaps, the season certainly did have many high points. Tim Norbeck, the junior first line center, broke the old school scoring record held by Jim Scala, by scoring 30 goals and 18 assists for a grand total of 48 points. Our friends across the border to the North were able to send us a capable replacement for ex-captain defenseman Harry Chapman in the person of Pat McDonnell. Pat, along with John Moore, Brian





Burns, and Mike Brenner made up two very sound and steady defensive lines. Without this strong protection, Captain Don Spencer might have had a great deal more trouble around the nets. The arrival of a few new freshmen to take up some of the slack left by graduation and other difficulties was a welcome sight to Coach Batt. Freshman Ed Hutchinson saw action in all 18 of the Continental games and tallied 8 goals for the season. Big things are expected of him in the next three years. Of course, the regular iron-horse linemen, Pete Strawbridge, John Beebe, Danny Burke, and Charlie Hudson, rounded out the team.

The Blue opened up the Winter campaign, December 5th, against a powerful Colby club which was essentially the same team Hamilton had tied the previous year, 4-4. For those people who stayed around to see this particular game, the Hamilton sextet played one of the most outstanding games in recent years, and beat Colby 6-5. Early in the game, the Mule power was demonstrated and Colby jumped quickly into the lead. In fact, by the middle of the second period, the Mules had boosted their lead to 4-1. But, then the Blue tide began to move, and the Battmen managed to score 5 goals in the last two periods and send the Mules scampering back to the Maine woods. Tim Norbeck scored the three goal hattrick and brought the Sage Rink rafters down by scoring the winning goal at 17:40 of the third period. The following Saturday, the Blue came into a little trouble with a very stubborn Bowdoin team, and could only manage to come out of the contest with a 3-3 tie. The Continentals had led at one point 3-1, but the stubborn Bowdoin team bounced back with two goals in the last frame to tie the score. Hamilton shot everything and anything at the Bowdoin goalie in the sudden death overtime period, but was unable to register the winning goal.

In the time remaining before Christmas vacation the team played two games, the first against M.I.T. which proved to be disastrous for the Engineers from Massachusetts. The Blue linemen had a field day and fattened their scoring averages by defeating M.I.T. 9-1. A goal late in the third period ruined goalie Spencer's shutout bid. On December 17, the team journeyed down the Thruway to West Point where they were turned back 2-1, in overtime, by a very strong Army club. This completed regular season play before the vacation, and the team was allowed to have a few days off for Christmas. While the rest of the school was out enjoying New Year's Eve, in all of its splendor, the hockey squad was winging its way to Cornell for the Annual Christmas Tournament. While at Cornell we won two and dropped one to Colby who won the whole tournament. In the Continentals' opening game, they registered an 8-4 win over New Hampshire, aided by five big goals by Norbeck. In the second round, Norbeck scored two more as

Hamilton rolled over Bowdoin 8-0 to give Spencer a shutout. Despite the loss to Colby 4-2, Hamilton ended up second in the tournament. Norbeck finished as the high scorer for the tournament with 8 goals and 5 assists, and both he and John Beebe were selected for the all-tournament team.

After vacation, the Hill sextet managed to win its next three games by beating Colgate twice 11-2 and 11-3, and by downing Williams 4-3 in a very close game.

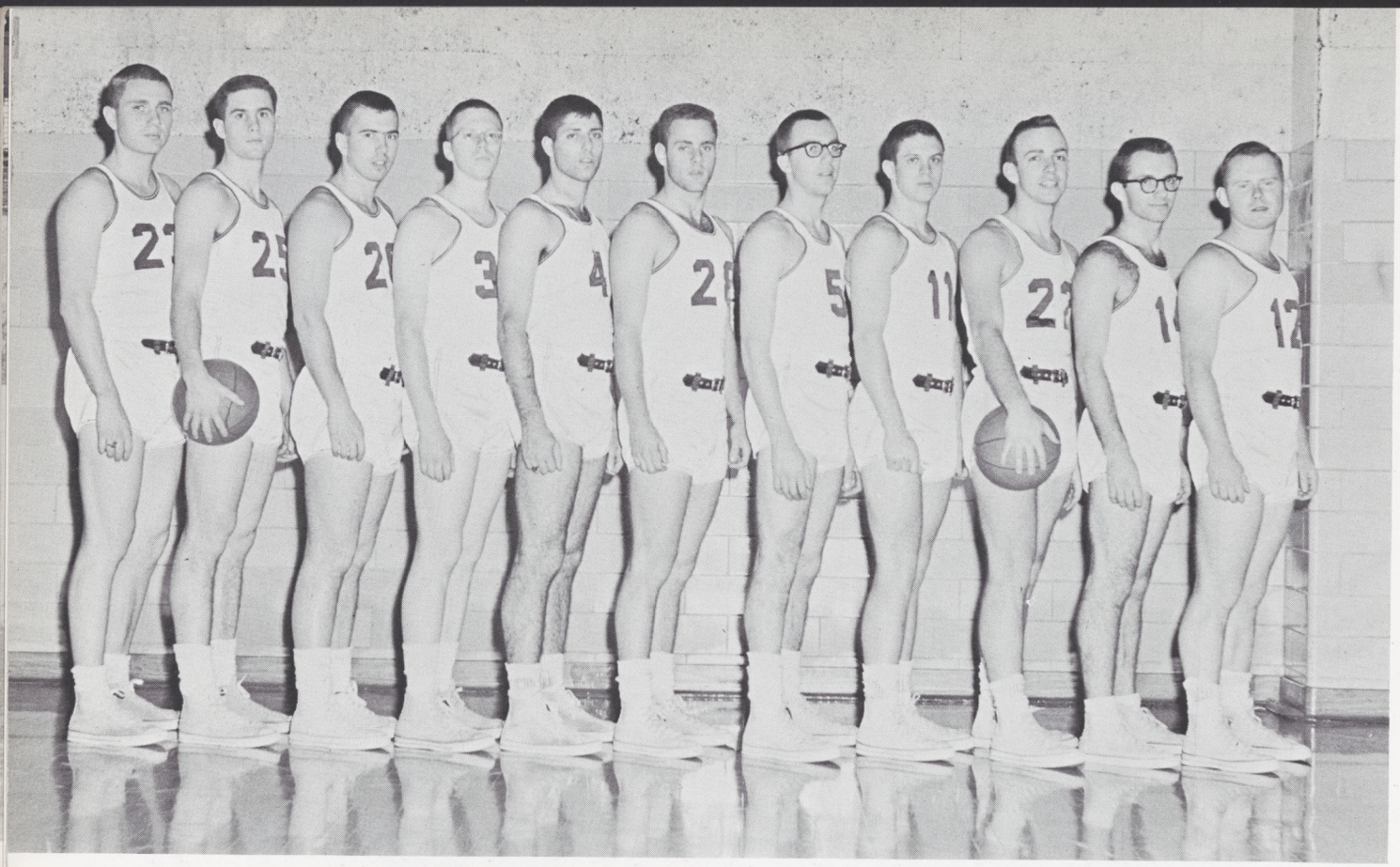
During the mid-semester break, the Continentals journeyed to Vermont to play two of their toughest opponents. Undermanned, and having the great disadvantage of playing on Middlebury's ice, the Blue played one of their best games of the year, although they lost 5-3. Tom Perkins was the scoring hero by flashing the red light twice for Hamilton, and goalie Don Spencer turned in probably his best performance of the season. Coach Batt had nothing but praise for the fine defensive work of Moore, McDonnell, and Burns. But despite their fine showing, Middlebury and Bruce Fryberger proved to be too much. With only a few hours of rest, the Continentals were again on the ice and this time at Norwich. Again, the icers found themselves at even a greater disadvantage because they had played the night before. The game was another hard-fought close contest which went into overtime, but Norwich took advantage of a penalty and connected for the winning goal. The game ended 4-3.

Of the six remaining contests, the Continentals were only to win one more game and barely tie the Alumni 5-5. Norwich again proved too much for the Battmen by dumping them, this time 4-2. In their next game, Hamilton faced R.P.I. Paced by Ray Belasky's five goals and Paul Midghall's four assists, R.P.I. defeated Hamilton 7-2 in a game that saw the Engineers hold the upper hand all the way. Norbeck managed to score both Hamilton goals on passes from Pete Strawbridge and Danny Burke. The only remaining win for the Blue was posted over Cornell on Cornell ice. Again Norbeck

made himself at home on the Big Red's ice and collected four goals and two assists. The next two games then went to the opponents as Amherst won 4-2, and once beaten Williams avenged their earlier loss by winning 6-3. Houseparties arrived along with many hangovers, and this was about all that Middlebury allowed Hamilton in its final game. It seemed that there were Latreilles, Karins, and Frybergers all over the ice as the Panthers trounced the Blue 12-5. Middlebury's three fast lines outlasted the Continental's two, and thus the season ended with an 8-9-1 record.

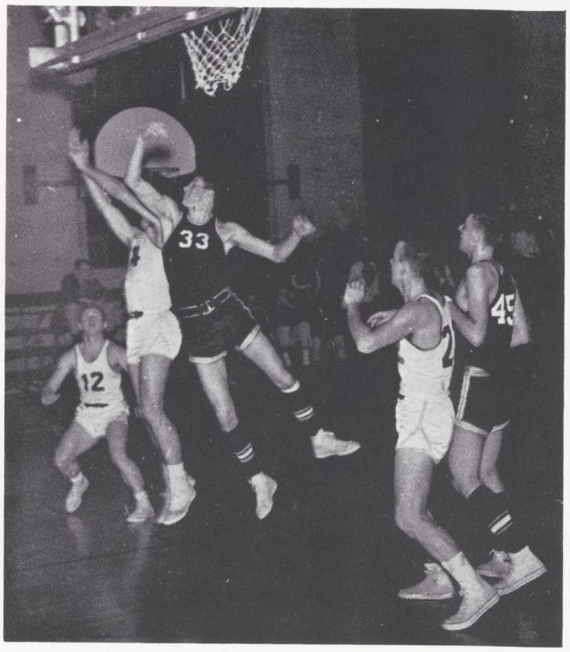
Although it was not a winning one, the season was successful in many ways. Offensively, Captain-elect Tim Norbeck broke three college records. His 30 goals in one season bettered Lew McDonald's mark of 27 set in 1954; his 48 points surpassed Scala's record of 45; and his 98 points has already surpassed Bill Scoone's four year total record of 91 points. With one year remaining, Norbeck is certainly sure to leave his trade-mark. Pete Strawbridge and Dan Burke should also be mentioned for their outstanding work which enabled Norbeck to score so consistently. Defensively, the fact that Hamilton held its opponents to an average of 3.3 goals per game, the second lowest in the East, is an indication of the efforts of goalie Don Spencer, and defensemen Brian Burns, John Moore, and Pat McDonnell.

Only Captain Don Spencer will be lost by graduation but his understudy Pogo Collins is expected to fill the gap. With the rest of the hockey team returning, we look forward to an even better season for the men of the Sage Building in 1960.



Wright, Co-Captains Alofs, DiGiulian, R. Moore, Ferraro, Gurin, J. Moore, Howk, Co-Captain Turnbull, Ennis, O'Donnell.

basketball



This season was a building year for Coach Patrick's basketball squad. Missing the services of John Glezen, John Driscoll, Frank O'Brien and Rick Purple, last year's graduating seniors, the Buff and Blue had to floor an almost completely new quintet for the opening game. Offensively, the Continentals scored a total of 927 points against their opponents, averaging nearly 60 points a game. The leading Buff and Blue scorers were co-captain Dick Alofs and sophomore Dick Howk, each netting 171 points. Together, they accounted for well over one third of the total team score. Freshman star Gary Ferraro was close behind with 164 points for the season. Vinnie Coyle, who broke his ankle early in last year's season, returned to score 39 points against the first two opposing teams this year. However, his ankle gave way in the second game, and Coyle was forced to the sidelines for the remainder of the season.

The Buff and Blue played against Wooster to open the 1958-59 season. The game was played as one of four in the "Weekend of Basketball" tournament at Harpur College. Wooster, a very strong, hard-running

club from Ohio, took advantage of the comparatively unexperienced Hamilton five in the first half, and despite Vinnie Coyle's 17 point shooting spree, the Ohioans went ahead by 10 points at half-time. Wooster's numerous fast breaks and full-count presses dominated second half play, and Hamilton suffered its first loss of the season, 78-48.

The next evening the Continentals were pitted against Hobart on the neutral Harpur court. Hobart concentrated their defensive alignment against Coyle, who was held to 13 points. Despite the efforts of Alofs and Ferraro, the locals lost 68-57.

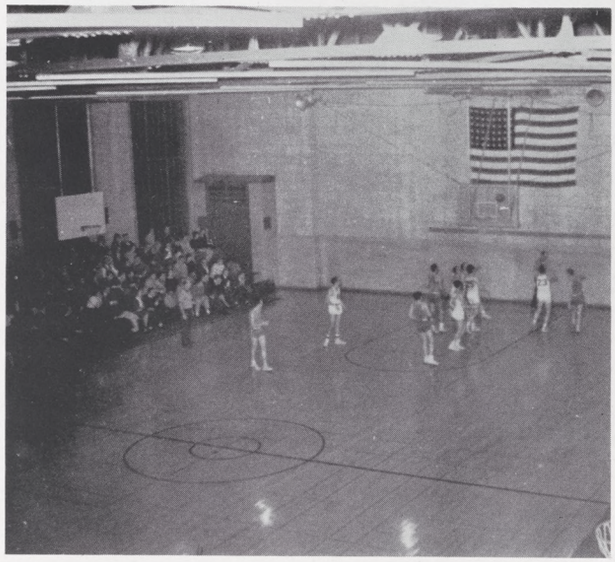
The following Wednesday, minus the services of Coyle, Hamilton played host to Union. The Dutchmen, paced by Frank Crum and Larry Robertson defeated the Hillmen 79-50. Freshman Gary Ferraro had a fine night for the Continentals, dropping in 20 points.

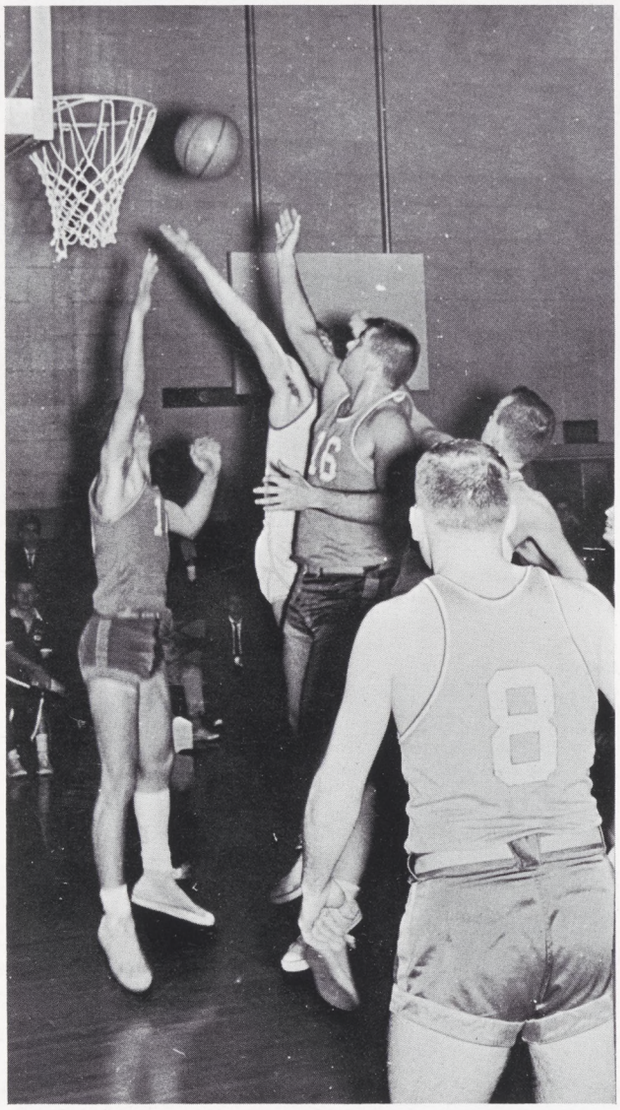
Hamilton extended its losing streak to four games by bowing to Norwich in a close one, 72-67. Again Ferraro took scoring honors, this time with 22 points. Another freshman, Jack Moore, showed a promising 13 points. High for the game was Norwich's Nason with 25 points, 19 of which were scored in the first half.

The Continentals got their first win of the season against Hobart at Geneva, 53-48, in a very well-played game. Dick Alofs led the Hamilton attack with 18 points. Dick Howk was able to play for the first time in the season, netting 8 points from the floor and 8 important free throws out of 10 from the line. The Statesmen were absent the services of their scoring ace Bob Wetzel, who had scored 22 points against the Buff and Blue at the Harpur tournament.

The following evening the Hamilton squad invaded Rochester, who had lost quite a few ball games by only a 1 or 2 point margin. Led by the play-making and scoring of Alofs, Ferraro, Howk, O'Donnell, and Turnbull, the Continentals tripped their opponents 69-67. It was one of Hamilton's best efforts all season. The lead switched hands numerous times, and it wasn't until the final seconds of play that the final score was decided by Dick Alofs on a jump shot.

Alfred handed Hamilton its fifth loss of the season, 78-48. The visitors pulled away to an early lead and dominated scoring in the first half. The second half was evenly played as Alfred held on to its solid margin. For Hamilton, Ferraro was the top scorer, tallying 17 points.





The Continentals closed out the semester by bowing to Ithaca, 78-53. Again, Ferraro paced the Buff and Blue with 22 points, but the locals couldn't stop the scoring efforts of Ithaca's Slomkowski, who scored 17 field goals and finished with 42 points.

The R.P.I. Engineers handed the Continentals their third straight loss, 52-43. The game was slow-moving and low-scoring. The teams remained close for the first ten minutes of play but then Chuck Hoffman began to hit with his outside jump shots and the Engineers were never behind again. Hoffman netted 23 points, while Ferraro paced the Hillmen with 14.

Two days later, the locals were again set back, this time being edged by Utica, 79-70. The game was very close until the fourth quarter, when the Orangemen burst ahead after Gary Ferraro and Dick Howk had fouled out of the game. Co-captain Alofs put in one of his best performances of the season, netting 23 big points, 22 of them coming from the floor. Dick Howk and freshmen Dick Gurin and Jack Moore also reached double figures for the Continentals.

The following week, the Buff and Blue defeated Hobart for their third victory of the season. The first half saw the Continentals take an early lead only to be overcome by the Statesmen Hobart guard John Adams who scored 16 points during the first 20 minutes to give his teammates a five point edge with one minute remaining in the half. Then Bill O'Donnell sank two set shots for the Hillmen to put the half-time score at 30-29 in favor of the visitors from Geneva. In the second half, excellent rebounding and all-around defensive efforts were made by Alofs, Ferraro, and Howk who worked together to steal the ball from the Statesmen offense and score. When Howk fouled out with 10 minutes to go, he led the Hamilton scoring effort with 16 points. Then Alofs took over and scored 10 in the final quarter to give Hamilton an 11 point edge at the final whistle, 77-66. Hobart's John Adams led the game's individual scoring column with 26 points.

The following weekend the Buff and Blue squad plowed their way into the "north country" to take on St. Lawrence and Clarkson. In the St. Lawrence game, Hamilton had trouble finding the hoop in the Larries' small box-type gym. In the first half, the St. Lawrence quintet dominated play by catching Hamilton flatfooted on many fast breaks. At half-time Hamilton was behind 44-21. Coach Patrick cleared the bench in the

second half, and by the end of the game every Continental had broken into the scoring column. The final score was 89-50, in favor of the Northmen. To add to Hamilton's woes, Gary Ferraro injured his back in this game, which put him out of action for the rest of the season.

Clarkson defeated Hamilton the next afternoon, 70-52. Bob Shepard, one of the leading college scorers in the nation, threw in 24 points for the Golden Knights while high man for Hamilton was Dick Howk with 18 points on 5 field goals and 8 for 8 at the free throw line.

Two days later Hamilton was again on the road, this time to play against Union in the Dutchmen's field house. Despite Dick Howk's 15 points, the Hillmen suffered their eleventh loss of the season, 56-47. Again Frank Crum passed the Schenectadians, this time with 24 points, 20 of them coming in the first half.

Hamilton finally added a game to the win column by trouncing Utica, 77-57. Utica's Larry Forness, who scored 19 points the last time the two teams met, was held to a mere 6 points by the Buff and Blue. Dick Alofs, Dick Howk, Jack Moore, and Bill O'Donnell all had double figures for the Hillmen.

Hamilton ended its season with a 56-49 defeat at the hands of Rochester. Rochester jumped to an early lead and held it throughout the game. Yantz scored 28 points for the visitors, while Howk led the Hillmen with 21. Co-captain Jim Turnbull, with 14 points, played one of his best games of the season.

The basketball team will lose only two seniors this year, Ralph "Baldy" Moore and Dick Russell. Returning will be Dick Alofs, Dick Howk, Gary Ferraro, Jack Moore, Bill O'Donnell, and Jim Turnbull. Also returning will be Don DiGuillian, Ted Wright, and freshman Dick Gurin, three aggresive ballplayers who should see plenty of court atcion next year. Next season Coach Ken Patrick will probably be taking a good look at some of the J.V. players who have enough potential to mold a winning combination in the future.

The building year is past. Next season should be a more fruitful one for Hamilton basketball enthusiasts to follow. Next year's co-captains are Jim Turnbull and Dick Howk.

First Row: Smith, Co-Captains Starkweather and Rasmussen, Nichols, Mohl. *Second Row:* Coach Hunter, Evans, Klimt, Brown.

swimming

Last year the Continental swimmers surfaced to end a 37 meet losing streak with the strength of excellent freshman swimmers. This year's team was expected to far surpass the '57-'58 team and finally bring swimming back to par, but the lack of depth proved a great handicap. Starkweather, Mohl, and Klimp were forced to enter in two or three events each, thus preventing them from concentrating fully on one event each. Even under this handicap, each set a new school record. Unfortunately the lack of depth drowned a sufficient scoring punch.

The first meet with Rochester seemed to indicate the possibility of an excellent season as Woody Starkweather broke the school 270 yard freestyle record. Woody went on to break his own record in the second meet with Cortland in 2:32.2 seconds. Bursitis in the shoulder then kept Starkweather on land for six and a half weeks. Numerous other illnesses broke out as the mid-winter snows settled in, and the Continentals found themselves struggling just to tread water.

After many hard hours of work, Ray Mohl conquered the back stroke. He continually won first places, and the school record in 2:36.8. Ray's sophomore teammate Randy Klimp did not want to feel outdone, so he set the 100 yard butterfly record in 1:10.0 seconds. His performance throughout the season was outstanding. Much credit also goes to next year's co-captain Pete Rasmussen who developed into one of the best divers Hamilton has ever had. Pete went through the season almost undefeated as a first place winner. Next year seems to promise a more fruitful season with almost all the team returning. Sufficient depth should develop along with the aid of a new freshman class. The able support of Fred Nichols, Trent Smith, Leon Charbonneau and Shepley Evans, and recordbreaker Starkweather gives a reassuring lift to co-captains Mohl and Rasmussen.

First Row: Mgr. Bremenstuhl, Paul, Brown, Vincent, Captain Poole, Eld, Jordon, Wilcox, Meisner, Mgr. McKnight. *Second Row:* Hudson, Taft, Hineline, Cooney, Ostrom, Von Brockdorff, Cadigan, Taylor, Espey. *Third Row:* Wilkins, Robards, Fisher, Williams, Welsh, Nichols, Ward. *Fourth Row:* Shaw, Hamilton, Friend, Rising, Stevens, Randolph, Ferraro, Boggs, Barber.

track

Coach Gene Long's cindermen enjoyed their finest season in many this year, having a 4-0 record in dual meets, and placing second to Alfred by 1/7 point in the State Championship Meet at Troy. The squad certainly had its share of outstanding performers, but the overwhelming depth displayed by the Continentals throughout the season was a decisive factor in the winning record.

The track team's major indoor encounter came at Union on March 7th—the Third Annual Union College Indoor Track Meet. The meet was highlighted by three new records, two of which were run by Hamilton men. Next year's co-captain elect Glen Hudson turned in a 1:15.8 clocking in the 600 yard run for one record, and the Blue mile relay team was timed in 3:40 for the other.

Senior co-captain Bill Poole ran second to Union's Hoffman in the two-mile run, and senior co-captain Barclay Ward took a fourth in that race. Hoffman won with a 9:51.2 time, another meet record. Continental trackmen also placed in six other events, giving them a total of 31 points, enough to beat Union by 1/2 point. Next year's co-captain-elect Bob "Doc" Jordon took a third in the 50 yard dash, sophomore Howie Wilcox

placed fifth in the 1000 yard run, while Bob Wilkins, Pete Eld, and Dave Ostrom finished 2-4-5 in the 55 yard hurdles for the Blue. Freshman muscleman Jay Welsh took fourth in the shot put and the freshman relay team placed third. Freshman Ed Taft placed fourth in broad jump, beating the fifth-place man by 1/4″, thereby giving Hamilton the point which meant victory.

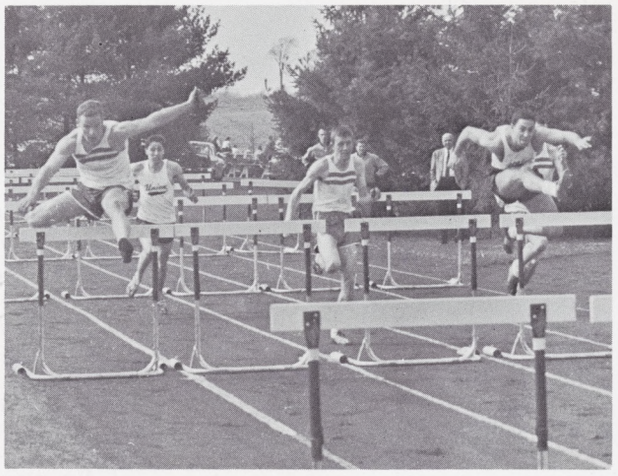
The Continentals opened the outdoor season on April 15 by reversing last year's loss to Union, decisively beating the Garnet cindermen by an 80-51 score. Hamilton was the host in what turned out to be their toughest dual meet of the season. The Blue swept three events, and also won the relay. Jordon, sophomore Deming Payne, and junior Bob Wilkins placed 1-2-3 in the 100 yard dash for Hamilton. Jordon, freshman Paul Williams, and sophomore John Taylor finished in that order in the 220 yard dash. Jordon also ran on the winning relay team, composed of junior Chick Vincent, sophomore George Paul, and Hudson. The Blue swept the high jump, with seniors John Stevens and Dave Ostrom, and freshman Norm Boggs placing. Stevens jumped 6′ in the high jump, and Jordon ran a 10.1 hundred, two of the finest marks made by the Continentals all season.

Hudson also turned in a fine performance, winning the half-mile in 1:57.2, one of his fastest times of the year. Wilcox placed third in the half with a good 2:00.2 clocking. Wilkins took a first in the high hurdles with a 16.4 time, and senior Pete Eld was third. Eld placed first in the low hurdles, with freshman Jack Nichols running third for the Blue. Taft took a first, scoring in the broad jump with a 19′9-1/4″ leap. Williams was second with a 19′9″ jump.

Union gained first places in the 440 yard dash, the pole vault, and the mile and two-mile runs, but Hamilton gained second and third place in each of those events to maintain their early lead. Vincent and sophomore Bob Brown placed 2-3 in the 440, and Sophomore Steve Cooney and senior Jim Bonbright placed 2-3 in the pole vault. Poole and freshman Phil Hineline took second and third places for the Continentals in the mile, while Ward took second in the two-mile, followed in third place by Poole. Welsh placed second in the shot, junior John Moore was second in the discus, and Payne was third in the javelin to round out the Hamilton score.

On May 2, Gene's charges journeyed to Troy to engage the R.P.I. Engineers. The Blue ended up on the long end of a 93-2/3-37-1/3 score, placing first in ten of the thirteen events. They also had sufficient depth to ensure the win, sweeping four events. Hudson, Wilcox, and freshman Harold von Brockdorff placed 1-2-3 in the 880, and Poole, Hineline, and sophomore Pete Cadigan did likewise in the mile.

Hamilton also shut out the Engineers in the pole vault and high jump; Lyon Fisher, Cooney, and Bonbright accomplishing the feat in the pole vault, and Stevens, Boggs, and Ostrom coming through in the high



jump. Ward and sophomore Dan McMartin were 1-2 in the two-mile run, as were Nichols and Cooney in the low hurdles, and Welsh and freshman Jack Messersmith in the shot. Wilkins and Boggs were 1-3 in the high hurdles, and Stevens and Taft were 2-3 in the broad jump. Moore took first in the javelin with a fine 177′3″ throw, and also took a second in the discus. Jordon won the 220, with Taylor running third. Wilkins took a third in the 100, and the Blue relay team of Brown, Vincent, Paul and Hudson turned in a fine 3:30.5 performance.

This year's Spring Houseparty crowd was treated to a 100-31 crushing of the Ithaca cindermen on May 9. Hamilton placed 1-2-3 in every running event except the 440, where Brown and Vincent placed first and third. Jordon, Payne, and freshman Gary Ferraro swept the 100; Jordan, Williams, and Taylor swept the 220; Hudson, Wilcox, and von Brockdorff took all three places in the 880. Eld, Boggs, and Ostrom in the highs, Cooney, Nichols, and Eld in the lows, Cadigan, Hineline, and McMartin in the mile, and Ward, Poole, and junior Gerry Meisner in the two-mile accounted for the other shut-outs of the Ithaca team. Stevens and Ostrom tied for first in the high jump, and Cooney was third in the pole vault. Welsh and Messersmith, Moore and Welsh, and Moore and Payne, were second and third in the shot, discus, and javelin, respectively. Stevens jumped 20′5″ for a second place in the broad jump. The relay team of Brown, Jordon, Paul, and Hudson completed the Hamilton victory.

The state meet came on May 16, and resulted in a heartbreakiing loss to Alfred, 48-11/14 to 48-9/14. Jordon won the 220 in 21.9, one second off the Hamilton record, and placed second in the 100. Wilkins, Boggs, and Eld placed 1-3-4 in the highs and Ostrom tied for first in the high jump for the other Hamilton first places. Vincent was second in the 440, Hineline was fifth in the mile, and Poole was second in the two-mile. Hudson and Wilcox were fourth and fifth in the 880, Nichols, Eld, and Cooney finished 3-4-5 in the lows, and Moore took a third in the Javelin. Stevens tied for fifth in the high jump, and the Blue mile relay team finished second.

Hamilton's final meet of the year on a slow and wet track at Cortland, and resulted in a 99-1/6 to 26-5/6 win over the Red Dragons. Five shut-outs of the Cortland State team provided a comfortable margin for the Continentals, as did first in a total of 12 out of 14 events. Jordan took two first places, in the 100 and 220, as did Wilkins, who won the high and low hurdles. Vincent, Hudson, Poole, and Ward won in the 440, 880, mile and two-mile runs, respectively. Cooney won the pole vault with an 11′ effort, and Stevens and Ostrom tied for first in the high jump. Payne and Welsh took first in the broad jump and shot put, respectively.

As was mentioned above, next year's co-captains will be Jordon and Hudson, who were consistent point winners all year. Other letter winners who scored well were Stevens, Ostrom, Poole, Ward, Eld, Moore, Vincent, Cooney, Payne, Welsh, Nichols, and Wilcox. The Ahner Award went to Bill Poole for track and John Stevens for field.

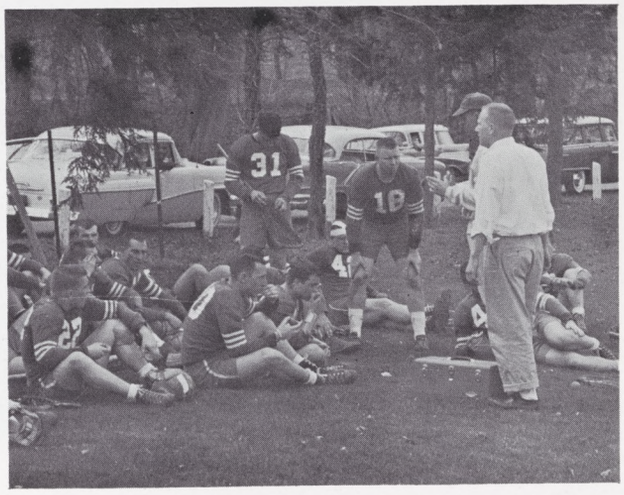
Gene realizes that the loss of seniors Stevens, Ostrom, Poole, and Ward, and Eld will hurt next year's team, but the fine showing by this year's underclassmen promises winning seasons for the next few years. Gene has shown in both track and cross-country that he can work his athletes into the condition necessary to produce winning teams, and we feel confident he can do the same in the future.

First Row: Pearson, Spencer, Russell, Co-Captains Rickerson and Hoyt, Merkel, Strawbridge. *Second Row:* Asst. Coach Sawyer, Ramsay, Turnbull, Alofs, Rose, Killion, Bennett, Schoonover, Mgr. Stevens, Coach Hunter. *Third Row:* Bushweller, Ennis, Turner, Zeis, Johnson, Fraser, Woodworth, Holden. *Fourth Row:* Sanderson, Weaver, Collin, Mahood, Singer, Steele, Kermes, Asst. Mgr. Randall.

lacrosse

In the first week of March, the Hill Stickmen gathered in the Sage Hockey Building to thaw out their winter frozen muscles under the leadership of Coach Chip Hunter and co-captains Paddy Hoyt and Earl Rickerson. Among the candidates were fifteen returning letter men, including two of last years All-State Honorable Mention team, Rickerson and Pete Strawbridge, making the outlook for the season very favorable.

This season the team was unable to travel to Long Island for Spring Vacation, but Chip scheduled three practice games before the opener with Colgate. The practice game with Syracuse Lacrosse Club proved very entertaining for a few of the Jazz Concert crowd who forsook indoor activities for the rugged outdoors. The Stickmen showed the need for still more practice and polish for the game with the strong Red Raiders.



Last year Hamilton had an upset victory over Colgate by 8-6 which the Raiders wished to avenge and did quite successfully. Because of a weak defense, Colgate managed to slam in 17 goals to the Hills 8. After fifteen minutes the score was dead locked at 2-2,

but Colgate outscored the Continentals 6-2 during the second period. In the third period Hamilton managed to tally six more goals to end their scoring for the day. Pete Strawbridge scored three goals, Rickerson and freshman Nev Steele two each, and Dave Merkle one.

The Continentals slashed into their second game with Union and came out with a 11-2 victory before a large Parents Weekend crowd. Rickerson and Dick Russell led the Hamilton offensive with four and three goals respectively. The Hill Stickmen clearly showed their superiority over the Dutchmen with a 6-1 lead in the first fifteen minutes; a 9-1 lead at the half, and 11-1 at the three quarter mark. Hamilton also showed surprising speed and a burning desire to win which were both lacking in the Colgate game. Freshman Nev Steele again displayed some excellent playing and dumped in one goal. Goalie Don Spencer, the captain and goalie from the Hockey team, showed that a three year lay off from lacrosse did not hinder him at all.

The Teachers from Cortland were the Hills next two games challengers. In the first encounter, Cortland downed the Continentals 7-6 in a close, hard fought game. Hamilton showed superior playing throughout the game but were unable to provide a scoring punch. The second game over Spring Houseparty weekend was much the same story. In spite of fine defensive play by Gary Ennis, Hamilton was again edged out by Cortland 6-5. At 6:50 minutes of the game, Cortland had a 2-0 lead. Nev Steele scored, but this was countered by another Red Dragon goal. At the half, the score stood 4-2, but Hamilton came back in the third quarter with goals by attacks Dave Merkel and Pete Strawbridge to tie the score. Midfielder Dick Russell slammed home his second goal of the day to put the Hillmen ahead 5-4 with ten minutes remaining. Cortland then tallied twice to regain the lead and the game.

In spite of the score Hamilton controlled the play throughout most of the game as shown by our 47 shots compared to Cortland's 23. The lose can be attributed to Cortland's All-American goalie Butch Bromante.

The following week the Continentals travelled to New York City's Lewisohn Stadium to lose to the C.C.N.Y. Beavers. Co-captain Rickerson again played a fine game by scoring five goals for the day. Attack Joe Schoonover had two goals and two assists, and Russell and Merkel each scored once. The team was greatly handicapped by the absence of attacks Pete Strawbridge and Ted Johnson and midfield Rod Ramsey. In spite of this handicap, the Continentals outscored C.C.N.Y. 3-1 in the last quarter, but this was not enough and the game ended at 11-3.

The next week, just before final exams, Hamilton met Hobart in the last game of the season. Coach Chip Hunter desired to avenge last years 9-8 lose and the team wanted to win the last game for Chip who will leave us next year and continue coaching at Potsdam. The game was extremely close and went into overtime. Hobart scored two fast goals against Hamilton's none in the extra minutes, leaving the score at 6-4.

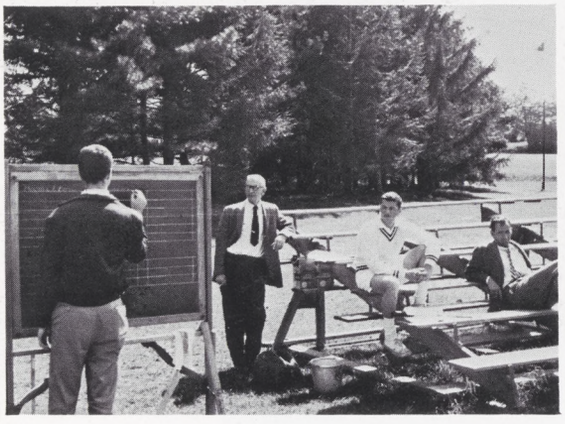
Unfortunately the Continentals won only one game this year, but this does not speak accurately of the team's ability. The scoring punch was just lacking in the close games. Never-the-less, Pete Strawbridge, Earl Rickerson, and Paddy Hoyt had a fine season. Much credit also, goes to Don Spencer who moved into the goal after three years absence and through hard work and much practice did an admirable job.

The prospects for next year are excellent with many returning lettermen including Strawbridge, Schoonover, Ramsey, Steele, and possible Burt Lies who was out this year with injuries. Many hopeful candidates will be supplied from the J.V. under the leadership of Bruce Sawyer.

Next years co-captains are Roger Killion and Jim Turnbull.

Epstein, Easterwood, Logan, Kittell, Captain Lord, Dirvin, Roe, Beebe.

tennis

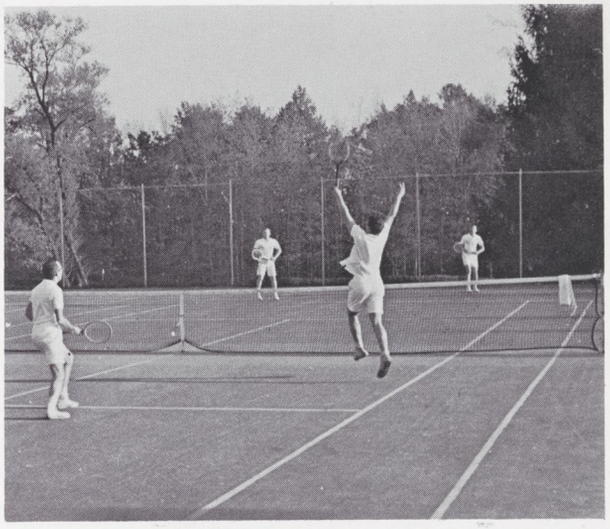


It seemed that the expected tennis recession would become a reality at the beginning of the '59 season. After dumping Hartwick, a perennial shutout victim, 9-0, the Blue lost two on the road, first to Rochester 6-3, and then to RPI by the same margin. Despite the loss of a possible second undefeated season and their fourth without a loss in the last five years, the Hamsters settled down and treated Coach Mox Weber to five straight wins and a respectable 6-2 season.

After their two losses, the B and B netmen evened their record by squashing Harpur 9-0. Revenge came against Rochester when the Yellowjackets came here to play. Although Don Kittell dropped the first singles 7-5, 6-2, Phil Lord, playing second singles, won 9-7, 2-6, 9-7. The third singles went to Rochester as Howdy Pratt beat Hadley Roe 6-4, 3-6, 6-4. From there the Blue took command. Gerry Dirvin stormed back after dropping the first set 6-4 to win the next two, 7-5 and 10-8. Butch Logan, playing fifth singles, won decisively 6-2 and 6-1, and freshman Ollie Easterwood playing in the sixth position won his match, 6-4, 6-2. Rochester lost their chance to win in the first doubles match as Kittell and Lord beat Jim Putnam and Dave King in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4. Rochester took the second doubles when Pratt and Al Kriss defeated Logan

and Roe 6-4 and 6-4, and the third doubles match was called on account of darkness. The last two results were unimportant, however, for the match had already been decided in Hamilton's favor, 5-3.

After the win against Rochester, Hamilton trounced Utica College 9-0. The following match with Ithaca was rained out, and tight scheduling in the late season prevented playing it, the biggest break Ithaca could have received. The Blue concluded their season with wins against St. Lawrence, 6-3, and Cortland, 7-2. The final match with Union, although in progress with Hamilton ahead, was cancelled because of rain.



The outlook for next season is not a bright one, and the tennis recession may finally arrive on the Hill unless the class of '63 contains Jack Kramer's nephew and a couple of exchange students from Australia. Seniors Lord, Kittell, and Dirvin will all be gone, and after becoming permanent fixtures of Hamilton's courts for the past four seasons, their absence will be sorely felt. Captain-elect Hadley Roe, Butch Logan, undefeated this season in singles competition, and freshman Ollie Easterwood are the only returning lettermen, and coupled with Don Epstein and John Beebe who teamed to play third doubles, they will compose the backbone of Coach Weber's team.

That will be next Spring though, and a lot can happen between now and then. For the present, it can be said that Hamilton has had another successful season on the courts.

Kremer, Aitken, Hankin, Captain Wettlaufer, Mongeau, Levene.

golf

The 1959 Hamilton College golf team wound up a very successful season winning 6, tieing 2, while dropping only 2 contests. With the return of Kim Levene, who spent last year in Europe, and Pete Hankin, who missed last season because of a sore arm, the team promised to be one of the best in recent years. Captain Ward Wettlaufer was again at the helm holding down position number one. Junior and Captain-elect Pete Hankin showed continued improvement and moved into the number two slot, while Bob Mongeau and Paul Kremer played in positions three and four. Kim Levene and Dick Jackson played in the last two positions. Wettlaufer was able to see action in only 5 of the 10 contests scheduled because of an important tournament in Europe. Wettlaufer was honored this year by being chosen as one of the members of the United States Walker Cup Team.

The team opened its season on April 25th, Parent's weekend, tieing a very strong Rochester club 4½-4½. Wettlaufer downed Rochester's Bob Patterson 5-3 while coasting in on a 73 stroke total for 18 holes. Bob Mongeau and Pete Hankin both dropped their matches, but Paul Kremer and Dick Jackson were able to out shoot their opponents and win their matches.

In the next two contests, the Blue really demonstrated their power by defeating Hartwick and Harpur by identical scores of 9-0. In the Harpur match, Wettlaufer defeated Tom Nestor 3-2, and Pete Hankin bettered Dave Brown 5-4. Mongeau and Kremer played exceptionally well against both Hartwick and Harpur.

May 6th, the team defeated RPI on the home grounds by a score of 6½-2½. Wettlaufer, who was playing his last match before leaving for Scotland with the Walker Cup Team, defeated his opponent 4-3

with a very fine 15th hole. Pete Hankin also turned in a very fine round and won 3-2.

On houseparty weekend, the team managed to squeeze out a tie with Hobart. Pete Hankin, playing in the number one position, turned in an excellent round and was able to win his match. Down at Oswego a few days later, however, he ran into a little trouble and lost to his opponent 3-2. The team, however, was able to defeat Oswego 11-2. Bob Mongeau played well, and Dick Jackson turned in an impressive 71, low score for the contest.

Syracuse and Eastern Intercollegiate Champ Warren Simmons again proved too much for the Hill squad and won by a score of 8-1. The Simmons-Hankin match was close and could have gone either way until the back nine, when Hankin began hooking his drives. The highlight of this match occured on the seventh green; Hankin shot a 55 foot putt which hung on the lip for several seconds before finally dropping in.

In the final two contests of the season, the Hillmen were able to win both. After defeating Cortland 6½-2½, the team met Union in the last match of the season. Ward Wettlaufer returned from Scotland and again resumed his number one position. Ward won his match 6-5 and Hankin won his 3-2. The team then went on to register a 7-2 victory.

The team will suffer next year due to the great losses by graduation. Along with Captain Wettlaufer, the team will lose Bob Mongeau, Paul Kremer, Dick Jackson, and Kim Levene. The only returning letterman will be Captain-elect Peter Hankin, and a great deal will be expected of him. Also, Tom Aitkin and Dick Merkelback, who saw limited action this season, will have to move up and fill some of the vacancies. It is also rumored that Coach Don Jones will spend most of his summer scouting in hopes of coming up with another Wettlaufer, possibly two. We are certainly proud of the fine record of this year's team, and we are also looking forward to the surprises that Coach Don Jones will have for us next year.

First Row: Andrews, Jones, Ensor, Captain Nicolette, Finegan, Slattery, Black. *Second Row:* Hirsch, Kirkpatrick, Ahrens, Collins, Perkins, DiGiulian. *Third Row:* Sullivan, Tucker, Robbins, Castle, Blessing, Gow, McDonnell.

baseball

Despite a sweep of the opening day doubleheader and the best hitting in modern Hamilton College history, the Continentals again fell below the .500 mark as the 1959 baseball season ended. Early season prospects were high when the first practice found twenty-three men, fourteen veterans and nine freshmen, out for the team. With this supply of talent, it was difficult for Coach Batt to cut down to the twenty player limit in time for the first game.

Finally, on April 25th, the Continentals tasted their first blood. Facing Hobart in a doubleheader, the Continentals squeeked through the first 3-2, and erupted for ten runs in the nite-cap to sweep the day's action. Bob Kliphon started the first game and went the route for his first victory of the year. He struck out eight while yielding four walks and four hits. Scott Finegan, veteran shortstop, led the attack with three hits, while freshman Patty McDonnel and sophomore Al Aherns added two hits apiece. Hamilton started fast with Finegan, McDonnell and Aherns combining to produce two runs in the top of the first. Hobart came back

with two in the second when Nicolette and Kirkpatrick collided while chasing a fly ball. Nicolette was removed from the game for X-rays and Hirsch replaced him. The game continued deadlocked at 2-2 until the ninth when Finegan singled and Aherns lofted a tape-measure drive over the right field bank for the winning run.

Junior Bill Jones started the nite-cap and was presented with a two run lead in the first on a double by Slattery, a single by Finegan, and a double by McDonnell. The lead was short lived for in the third Hobart erupted for five runs, chasing Jones and bringing in fireballer Dave Andrews. Hamilton fought back to within one run on Aherns two run homer to right. From this point on the game was in the bag. The Continentals scored freely on Hobart's pitcher, piling up six extra base hits out of a total of ten hits. McDonnell lead the team with three for three including a double and a triple. Ahern's two home runs kept his .500 batting average, and gave him the club leadership in RBI's with six. Slattery also had a perfect day at the plate going two for two with a double and a single and stealing home on a perfect execution of Coach Batt's patented delayed steal.

Four days later, the Continentals lost a close one to Union, 6-5 in ten innings. Kliphon started and went nine, only to be lifted for a pinch hitter, freshman Tim Gow. The strategy paid off as Gow walked and went around to score, tying the game 5-5. Perkins came in and lost the game in the next inning on a walk, a wild pitch, and a hit. Aherns again produced the runs, batting in two more to raise his total to eight in three games. Kliphon and Aherns both had two hits.

The Hamilton record fell to .500 when on May 2nd, the Stevens Tech batsmen romped over five Hamilton pitchers for 17 runs and 21 hits. The Continentals had 17 hits, but stranded the same number to go down in defeat 17-7. Finegan's five hits in six trips led the Continentals while Aherns and Nicolette had three each.

Hamilton traveled to Rochester and returned on the winning end of a 7-4 score. Aherns was again big man with three for four while McDonnell, Finegan, and Kirkpatrick had two hits apiece. Kliphon went the distance again striking out seven and walking four. Hamilton scored one in the first, gave Rochester two in the bottom of the first, and scored in each of the next two innings to take a lead which was never to be headed. Rochester helped Hamilton's twelve hit barrage by committing four costly errors including a three base error which let in two runs. Hamilton played errorless ball.

Playing before a packed houseparty crowd, the Continentals raked Utica College 13-5, amassing their highest run total of the season. Andrews started and went seven innings before he was relieved by Pete Ensor who finished the game. Hamilton scored one in the first and the seventh to put the game on ice. Nicolette

and Aherns had four hits each, while Black drove in three with a home run and a single. Aherns again was high in run production, scoring two and driving in four. This put the Hamilton record at 4-2 with four games to go.

Hamilton then hosted a strong RPI team. The Continentals put up a game fight behind three pitchers, but couldn't head the sixteen hit Engineer barrage. After falling behind 7-2 Hamilton tied the score with a five run fourth, but RPI bounced back with three in the fifth, sixth and ninth to put the game out of reach. Slattery and Kirkpatrick, with three hits, led the sixteen hit Hamilton attack, while four others had two hits. Fingean drove in three with a homer and a double, while Kliphon aided his own cause by driving in two. Final score; 16-10.

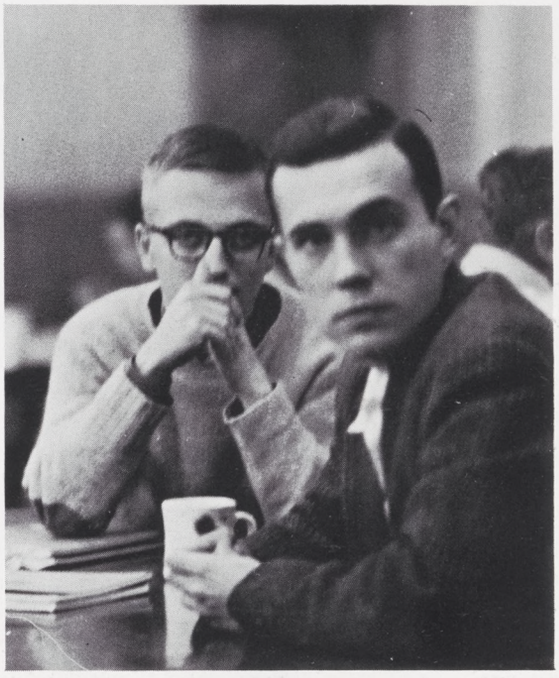
On May 15th, the Continentals again hit the road, traveling to Hobart for a return game. In bitter cold weather, the Hamilton attack stalled, and despite four hit pitching by Blessing, the Continentals fell in ten innings, 4-3. Hobart scored in the tenth on a walk, a hit, and a one out squeeze. Aherns and DiGiulian led the attack with two hits each.

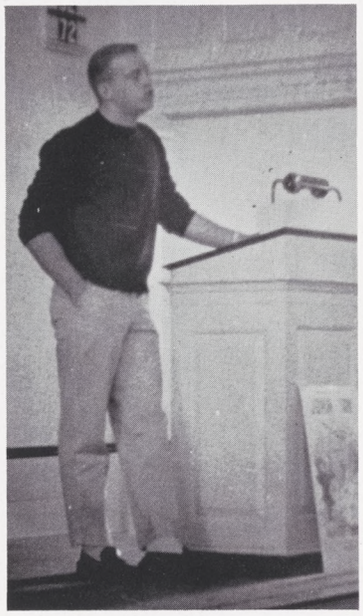
Then it happended. Hamilton moved to Colgate to face what was to be the year's strongest opponent. The Raiders picked up fifteen hits off Kliphon in the first 5-1/3 innings, and when Kliphon came down with a sore arm, added seven more off of Pete Ensor. Finegan with three hits and Aherns with two had most of the seven Hamilton hits, but seven hits were only enough for one run. Final score; 14-1.

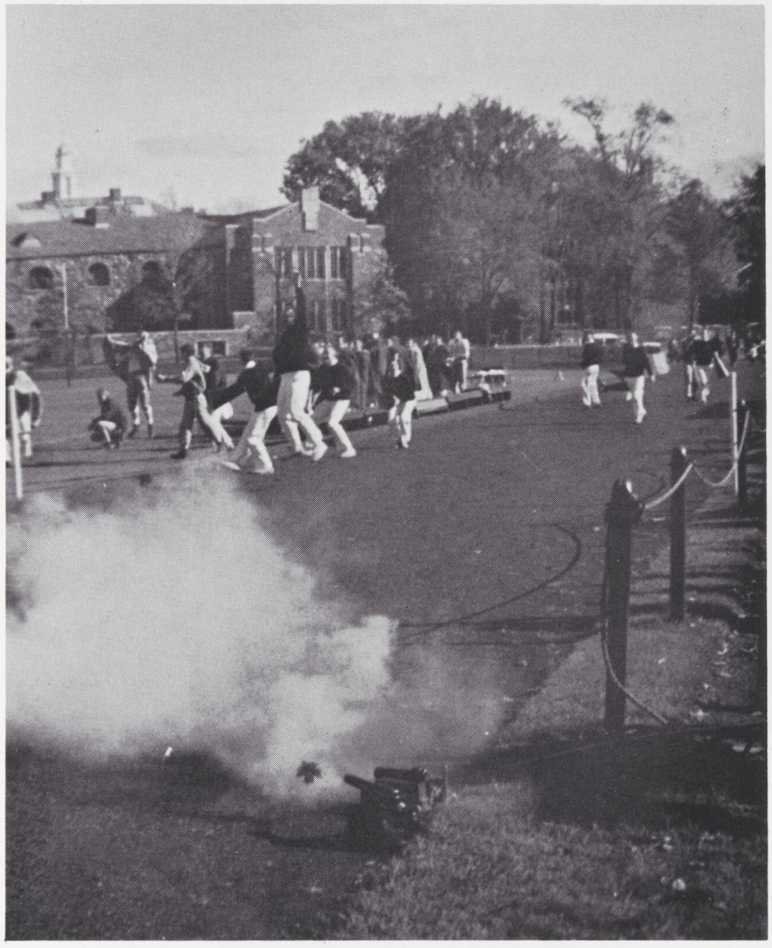
In the season finisher, the team hit the road again, this time to Union, seeking to avenge Union's first ten inning victory. Blessing started and went the route, giving up nine hits and four runs. Again examination schedule cut into the hitting of the Continentals. Tucker, playing for slumping Pat McDonnell had a third of Hamilton's six hits, and captain elect Don DiGiulian gathered in two others. The Dutchmen sparked a field compiling three twin killings bouncing their hits to win 4-1.

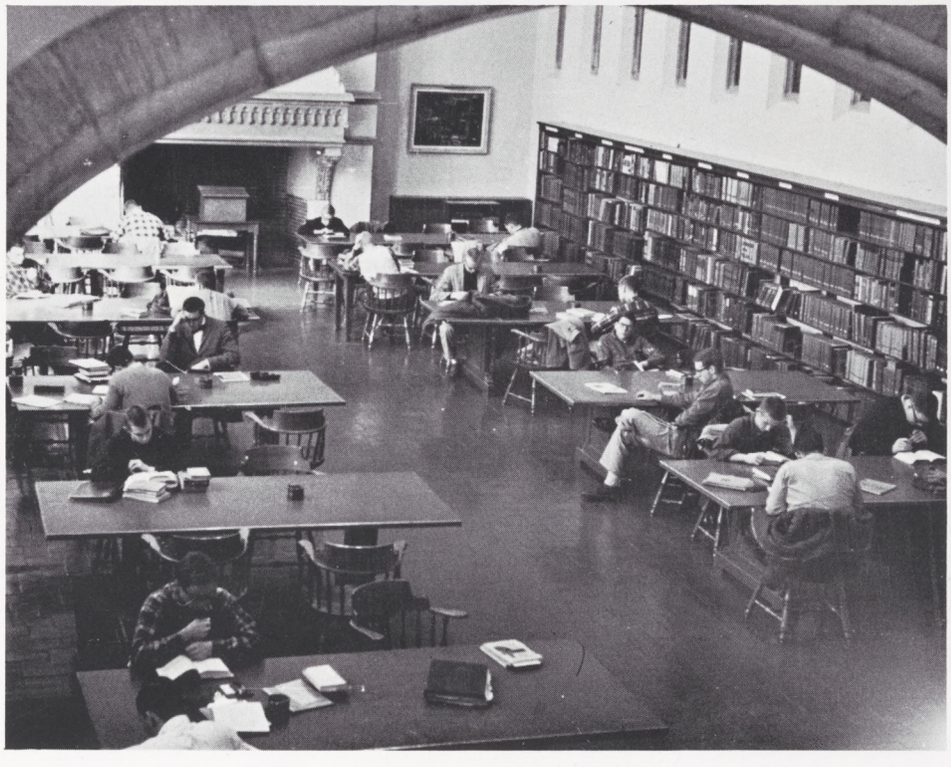
Next year's prospects look good. With continued hitting, and some help in the pitching department, the Continentals could roll to their best season in history. The only veterans leaving the club are Mike Slattery, 1959 captain, .248 BA., Scott Finegan, Shortstop, .338 BA, and Joe Nicolette, 1959 captain, .246 B.A, but with continued hitting by Aherns .412 BA, Kirkpatrick, .313 B.A, and 1960 Captain Don DiGiulian .282, this loss will not hurt too much.

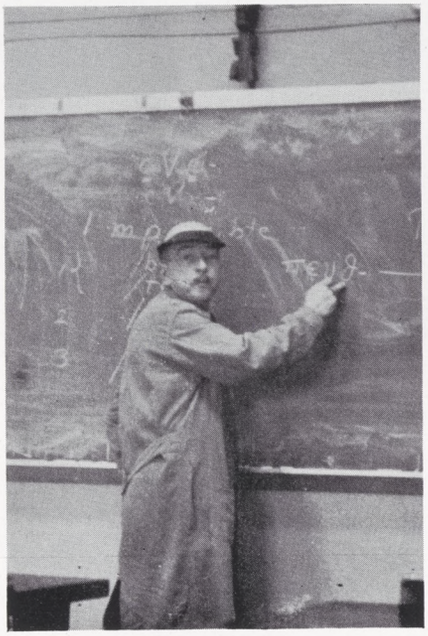
55

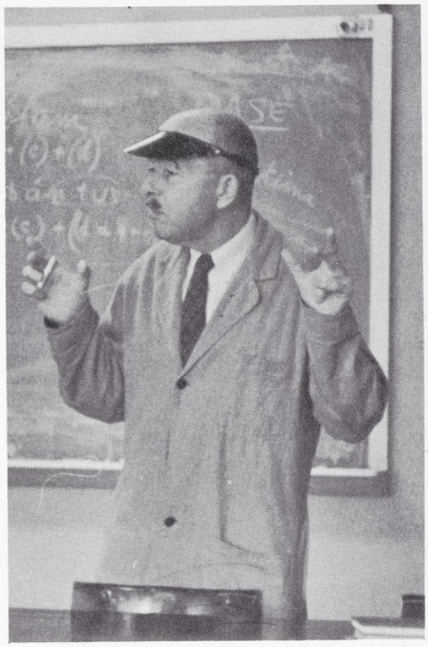


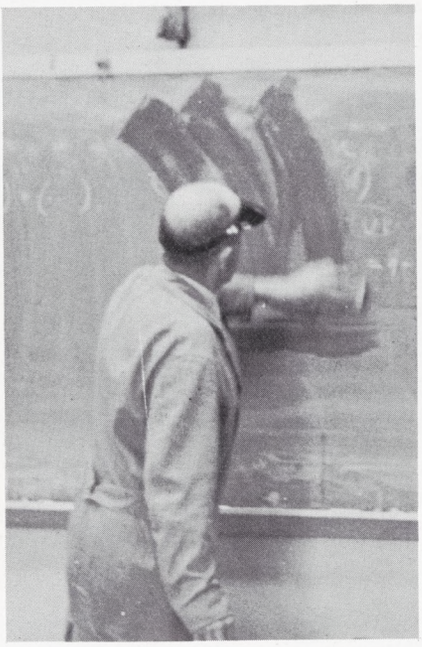


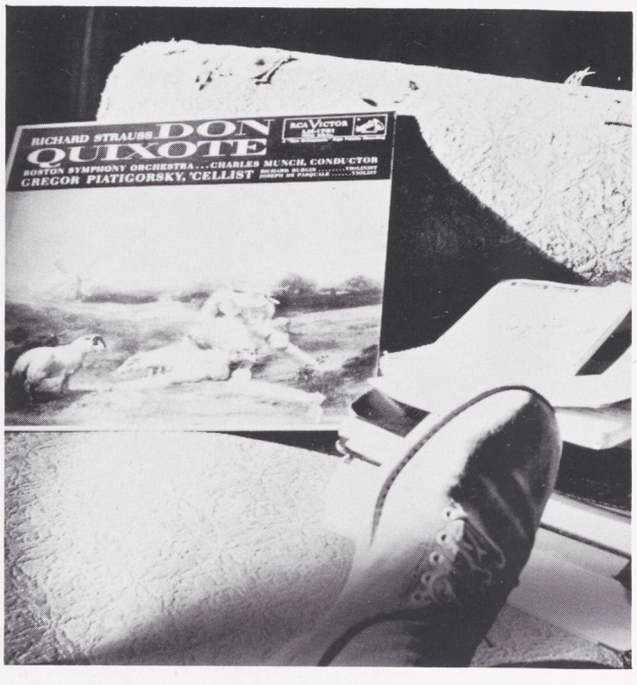


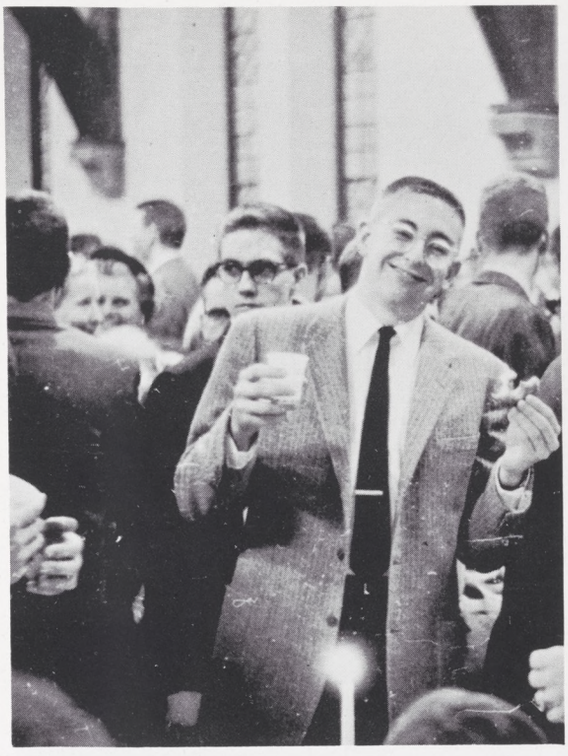


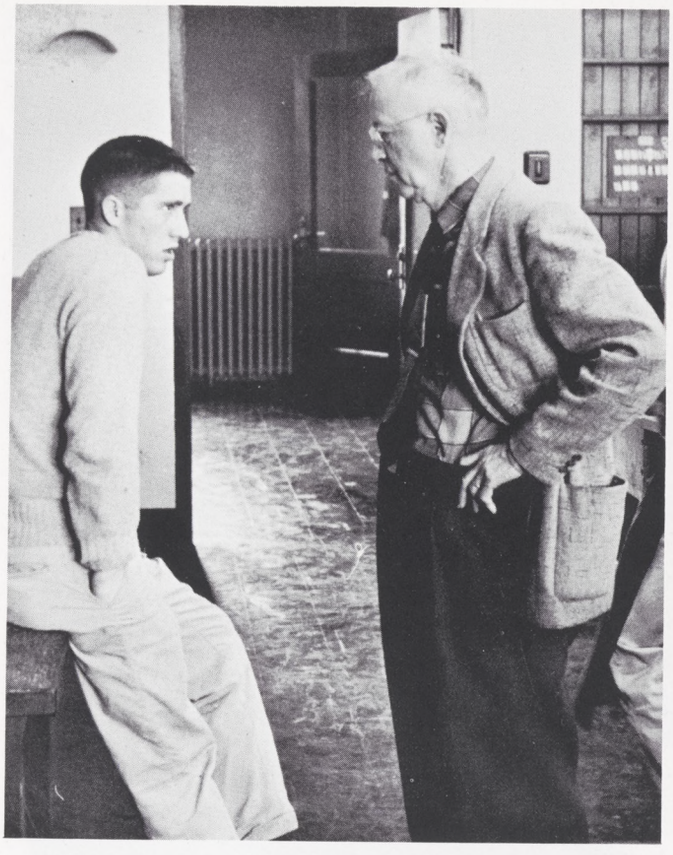


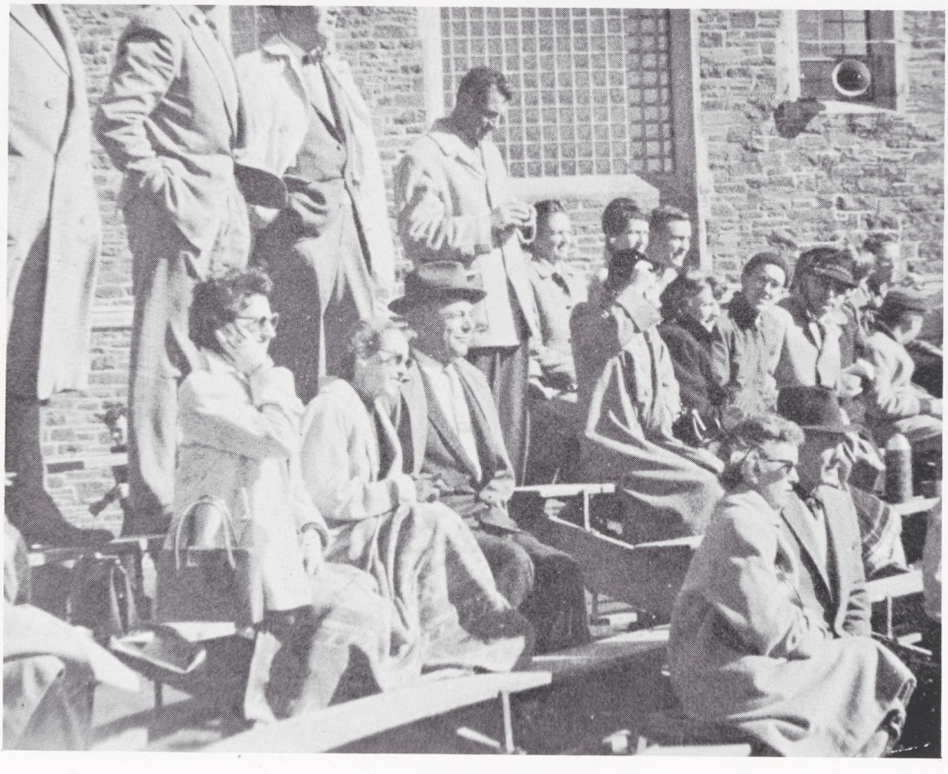


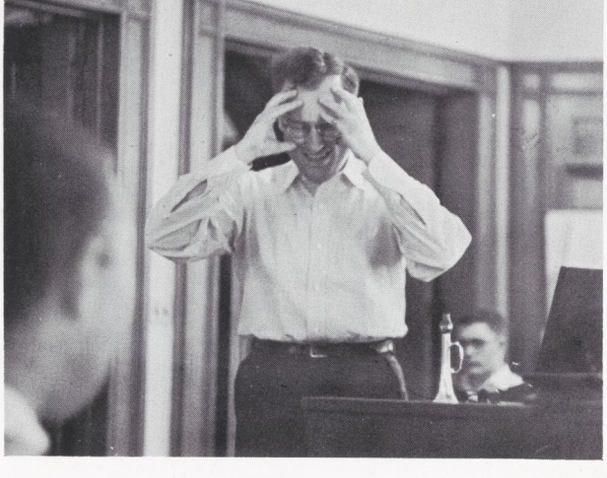


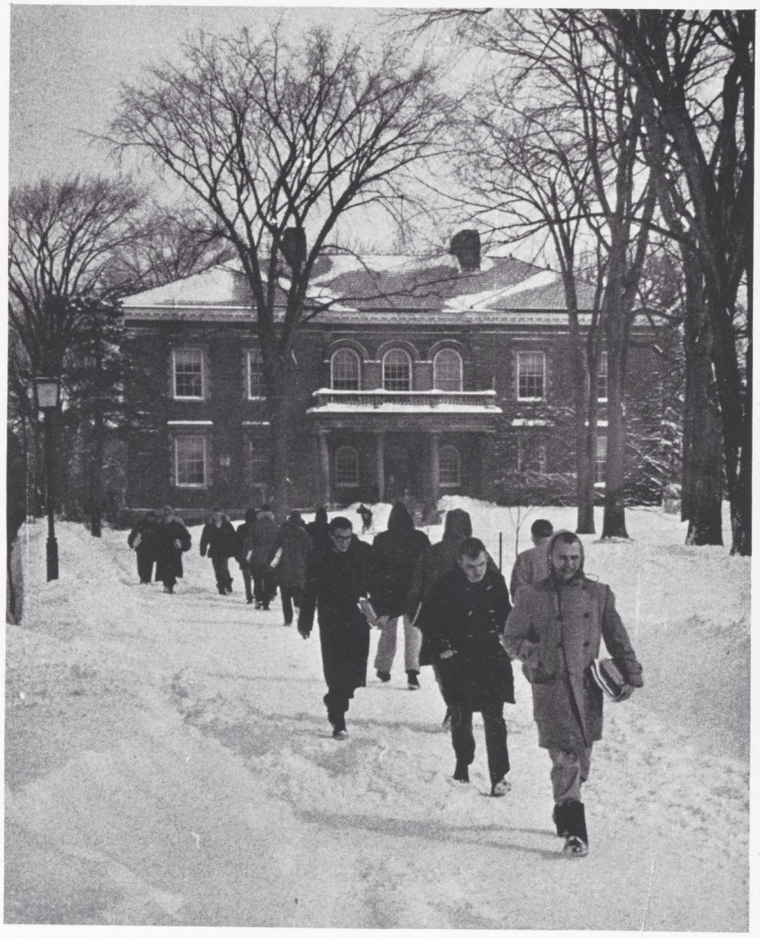

RICHARD STRAUSS
DON QUIXOTE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA . . . CHARLES MUNCH, CONDUCTOR
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, 'CELLIST

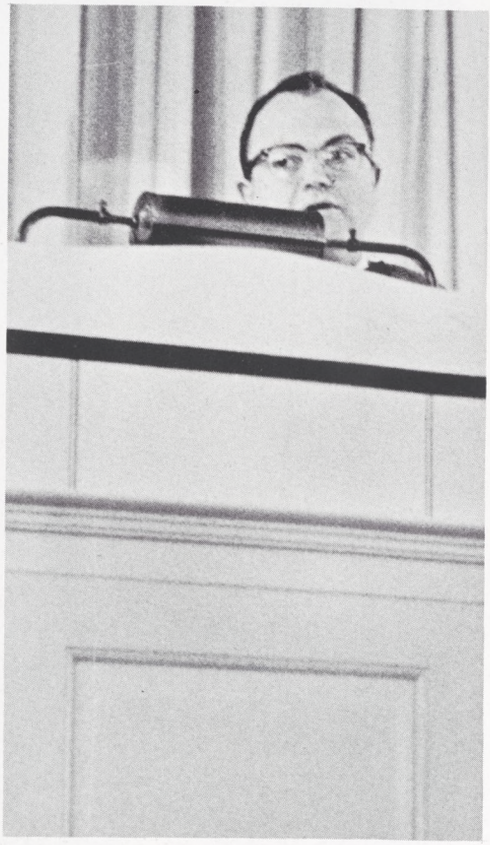


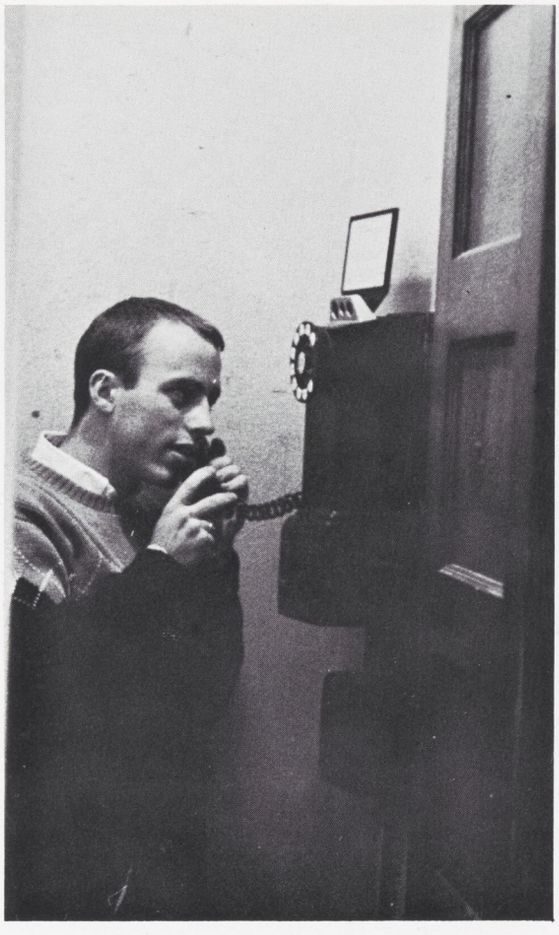


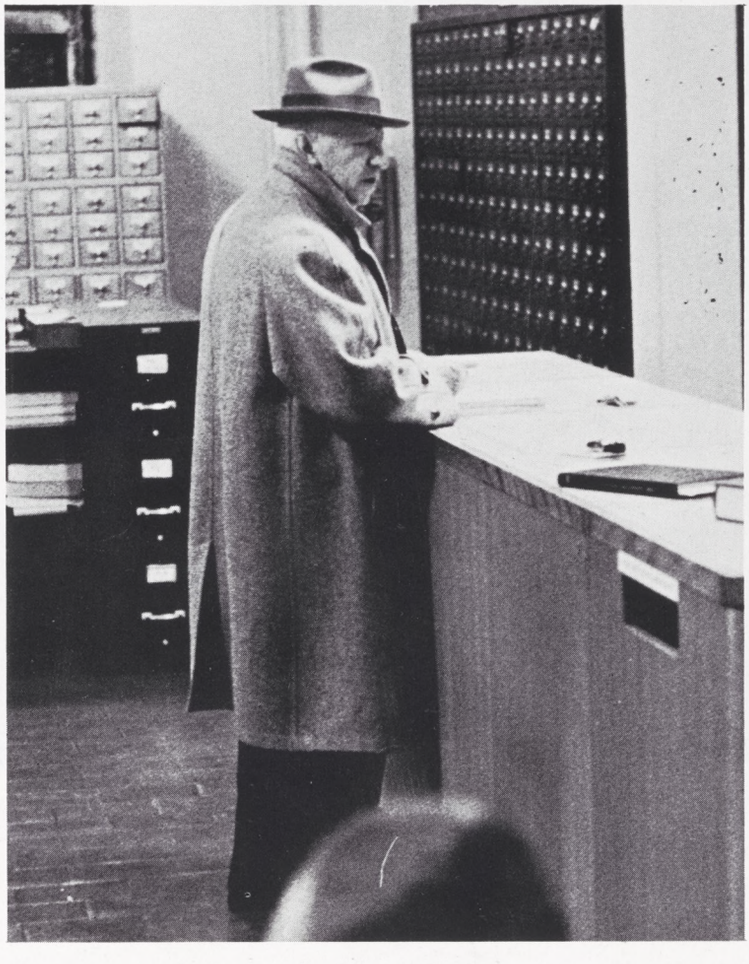


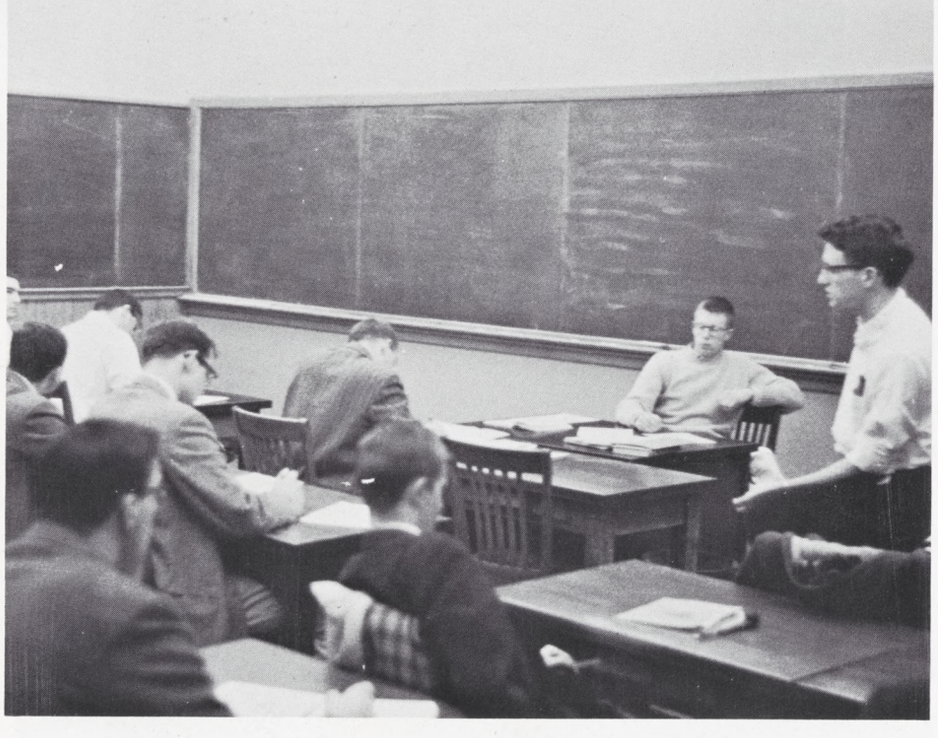


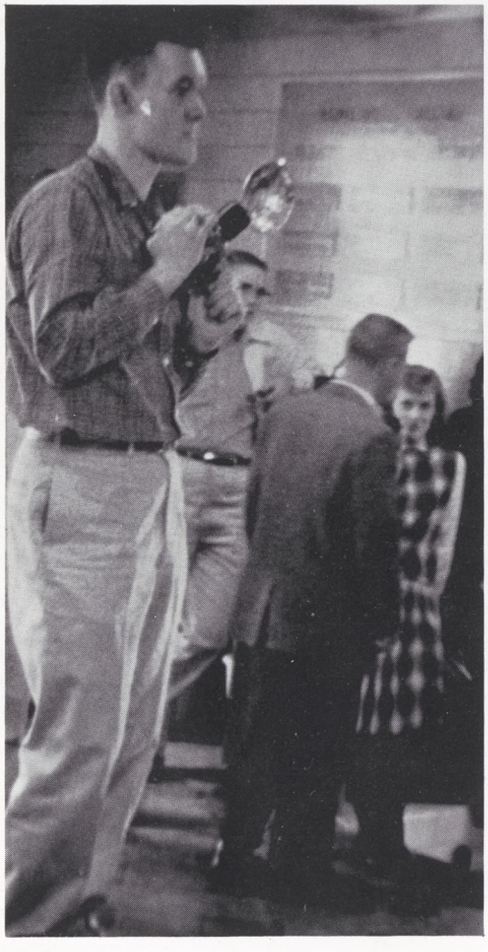


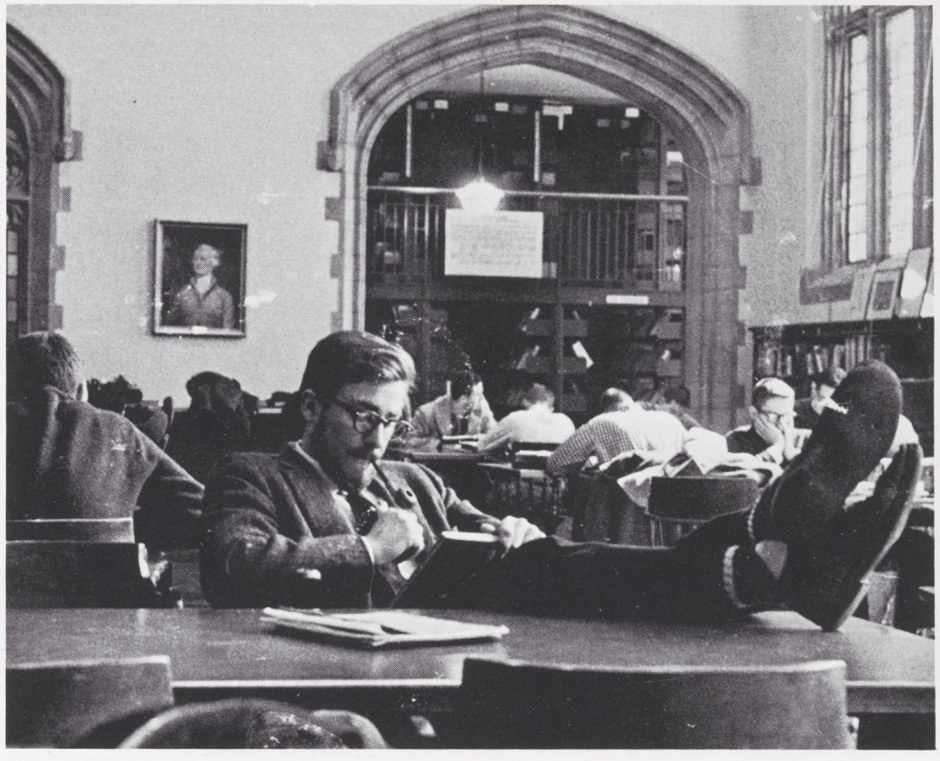


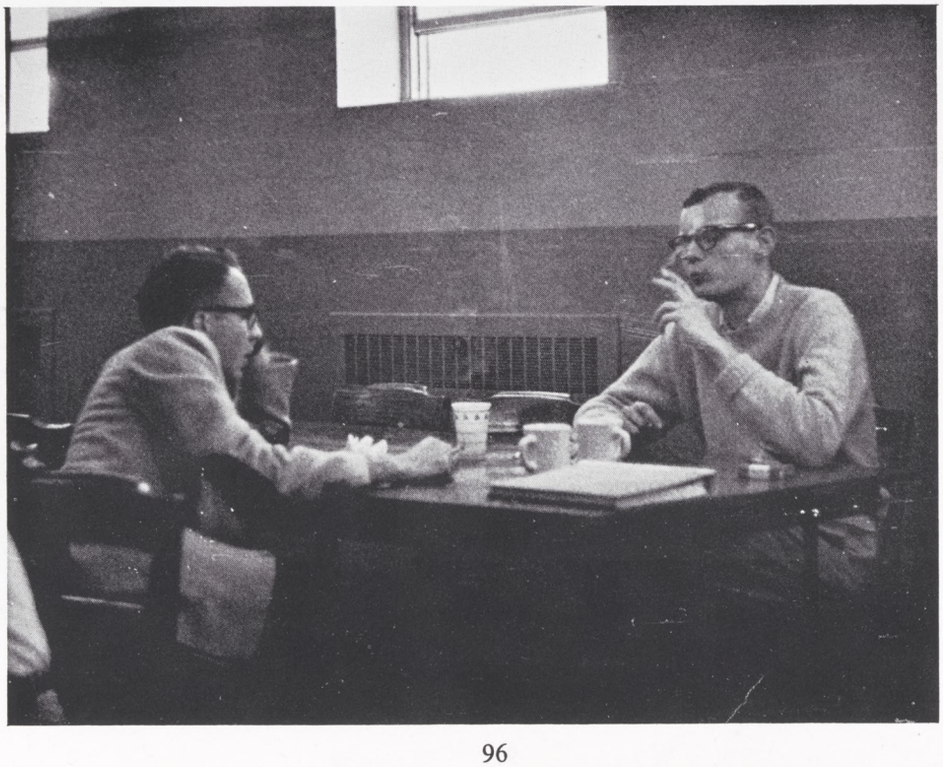


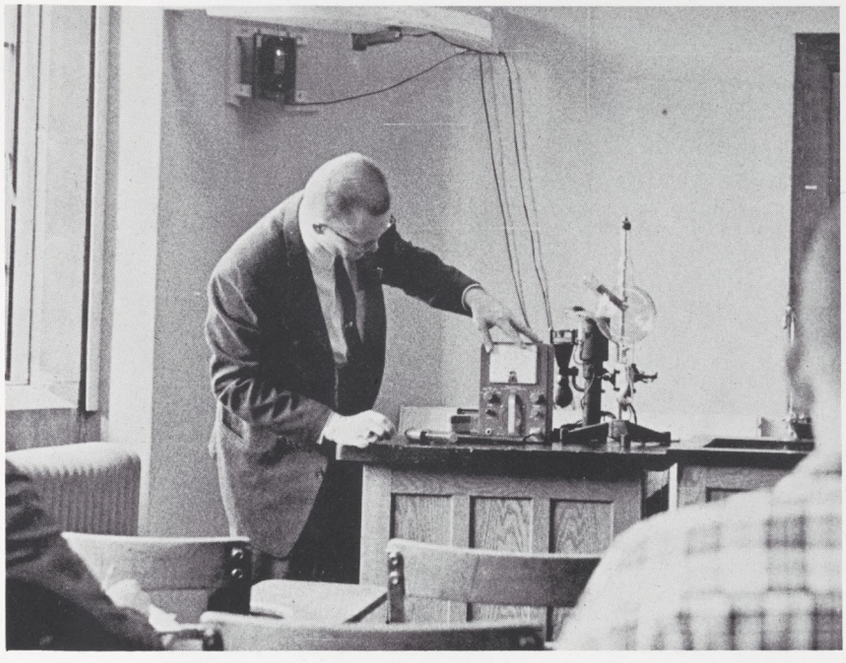


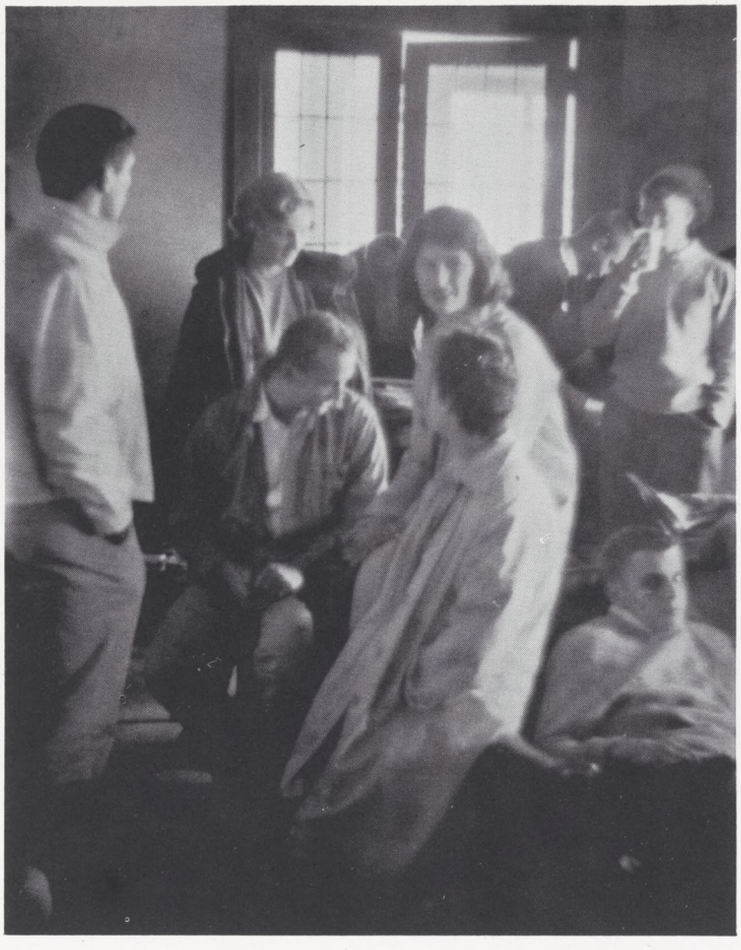


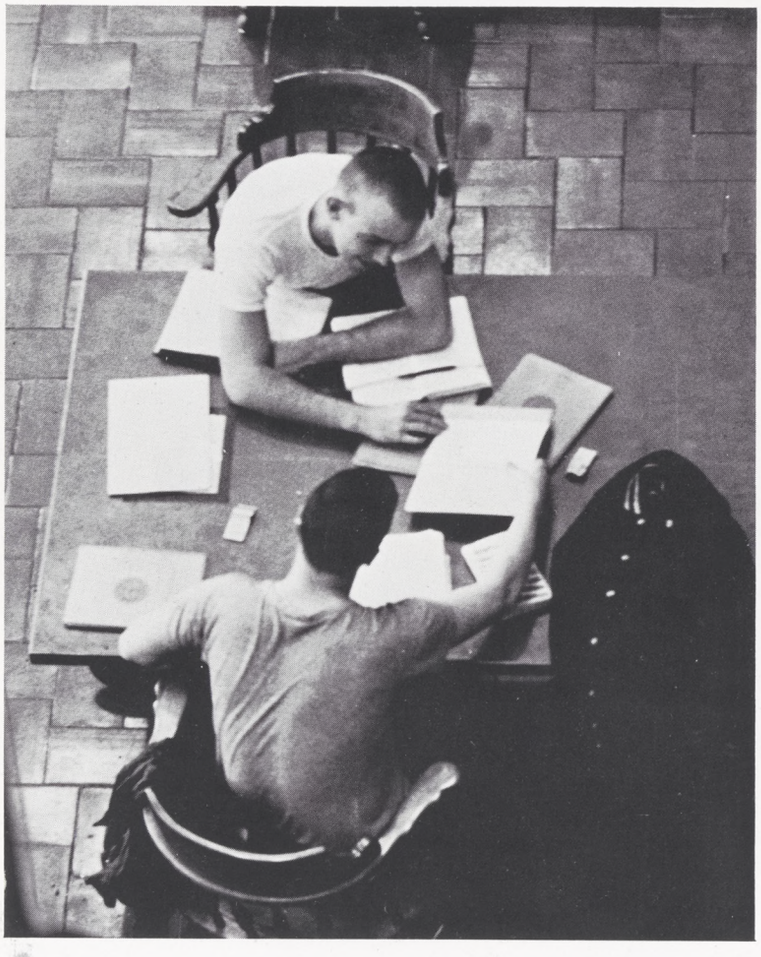


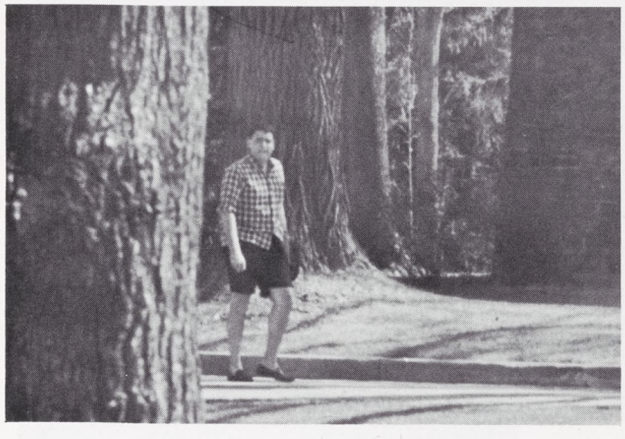


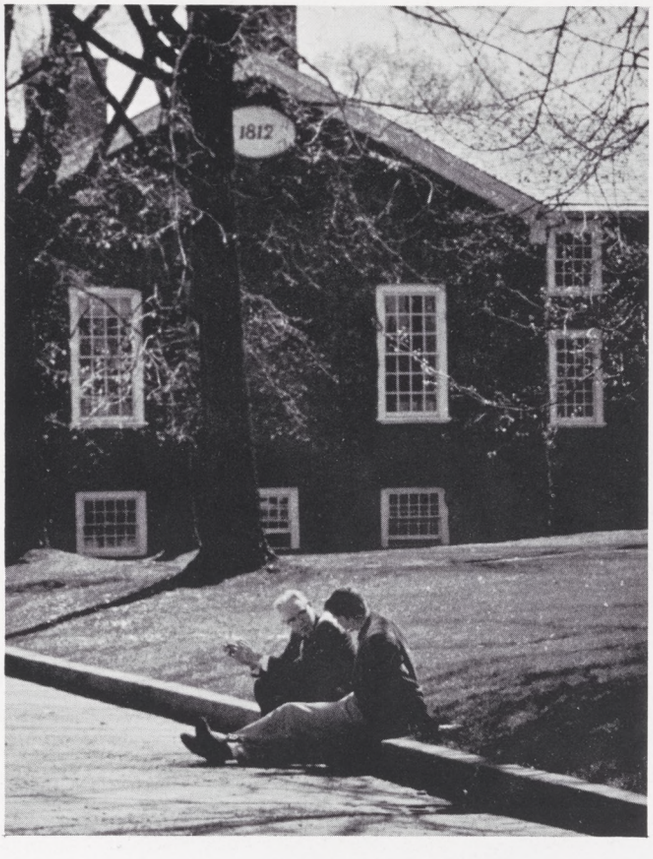








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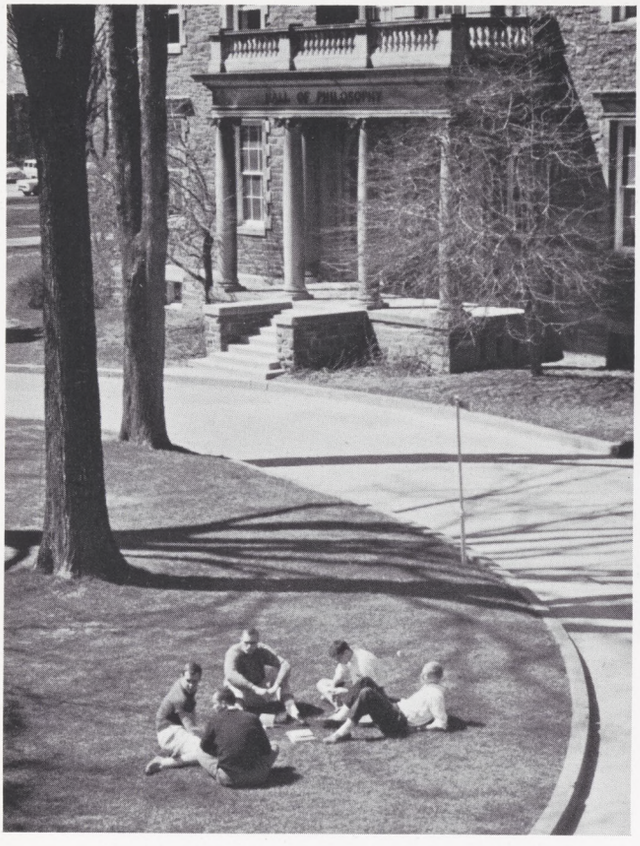
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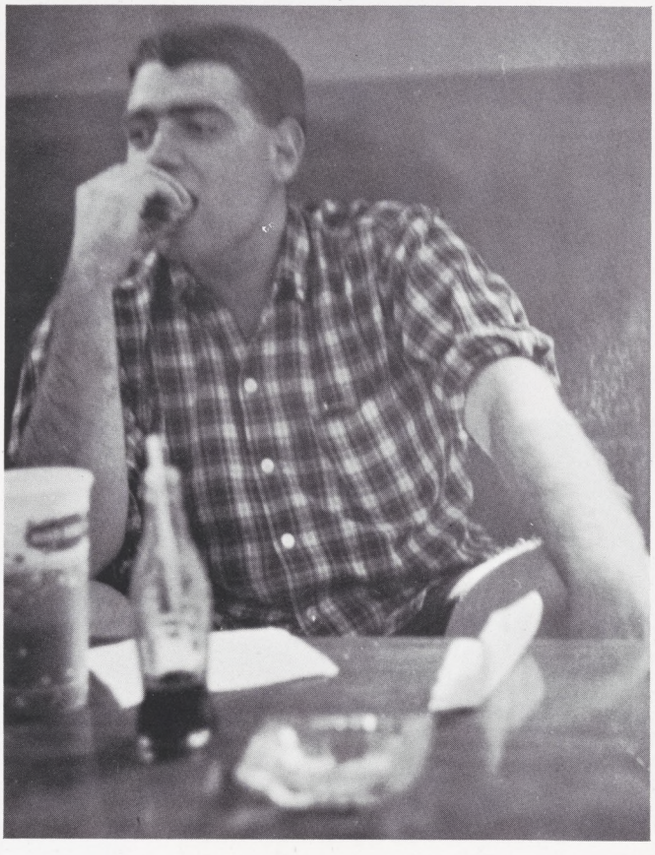
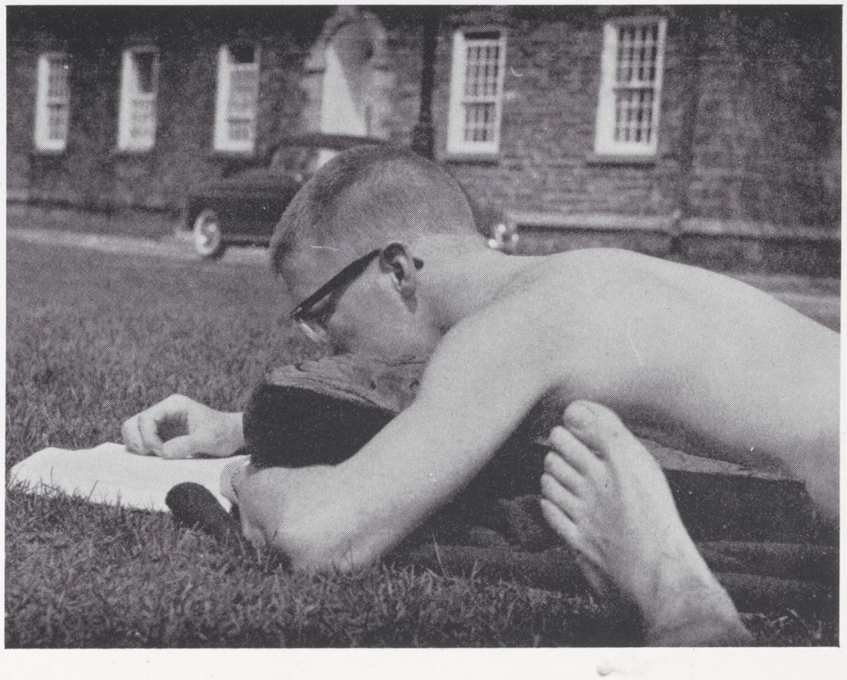




social

sigma phi

It was a year when body snatchers descended on the Beta. Little Siggie Poos disappeared for weeks at a time, sometimes only to the V.T., but usually much farther. It was a year when vacations were welcomed respites, a time to sleep, a time to die a little. It was a year when all thirty-two Beta boys spent most of their time spinning in circles, looking something like a ballet of whirling dervishes; when the Lost was rediscovered and parties went on at Hoyt's until Wednesday. It was quite a year.

The roll'em contingent decided to spread the wealth this year. The Clinton-Northampton Grand Prix had considerably more entries, with the Burns boy usually running way ahead of the field. Black Jack perched himself on the hood, calling off familiar turns. The Dean's daughter was at Rahar's with a checkered flag. Her sensitive friend was never one to tarry on the Thruway.

For the conformists, there was still Vassar. Boben and Miller began naming manholes on N.Y. 145. Ten-hour sessions in MacCauley's were not so large, but just as long and furious. All the boys found little sweeties early in the year and then started exchanging. By November they were simply throwing the car keys into a heap and letting the girls draw at random. McC., before he could wind his watch again, found himself stuck with a blasphemous guitar player who taught him a lot of new words. Boben was interested in a number of little girls. Ratcher went the route and threw away the Badge. Doc left for Skids and Stone was ordered off the campus.

The avant-garde pointed due south and ended up at Bryn Mawr. Hankin and Wardy spent most of the social season—and a fair amount of the academic season—

"Have you ever been hit in the head by a 230 lb. Dean?"

Front Row: Vaughn, MacLachlan, Polgreen, Granville, Sedlack, Watters, Anstine, Tucker. *Second Row:* Pottle, Burns, B., Smith, Webster, Burns, P., Norbeck, Serumguard. *Third Row:* Thomas, Bleezarde, Pettet, Jones, Pomeroy, Hankin, Smyth, Gillespie, Hutchens, Solmssen, Jordon, Hatcher, Boben, Miller.

blazing a swath through the Southern Tier. Norbeck shuttled back and forth to the Saratoga Spas, and most of the freshmen played softball, or played in the snow, or watched television, or slept and slept.

The Beta took a dip in the Nous Onze rating, closing this year at a meager two. Ratcher and Hutch threw a few parties on the side porch, but the festivities were looked upon askance by the more sober-minded brethren inside the very breakable glass doors. The Sages of the Purple Glen did not return this year. A vague facsimile thereof puttered about the Green Room on Wednesday afternoons until the group ran out of money, time and energy, all simultaneously.

And it was a year when off weekends were on, and on were off. Except for a lively showing of feminae at Carnival, house parties around the Beta looked like the "Y."

But the girls arrived for Jazz Concert, Homecoming, and other supposedly minor affairs. Even Midge came loping over from DU to perform. After hours parties, with Mrs. Ivan C. Jones chaperoning, destroyed all of Sidney's concepts of morality. Vassar girls loved them, Smith girls took notes and Skidmore girls never came back. Bryn Mawr girls never left.

Vices of an amateur golf champ.

This was the year of happy errors. Our first mistake was letting Crose and Ralph room together, since they both wanted to be president. But the House survived this political turmoil with the balance of power falling to a triumvirate of Frau, Jay, and Joe Montgomery.

Forty-one brothers returned from European summer schools to persuade the freshmen that we really were smooth. The trustees had set the pledge limit at thirty-five, but someone let rowdy Bill deHaven out of a closet and we were held to a meager twenty-six.

The Weehawken Flash showed Chip's shinkickers how to make stumplifters in the gas tank of his new Ford, and Dennie and Tim Gow baby-sat for Don Jones on Saturday afternoons. John Lawrence stole his uniform.

Straw and Goose helped the hockey team out, backed up by tough Mike Brenner on defense. Hutch came east from Minnesota to skate first line and hold up every game by losing his contacts. Howkie made plays for the hoopsters and will co-captain the club next year. Nick closed out the swimming season by beating Woody and the world.

Intellectual life abounded at the Phi. Straw and Barney took attendance at the *Peter Gunn* seminar. Mike Castle served as House expert on anything you could name. Richie raised fruit flies, Feels experimented on tobacco mold, and Penn ran a taste-testing agency for Carlings. Even goat meetings took on a new tone with Bop poetry from Bert and the Hess Memorial lecture

After dinner strafing.

First Row: Palmer, O'Connor, Steele, Smalley, Shaw, Hays, Caterson, Espey. *Second Row:* Hutchinson, Rising, Nichols, Montgomery, von Bergen, Melchoir, Hamilton, Teuchtler, Nadzo, May, Gow. *Third Row:* Ramsay, Johnston, Fitzgerald, Mason, Lyon, Lord, Hoffman, Roberts, Putnam, Reed, Montgomery, R. *Fourth Row:* Wheeler, Nichols, Perkins, Castle, deHaven, Lawrence, Lennon, Travis, Strawbridge, Colton, Watson. *Fifth Row:* Schoonover, DeWitt, Baldwin, Hand, Barron, Elfrink, Brenner, Oatman, Ahrens, Cadigan, Singer, Marks.

series on the collegiate amoeba by Rocks. Best of all, our spook freshmen ground their way through Wally's French-style study halls and dragged us up off the bottom to the dizzy heights of eleventh.

Our social season was a triumph over adversity. Reeder rescued Annie from spinsterhood in Whitney and led the parade of engagements. Mouse developed a Pavlovian response pattern to wedding bells, while Jay fell into the clutches of Loosely's winsome smile. Teddy followed suit belatedly in order to save gas money, while Kremes did the whole House one better, tripping down the Hymeneal path to the altar during exams (he really wanted legal room parties). Crose took up with the younger set, and the brothers breathed easier when Ralph had a date. Meanwhile deHaven and Monty displayed a receding hair line and an increasing waist line at Smith. Rocks found the second resurrection with Sansa, and Rich found culture, Darien style, at Skids. But our rating with the local lovelies dropped when Cadigan cut off Sidney to get in shape for track.

Music found its place at the Phi. Puttie and Rocks caused quiet hours regulations, and Mort played Bach mazurkas at 1 a.m. Von Bergen built a 6′6 bass out of skin-diving equipment, and Harvey conducted impromptu song sessions every Tuesday. Orpheus suffered a setback, however, when our barroom spinet was converted to toothpicks.

alpha delta phi

Be it not thought that our activities were confined to the Ivory Tower. Harvey attacked the Utica Mafia with two patrol cars and a riot squad, Stumpy installed air conditioning at the Village Tavern, and Al Ahrens ran a numbers racket under the guise of Chapel tickets. Felippe took a correspondence course in Zen Calvinism, and Nevitt tried to establish a chapter in Little Rock.

Many pictures stick in our minds: Wally with beret in one hand and drooping trou in the other; Crose and Ralph fighting over who gets the five-sided pin and who gets the telephone keys; Phil sneaking quietly off to follow the trail that Gibson blazed; Reeder dealing slam hands off the bottom of the deck; Dilly taking flicks of the Thing; Put's wailing; Kremer delivering laundry; Jay making nerves in the closed kitchen and Mouse going off to run the rats.

It's quiet on the cabana now; the poorly tapped beer is going stale, the pool table's dusty, and the seniors follow King out from the classic halls to Uncle Sam's arms. Next year comes total opportunity. Kaire, Brothers.

psi upsilon

And Mommy told him never to drink beer through a straw.

The Psi U's this year managed to improve a bit on their laughable pledging record of last year by pledging sixteen able-bodied owlets this fall, under the direction of Rushing Chairman, Jim Turnbull. They were likeable enough lads, but it took several of Social Chairman Bill Friend's fall parties to acclimatize many of the young fellows to the gentlemanly use of tasty spirits. The slowest learner was Pledge Timourian, who seldom lasted past the Friday afternoon keg.

Again this year, the Psi U. house was the popular spot for Saturday night stompings on Campus party weekends. On such occasions, affable Psi U's and their comely dates would be shunted to the dark fringes of the Great Hall while burly Dekes, Theta Delts, and other such heavy-footed riff-raff would gambol happily over the costly, beer-bespattered rug. And when at last, good old Joe D. would angle into the hall, Psi U's would burble contentedly in their beers that the party was, indeed, made.

Academically, the Psi U's were only average this year, but athletically, they did quite well. Scott Finegan started at end in varsity football again, and Bill Friend was back in the soccer goal. Bob Patton made Phi Bete in the fall and ran with the cross-country boys. Brothers Turnbull and Alofs co-captained the basketball squad;

freshman standout Garry Gerraro was the third Psi U. on the starting five. Seniors Patton and Terry Eld were among the Psi U's on the spring track team, while Kim Levene rejoined the Hill linksmen after a year's practice in France. In intramurals, Psi U.'s copped the volleyball and basketball championships and did creditably in the other sports.

No less than three Psi U. seniors—Joe Leard, George Richards, and Bob Patton—fell by the marital wayside this year. Mike Magzis and Parke Rhymer held steady.

Graduation at last rids the house of the musical trio of John Martin, Jim Fox, and Mac. For years, it seems, these lads played nothing but esoteric variations on a descending C minor scale. Good riddance.

In the spring Dave Sykes ended his able presidency and handed over the reins to Dick Alofs who was ready for anything.

"I would have preferred to come in the nude . . ."

"But then I saw a fellow who forgot his legs."

First Row: Oman, Ferraro, Hazelden, Randolph, McDonald, Rasmussen, Dechet, Burgess, Smith, Timourian. *Second Row:* Wetterau, Fisk, King, Clark, Honke. *Third Row:* Sykes, Rhymer, Richards, Fox, Braisted, Levine, MacNamara, Eld, Friend. *Fourth Row:* Berkley, Ready, Charbonneau, Schmidt, Sanderson, Taylor, Becker, Roe, Mosedale, Schumann. *Fifth Row:* Kirkpatrick, Ripley, Hughes, Kliphon, Alofs, Carroll, Robbins, Killion, White. *Sixth Row:* Rawls, Magzis.

First Row: Fraser, Harris, Jacobson, Walker, Shorb, Gillespie, Hatch, Smith, M. *Second Row:* Haines, Moore, B., Ward, Stuck, Alcaro, Eastham, Poole, Langan, Davis. *Third Row:* Rosen, Vincent, Crowl, Raichle, Harmon, Meloy, Easterwood, Evans, von Brockoorff, Aitken, Hewitt, Smith, T., Dungan. *Fourth Row:* Nucci, Smith, N., Christensen, Mann, Smith, B., Scott, Burke, Lathrop, Elliott, Andrews, Brown, McLean.

The Lodge people returned this fall to find their home so changed that they could hardly recognize it. Gone were the cracks, the crumbling plaster and the sagging floors. Obviously the gremlins had been at work during the summer. Out in back there was a pile of brick, cinder block and steel that was soon to be the new addition. The still slightly dazed brotherhood quickly got down to the first order of business. There were still six super-pledges to get rid of. This was done quickly and easily under the paddle of Terrible Trent.

Brothers McLean and Alcaro then pointed out that we had no pledges—super or otherwise—to do all of the work. These two forward-looking brothers had seen this crisis coming and had carried on a good summer rush program. Under their leadership—knowing full well what would happen if we didn't—we grabbed twenty of the biggest and best Freshmen on the campus. This may have been a mistake because all through the first semester the brotherhood lived in terror of a rebellion.

The rebellion came when the Freshmen refused to don their dinks for dinner. The brotherhood was not going to stand for that kind of disrespect, and the Freshmen found themselves eating cold soup on the

Brothers under glass.

chi psi

porch. Finding this inconvenient, they decided to do something about it. The next morning the breakfast crew found that they had to eat with their fingers. It seems that the monsters had laundry-bagged the silverware. For a while a stalemate ensued—cold soup vs. sticky fingers. Eventually a truce was agreed upon. The Freshmen got rid of their dinks, and the brothers got back their silverware. Not everyone was happy, and on both sides there was a lot of muttering about waiting until Hell Week.

Guided by Stock's slide rule and Frazer's brush, the brothers took on Homecoming in fine spirit. Much hole poking and about three carloads of crepe paper resulted in the winning display. Even Cobb liked it.

The second Hell Week of the year finally did arrive. The almost outnumbered brothers did manage to hold their own. When the coal had settled, the number of official Lodge people had almost doubled.

Occupational Therapy.

It took long enough, but eventually Winter Carnival arrived. Doogs, with icepick in hand and gleam in eye, managed to crawl out of the liquor closet long enough to lead the brotherhood into the new party room. There they found that Poole and Crowl had put together a rather blue play that made the Charlatans turn green. The party room rocked for five straight days before the juke box succumbed to many, many beers.

Somebody in the Student Senate slipped up, and Tony Alcaro made *Who's Who* along with Baldy Moore. Rumor has it that the Wizard's Hierarchy extended to the Student Senate. This may be possible, and the Wizard might have ruled the whole campus had not George stood in his way. Now that he has his badge back, he may rule the world.

This was the year that Poole and Ward proved what togetherness was like on the track while Eastham's voice could be heard from Virginia to Vermont.

Dan Burke managed to pick up a few goals and assists on the hockey rink while Jack Moore dunked a few shots on the basketball court much to the dismay of Baldy. Lee Evans swam up a storm in the pool in between rock-and-roll sessions in the six room.

With a redone Lodge and renewed spirit the brothers of Chi Psi had a good year.

delta upsilon

Prologue

Forthwith upright the mighty archangel reared from off the convergent rivers' swirling pool of plaster-dust and turkey-feathers his bear-like stature; on each hand, abject and lost in the dry chaos, lay his stalwart legions, adorned in somber mourning tweed, stunned with the amazement of their hideous change. The archangel raised his slender three-ring scepter and, eyes half-closed, through the whirling elements scanned his awful audience; he cleared his throat and spoke so loud the hollow deep of Hell resounded: "Ahem! Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!" He stopped. He listened. Over the pitch of the screaming wind and flapping canvas the bass chorus droned softly, then rose, rose quickly to tumultuous crescendo for, in spite of immeasurable odds, in spite of devastation and fatal ruin, the brotherhood had mustered, had thrown back its shoulders, had thrust its head high—had replied while sinking slowly back into the pool's dust and feathers, "Nothing . . . to . . . be . . . done."

Thus, with but minor inconvenience to the cook and to the waiters, the House has been replumbed and the brotherhood increased by ten.

Lunch in the new wing.

Driscoll goes against Huren for the title.

Act One

A Love-Place

Hunchback: Dat was great, Slats.
Crane: Boo! Got you that time, Slattery.
Lion: Melody invited you to dinner, Mike.
Hunchback: How bout dat, Slats?
Crane: Whaddya mean he's infallible?
Lion: Oh Mike, that's disgusting.
Mike: Pass the gravery.

Act Two

A Jungle

Wild-Man: HHHEEELLLPPPACUBA!
King Kong: I'll break every bone in his body. Come down out of that tree!
Beacon: How about a little bridge?
Wild Man: HE-HE-HE. The White God.
King Kong: As soon as I smash the piano, and figure out a whole new system for everything.
Beacon: That's OK, I'll go rack up my car while I'm waiting.
Floyd: Get your animal-ascots here—Christmas cards, shirts . . .

Act Three

The Dump

Rock: Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven—How do you live in this dump?
Skids: Bergson didn't make pentagon—How do you live in this dump?
Bruce: Let's go fishing. I'll get my rod from Jash and . . .
Rock: Fishing! No. Let's go to the art center.
Skids: Ha-Ha! Why do you want to go to the art center?
Bruce: How do you live in this dump?
Stud: A wiggle and a narl vemp uffly to a gree from Dr. Count.

Act Four

A Pot

Buddy: Did I tell you about . . .
Binky: Oh for God's sake. Was that you, Bear?
Bear: I've got it. I've got the answer!
Buddy: Just sit down and take it easy, Bear. That's it.
Binky: What am I doing here? I ought to be back in bed.
Bear: The answer—SELFISHNESS.
Jack: Oh yawn.

Act Five

The Track

Stratone: Of course it's a foolproof system.
Art: Only twelve experiments to go.
Will: If I'd bet on a Stormcloud I would have won $4000.00.
Stratone: Look at that. Ain't she a honey. The whole grandstand's on fire.
Art: Oh, Abe, turn off your siren. People are lookin!
Will: Charlotte! Where?
Jonesy: Let me have that book after you, Stratone.

Act Six

A Fish-Bowl

Eph: I go about in search of love . . .
Blue: Don't bother, spider, I found it.
Donkey: Meadew, Bottew?
Eph: #/*'%@¢!
Blue: Naw, I quit lacrosse this year.
Donkey: A littew bottew in the middew of the meadew?
Grendell: What?

First Row: Boggs, Coburn, Erlich, Cozzera, Kittell, J., Schackman, McDermott, Kaiser. *Second Row:* McCarthy, Lennox, Mohl, Robards, Finn, Chambers, Cooney, Harvey, Paul, Clapp. *Third Row:* Whitt, Townsend, Staub, Cornell, Hirsh, Skidmore, Bell, Kittell, Jones. *Fourth Row:* Miller, Rockafeller, Blaisdell, Paxton, Hendel, Slattery, Driscoll, Carter, Stratton, Kerner, Mangan.

delta kappa epsilon

First Row: Fisher, Collins, Jacobs, Jones, McCullough, Turner. *Second Row:* Nicolette, Dirvin, Rickerson, Hakanson, Bushweller, Sawyer, Fanning. *Third Row:* Warner, Black, Johnson, Normile, Gitzendenner, Ennis, Hopkins, Messersmith. *Fourth Row:* Greenfield, Gray, Mahood, Gurin, Watters, Futch, Welsh, Sacks, Williams, Kennedy.

[redacted]oose,
[redacted]oise of Nous Onze parties was coming down the stairs.

Tales of Germany, "the good ole days," and the Army were being heard from Murray Curtin who had left Ham Coll so many years ago that the Dean was the only one to remember him—and only too well. The cry for the first few weekends was Cazenovia, but it was not long before cars headed East for Skids, Vassar, and Smith. It was also not long before we realized that we had pledged a pyromaniac (we should have known by his flaming hair) in "Smokey" Kennedy, who turned Jugger's couch into a bottomless pit. However, we survived this incident without the services of the little fire extinguisher up hill.

Fall Houseparty—Tank's parents were chaperones—13 kegs—milk punch on Sunday—Limberlost parties—Penny Goodale was back again. The annual Halloween Party rolled around again, and the non-athletes bravely led the kiddies in many games and stunts that Jim Guerin had taught us the year before.

November 15th was Homecoming and everyone drank to the first undefeated football team that Hamilton has ever had. Under the capable leadership of Jack Jacobs, the freshmen chopped and channelled a $25 Kaiser and raced it around the track during half-time.

Finals came quickly and Vinnie Coyle finally graduated. R. B. Jones returned for another try, and Cooper Ponton was waiting for June. Hockey season started soon and Captain Spencer along with Moore and Zipper-face Beebe were on the first team. Russell, Gurin, Blessing, and Ennis found berths on the B-ball team, but Dirv figured that it was best to leave his sneaks on the hook and went to Nous Onze. Goose switched his major and mumbled something about starting a rebellion.

The long awaited and forewarned Hell Week finally came, and Dave Fisher once again brought out his bag of tricks—this time to be used on his brother, Lyon. "Pledge duties" soon became "freshmen duties." About this time Red Riding Hood Fanning made a mysterious trip to his grandmother's and returned a few days later to move into Whispering Willows with wife Wendy.

Winter Carnival—13 kegs—Larry Elgart—Milt and the polka—milk punch (mostly on the floor)—Blackie carrying on Harkrader's famous Sunday morning ritual—and our introduction to Wild Bill Jones and his Thunderbolts.

Spring Houseparty—Paddy: "Get your own tank!"—Voices: "Remember last spring."—the clambake outside—15 kegs—Wild Bill Jones again—good relationships with the Mu Dekes—the Deke flag and Iwo Jima.

Meanwhile Paddy and Rick were leading the lacrosse team, mostly Dekes, to a good season while Lord, Dirvin and Beebe were holding spots on the varsity tennis team. Payne, Moore, Welsh, Messersmith, and Williams were pulling in points for the track team, and Goose was swinging the clubs. Blackie and "the Big Swede" played on the baseball team which was being led by the "Valley hero." Bernie was checking the Village Tavern with a copy of training rules in his hand.

Gradually the Dekes got back to the books and crammed for finals. Russell, Hill, Hakanson, and Hoyt received prizes on Class and Charter Day. Rasmussen became president of the Class of '60, Blessing became V.P. for the class of '61, and Richie Gurin was elected V.P. for next year's sophomores. Williams, Messersmith, and Gurin made D.T. and Blessing got tapped for Was Los. Nous Onze elected Moore, Warner, and Hopkins. Krupka got permission to study in Mexico.

On the Hill, Dunham Dormitory was opened to the freshmen; the faculty decided that comprehensives were to be given in 1961; free cuts for juniors and seniors next year; Mr. Marsh and Mr. Hess were tapped by Pentagon; and Smokey set fire to the A.D. bar.

"Et in alcoholam, et in spiritstutam . . ."

1958-59 was the year we all came back to a treeless House, a checkerboard front hall, someone named Dick Storm eating meals in the dining room, and the reign of Smokey Polk. It was a year like all years, except Sidney Wertimore had no jurisdiction over Chapman and even less over Harry's entourage. The usual dozen or so freshmen were conned through the front portal along with Malley, and Allen's finally installed a water-softener. John Stevens made Little All-American, Peter Appleby made Phi Bete, the Sophomore racing corporation made it around the track in 32 seconds flat, and Jim Johnson made it on time to at least ten meals. The scholars dragged everyone else above the all-men's average and even encouraged Frank Foof to buy a "Ten Foot Shelf." Thanks to Johnny Ring a championship intramural hockey team was produced, and thanks to Peter Marcy Theta Delt may have to go local.

Sax Hunter split honors with the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society to keep Sunday mornings of our houseparties the most popular exhibitions on campus when the tender German folksong, "Hitler," was heard reverberating off the weakening walls of Psi. Gin and Shire, Windex, and corruptions of a Whiskey Sour provided the illusions, and Vassar, Skidmore, and Marcy State provided most of the girls, though Davis once had one from Yale.

Vrine changed sports cars in mid-season, Alteri's losses changed to the Village Tavern's gains, and Marcy changed into an inebriate. It was the year when Castro was shooting people he didn't like, when Utica was still "tight," and when the Raskolniki Guard laid siege to the House. Pedro ran through two coaches and then started all over again on the first. Smokey plagued everyone with his Phys-Chem., and everyone went to the Wy Knot, the Boat, and Jack Gavin's. Everyone thought things would improve after the seniors left, everyone groaned through house clean-ups, everyone pretended to hate the food, everyone thought the House was going "downhill," and everyone wished Porter would absent himself from party weekends. It was a good year, this quarter of a glide through college life, and it was a year like all years: a short relaxation from seriousness.

Guess who's making the least noise.

Guess who's making the most noise.

First Row: Brace, Cole Drews, Malley, Van Bremer, Bradley, Nichols, Taft, Hamilton. *Second Row:* Wells, Hudson, Marsted, Ring, Disney, Renert, Levitt, Stone. *Third Row:* Marcy, Johnson, Stevens, Schoemer, Merkleback, Polk, Hayes, Miner, Hall, Plant, Griffith. *Fourth Row:* Bonbright, Gary, Storm, Thomas, Anderson, Porter, Petri, Klimt, Wilkins.

theta delta chi

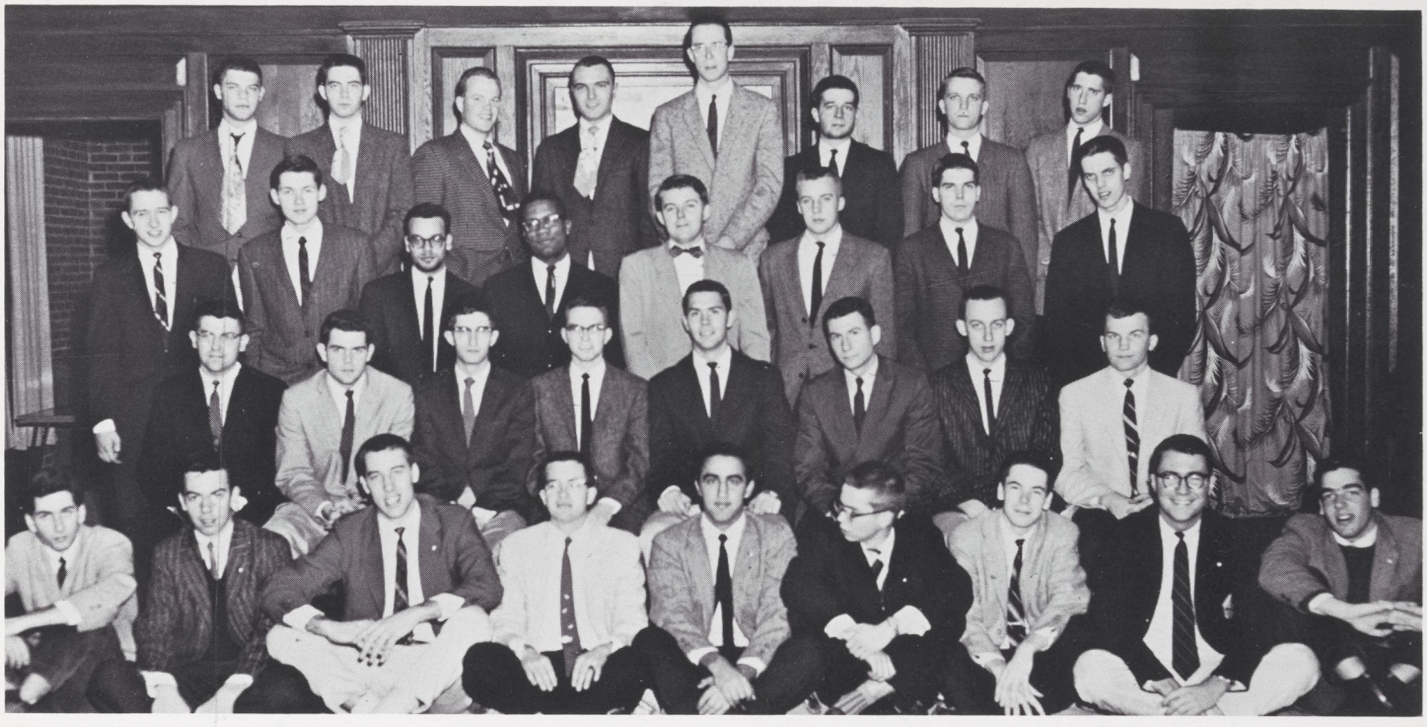
emerson literary society

June, 1959 will be remembered as that time in history when the last of those who knew the remnants and descendants of the Old Guard at ELS went downhill. Rumor has it that some of them started earlier. July brought a team of public health officials and exterminators who made the mistake of rousing Brother Raccoon from his hibernation and were met with the inevitable, unanswerable question, "Which would you rather have, clams . . .?" This weighty problem dealt with, these men discovered they would reap as Emersonians had sown. To their pained surprise, the harvest was plentiful, yielding 13,762 cigarette butts carefully stored in corners and under rugs, 41 buckets of bottles and beer cans, 3 good-as-new Russian history textbooks, a study schedule for Music 11-12, 13 pounds of wood shavings, plaster and broken glass, a copy of the *Count-French Report on the Sociological Stratification of the Johns in Middle Dormitory*, an unopened letter from one G.B. to Room 32 to the effect that, yes her heart was going like mad and yes she would yes if he would yes ask her again, a six foot shelf of filthy china and silverware from upstairs, half a dozen blankets and two pillows in the boiler room, an owl, and sundry unmentionables.

But this was the end of it all. How had it begun? In the time of bittersweet apples we had lured a certain group of young men through the red door. MacGrath was soon introduced to them as their newest pledge brother and the great disillusionment began. With time came adjustment, however, and when Spring Houseparty arrived two of them were seen sneaking beer from the tap in the small hours of Sunday morning. Soon most of them were even getting to meals before Rockwell.

Socially, the year boasted many firsts. Tightened purse strings caused some parched throats but we managed some successful parties anyway. Winter Carnival emerged as the time of greatest infamy occasioning, among other things, an unscheduled senior party attended by all seniors, the first major theft in four years, and an Eliot reading at 3 A.M. in the bar. Disgruntled members of the North Atlantic Squadron sought in vain for new recruits. Spring brought the annual senior party, this one attended by the fewest seniors in the event's history. But at year's end all agreed that the ELS bar, if not the liveliest on campus, was at least the longest.

It was a time of change. Grease-em-up Gene finally



First Row: Stone, Mass, Newman, Barber, Elga, Piekar, Fropodi, Anderson. *Second Row:* Manitsas, Murray, Flagg, Dunfey, Mazzola, Chaitman, Skinner, Ellis. *Third Row:* Eckerman, Ostrander, Feingloss, Taylor, Griffith, Gottovi, Towle, Sullivan. *Fourth Row:* Goodrich, Sullivan, Ramsey, Nagy, Ostrom, Tessler, Nelson, Stradling.

left and was last seen heading for Zsa Zsa's with his faithful companion, Flirt. He was replaced by Mother Earth. Ricky met the salesman's fate and Rocky emerged from the cellar to read us his notes from the underground. Others took heed and, profoundly gassed, went off in search of their own adventures.

"What kind of story did you say that was?"

gryphon

It was nearly dusk, and the shadows were stringing out and blending themselves into one another; the perfect time for a Masquerade, and the perfect time for Mums and Daddums to arrive. The hulking, morbid castle loomed in the gathering darkness, its windows ablaze with light, its rafters resounding with noise, beer trickling out the cracks in the ramparts. Several empty ale tankards lay in disarray on the front lawn, guarded by a small, gnome-like creature.

Having crossed the moat, Daddums, who was dressed as Robin the Hood, set aside his bow and quiver of Arrows. Mums, dressed as a Wall Street poltroon, gave an unmistakable guffaw and quaffed a double-shot gingerale. Sounds of revelry abounded: 'Zells was munching noisily on a flower, and His Waddiness was expounding the virtues of Princeton. Somewhere a vocal group known as the Ralphettes were harmonizing to "Tom Dooley." A screeching cat was locked in a grandfather clock, and a fight was in progress in the fireplace. The crashing of glasses resounded from the lower level, and a fourth for Bridge was being sought. Elsewhere the devotees of Rut Five were engaged in nefarious activities unknown to many. A bearded reveller snored noisily in an overstuffed chair, while Sir William the Heir Apparent looked on disapprovingly.

Suddenly a Mole scurried across the beer-stained floor and frightened Mums. She screamed shrilly, grabbed Daddums by the seat of his bermudas, raced out the door, and fell in the moat with a loud splash . . .

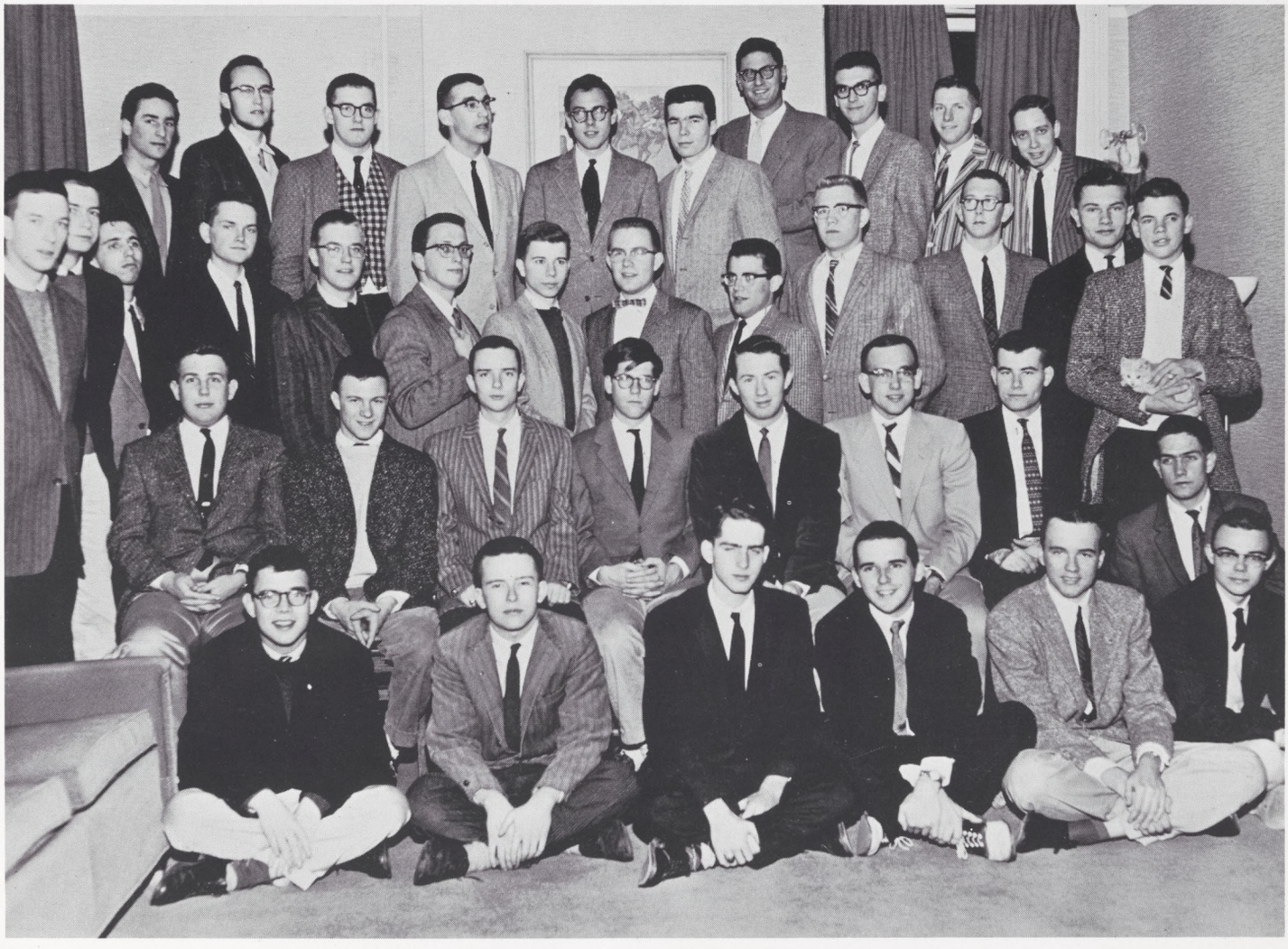
All this, children, happened many years ago, in the dank, dim past, when you were very young. The old castle is still dark now, but it is quiet, unlike before. Its

Wasps.

"I want more than a Marlboro, honey."

windows are curtained, its brass is polished, and there are no bodies on the lawn. For the great lord, Ulysses, has returned, and he has restored Order and Discipline to the stately manor house. All is quiet now, and serene; the scene is one of peace. Someday, the great Ulysses says, he will leave to seek the Happy Isles; and we, children, will never know what is to become of the Quiet Castle then.

First Row: Wilkinson, Williams, Colborn, Moody, Miller, Babcock. *Second Row:* Morgan, Gordon, Arfmann, Dixon, Roots, Birch, Ryan, Van Scoy, Robert, Hanley, Miller. *Third Row:* Sleight, Hand, Thomas, Williams, Peterson, Ames, Thomas, Fraser, Perkins, Brennan. *Fourth Row:* Allis, Seeky, Thompson, Crabb, Frazel, Minor, Farsoun, Zeiner, Cole, Riemer.



tau kappa epsilon

A few words must be said about the 1958-1959 Tekes:

House manager Craig Foster, after a well-spent summer at the TKE House, welcomed everyone back to observe the new Hi Fi set, TKE's number one rushing point, which was displayed in a prominent position and played "background" music for rush week.

The formation of three powerful organizations was also noted at this time—the Discipline Committee, the Anti-Discipline Committee, and the Holy Grail Committee, composed of King Arthur and his Court (complete with jester). In their quest, the latter spent many a "colorful" weekend in Utica. However, none of the above was successful in keeping TKE unspotted since the Field Secretary, Midge, and Joe D. succeeded in keeping the TKE's on their toes.

The Wolf Car, in a free-wheeling maneuver, was only saved from winding up in Berian Shute's dining room by a well planted tree.

First Row: Renfrew, McElderry, Schmidt, D., Collea, Hineline. *Second Row:* Moses, Smyth, Naylor, Merkel, Clark, Foster, Howie. *Third Row:* Seeber, Johnston, Brown, McNerney, Colella, Wilcox, Hallock, Perry. *Fourth Row:* Smith, K., Smith, R., Schmidt, R., Englund, Mulford, Chase, Pinkerton, Nelson, Romeo. *Fifth Row:* Moulton, Lange, Petrou, Richardson, Haenlin, Myers, Holmlund, Loder, Stockbower, Weissglass, Fanning.

The Miker-Mobile also distinguished itself in a daring and dangerous safari in the wilds of the TKE estate and almost came back with live game—Werner Brandt.

Ron Petrou found a New Leader.

"Man" found a new girl (c.f. Dickens' child-bride in **David Copperfield**).

"The Bridge Club is dead, and what are Trumps?"

It was a successful year politically for TKE, for its three presidents (a beatnik, a lumberjack, and an "I'm from Worcester, Mass., so . . . it up . . ." boy) managed to keep the cook.

Merkel went up on weekends to Potsdam State to keep the Crane Chorus happy, and part of the chorus reciprocated.

Ron Petrou found a New Leader.

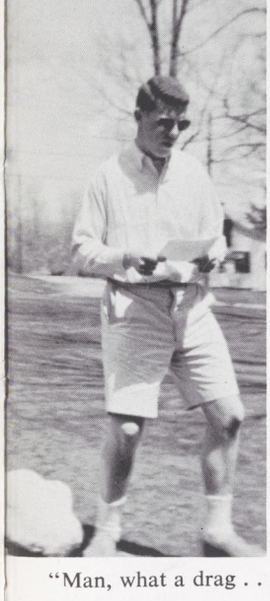
The TKE menagerie this year included: a Mouse, a Squirrel, a Big Lady, a Shark, a visiting Rodent from National, and a jovial little animal which exists solely on eucalyptus leaves and Bushmills.

Moulton Airlines went defunct.

TKE's also found out that Utica can be fun; a bicycle, a barstool and a wig were usually the products of a well spent weekend. Jug got rolled for twenty bucks.

For the third straight year, Mike Myers brought up for house consideration the Order of Diana; it was rejected.

Ron Petrou found a New Leader.



"Man, what a drag . . ."

Fall came to the Hill and to the youngest star in the galaxy, bringing with it a pledge class like many others and yet unique when you think about it. All during the fall they regaled us with poorly prepared pledge lessons, sales pitches for Campbell's Soups (which, by the way, made up for a lack of Madison Avenue technique with an overabundance of enthusiasm), a motley assortment of dates and stories (which are no novelty after last year). Traditionally, fall brings football as well as pledges. This fall being no exception, the smoky lungs coughed realistically tubercular coughs but still managed to win with surprising consistency. The exceptions were DU and ELS who managed to keep the season from being unbelievable.

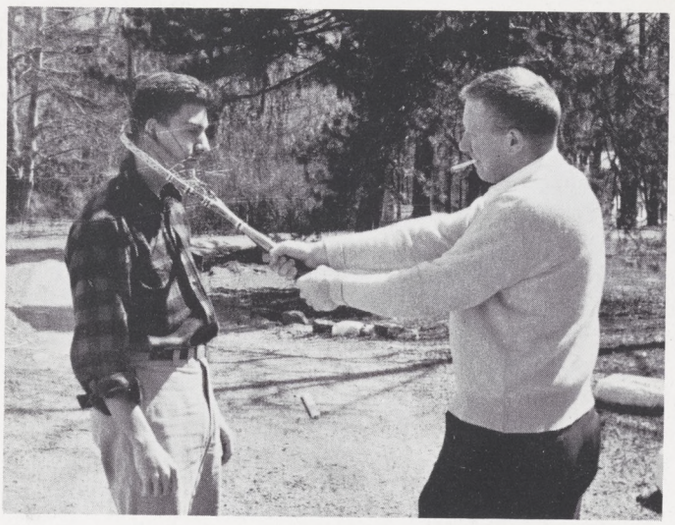
Parties always bring out the bizarre, and the parties of the fall made this something akin to a proven hypothesis:

"I wish I could sell you shoes."

"Well, I would rather be a Tampax salesman."

The dates ranged from a Portuguese countess to the heir to a fortune made in corrupt New Jersey politics. But still the brothers liked some of **les momes** well enough to send them searching from cellar to rooftop for pins which had been variously misplaced. Of course, there was a little of the "fear and trenbling," but it never approached "the sickness unto death."

Further, there were several theories either revised or completely blown apart. "Working girls do" became "Working girls don't" as we worked over the theory on the sensual fall weekends. Further, we proved that gambling needn't be costly, but when it isn't, neither is it particularly profitable except to people who don't like Scotch.



Upsmanship

But trips to Hobart (and, incidentally, William Smith and Keuka) were heralds of one thing: the bleak Hamilton winter, which had to be tempered with Hot toddies, fires kindled with various fuels, and of course, dates.

The biggest interlude, and one which was unbelievably profitable, lasted from the middle of January until deadline time at W.C. It all began when a few of the brothers summarily ripped the downstairs apart and announced that the way to get things back to normal was to get to work. How cheery these few were when even the skeptics, not so cheery, began to work. With shouts of "It will never get off the ground, Orville," and walls covered with clever sayings, we worked until one day we discovered, to our pleasant surprise, a changed house. Finishing the job brought tempers back to normal and a toast to Ted Hand and Phil Puschel who jointly ruled the house committee.

Furthermore, this project of redecoration, embellished with Brother Lohman's artistic burlaps, made Winter Carnival a most wonderful house-warming party. Even the freshmen had dates. And then we plunged into the unenviable darkness that preceded the gin-and-tonic pastels of spring. The frisbees came back and the cuffline went thigh high again as the fashion of the day decreed. "Picnics" became the rage and all was festive with a few sorties to the books and typewriters which kept people from getting bored.

It was, all in all, a good year even if it was marred by small problems (will Mrs. Cresswell be back next year?) and minor complaints (I want catchup!). It was a year of new art forms and wars against bourgeois ruts. The cult of cleanliness and tidiness was preached and practiced by some. The others feigned hurt expressions and tried to enlighten the unenlightened on the finer points of bohemianism or whatever you wish to call it. (When will you ever learn that my room is not the Chicago Stock Yards but rather the Toilet of the Gods?) With all this there was a new form of politics which manifested itself in the L.R.A. But it was a good year, and most enjoyed it.

First Row: Stanton, R., Conley, Wagner, Erlich, Kusienski, Johnson, Roberts, Bossert. *Second Row:* Graeme, Meyer, Winiarski, Van Keuren, Spillman, Evans, Searles, R., Reeder. *Third Row:* Wheatley, Allen, J. V., Rockino, Bayer, Hand, T., Geer, Bauer, Hopeman, Baldwin, McKnight, Hafely, Heilig. *Fourth Row:* Becker, Slack Way, Puschel, Meisner, Townsend, Lohnman, Hopkins, Searles, P., Logan, Koloseike.

The incipient stage of a $750 fine.

delta phi

squires club

What can a simple Senior say in a few words that will mean something to all his housemates twenty years from now, or even one year from now? Will they remember the trick phrases and sneaky analogies? Will private jokes remain vivid for long? How can this most clearly resurrect scenes long since forgotten?

This most important? Possibly the big events like Winter Carnival with Elgart or that wonderful Homecoming and those great alumni. The Jazz concerts were fun. Everyone also looked forward to the Squires lecture. Remember the cook-outs? Will the memory of these fade with time?

Can we ever forget the hacking cough of Harry Morris or the throat-clearing laugh of the Dean? What about the sight of Bobo in full riding regalia, and Mattingly creeping across the quad? Surely, the little incidents make the big impressions. Who will forget the scene of J. J. Letzelter, as Fall Houseparty chaperon, explaining how someone tried to enter his second story

First Row: Garnett, Brown, Garrabrant, Zeichner, Dengrove. *Second Row:* Kestenbaum, Chase, Schnier, Savage, Stevens, Blincoff, Tekulsky. *Third Row:* Rajczewski, Rascher, Young, Lutton, Ward, Kittelberger, Sudfield, Pennisten, Jackson, Chase. *Fourth Row:* Wenner, Weeks, Shepard, Stachura, DeLuca, Kleinbaum, Randall, Lawrence.

bedroom from the fire escape? And what about the acrimonious discussions over the T.V.? Milo fought to see his Playhouse 90, and Peter Gunn attracted bigger crowds than house meetings did. Was Shannon actually smoother than Peter Gunn? Can we forget the daily beatings the ping pong table received? All these provided the lighter atmosphere that balanced the chess games, hour exams, and Philo papers.

The lesser activities were successful. Whether this was due to leadership or to interest is debatable. Intramurals results were better than ever, for we had wins in every sport scheduled. We finished the cellar and added more furniture to it, though it's still unheated. We brought our membership to sixty-eight early in the fall. And we finished the semester with an overall average of eighty-two showing that a group can participate as well as succeed academically.

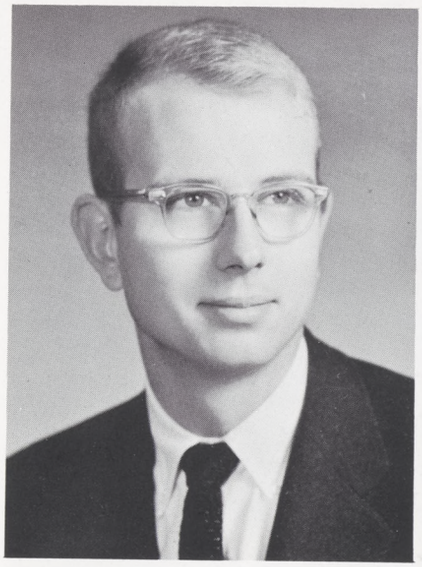
The House, of course, served as the nucleus for activities. The downstairs riffraff provided comic relief

Behind the ears too, Ben!

until they began to take their roles seriously. We then came down to their level and, aside from a few sporadic outbursts plus an atrocity at Winter Carnival, they behaved like good little animals for the rest of the year.

Savage sought the role of leader and won it. His example proved that "one has to give a little to get a little." Schnier and Blinkoff were the two balancing forces on either side of the President. Bob's fiscal advice was ever present to keep the spenders in control, and Dick's dynamic interest coupled with his biting criticisms served both to channel us in the right directions and to goad us into action. Zucker and Bonwitt took the responsibility for our social program. Some thought one was too hungry—a possible mistake—and others discovered that the other was anemic.

seniors



JOSEPH FARNSWORTH ALCARO — **Chi Psi**

Morristown, New Jersey

French Club 1, 2; Director S.C.A. Movie Program 3; Class Secretary 1; Student Senate 4, Deferred Rushing Committee and Initiation Committee; Nous Onze; Fraternity President 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 4.

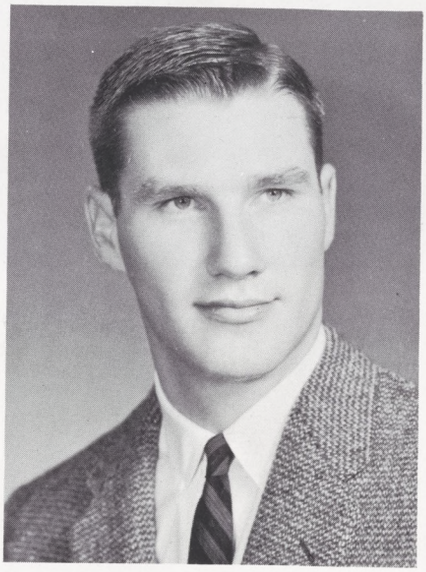
Four Septembers past, there appeared in Fourteen Carnegie a lad having a great dislike for alcohol and tobacco and instilled with the thought that Hamilton would present no great strain on his "academic" and social pursuits. As if by magic his hair turned red (possibly by the sun lamp in the now charred bar or by that Florida gin) and the beckoning books became champagne and cigarettes. The "Night People," Nous Quatre, Nous Onze, and various Beeches found new (90%) blood. But alas, all went not well. Paul found an empty seat and F as in double before Sleepy Eyes although Colin tried to hide the hideous sight. The "high" for the Lodge came when Tony's ark became Protus. His kingdom was enlarged and his firm hand was shaken only by a recurrence of the first vision and the loss of Boab. When he steps to the front of the class in his hoped for vocation, may he teach others to follow in the blazing "four stars" of the truly last member of the Old Guard.

STEPHEN HOPKINS ANTHONY — **Emerson Literary Society**

Newton Centre, Massachusetts

SCA 1, 2; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Track manager 1, 2, 3, 4.

As anyone who has been a freshman will recall, ELS prides itself on diversity. The brothers of Emerson Hall represent a variety of different backgrounds, races, and creeds. Perhaps, one of the most interesting specimens in the ELS zoo is the Proper Bostonian. A member of the smallest minority group in the House, the Proper Bostonian is a subject of some sociological significance. His socio-economic status has been manifested, in the main, by the attitudes and responses given in regard to the following subjects. Drinking: "there is no place in society for an intemperate drinker; no more than 16 glasses of champagne should be drunk at the same party." Wellesley girls: "social climbers." Art and Music: "the gentleman's way to an Honor Average." Personal appearance: "ich bin dumm." International Relations: "do not covet thy chambermaid." Dress: "Filene's Bargain Basement." Cleanliness: "please don't leave dirty dishes in the hallways." Getting pinned: "certainly not until after next summer vacation." Marriage: "that's the most ridiculous article I've ever read." Success: "happiness is more important; I could be perfectly content with an average salary of 25 thou a year."

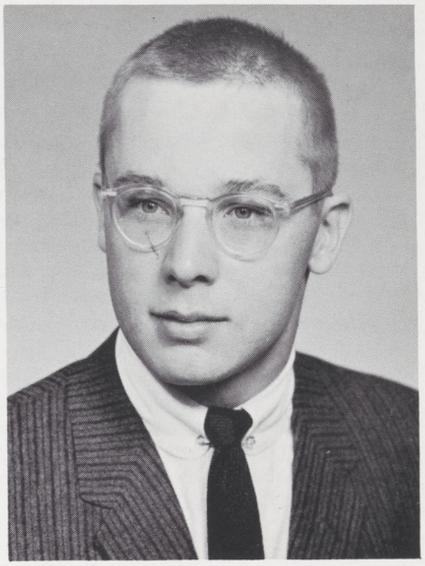


PETER C. APPLEBY — **Theta Delta Chi**

Clinton, New York

Debate Club 1; French Club 1; Hamilton Literary Society 4; Student Curriculum Committee 4; Honor Court 4; Phi Beta Kappa 4.

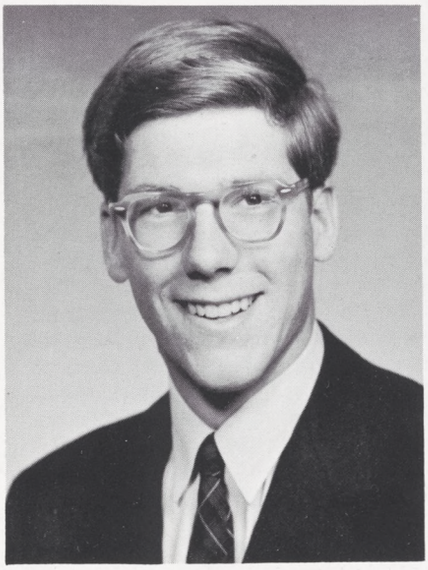
Arriving in '55 fresh from the hinterlands of the West, Pete soon found himself in the clutches of the TDX rushing machine. Innocence was quickly displaced by the oily sophistication of roommate Storm. Seeming to have little trouble with academics, Pete became conscious of the benefits to be attained from extra-curricular activities, summed them all up to be quietly erotic and subsequently joined nothing. Thus disillusioned at finding himself no bastion of strength at the gymnasium, he did find athletic truth in the Park Hotel's pool table and Blyth's UNIVAC. In order to avoid the draft, Appleby got married and is now drawn and quartered at Powell's Hothouse, where he can be seen in the role of either gracious host or cultivator of creeping judas trees. But responsibilities were not to be neglected. Between managing Clinton's business district and maintaining an honor average, Peter found time to serve manhattans to Philip Wylie and silence the gritty tongue of our lordly grounds keeper. And so, guided by Norman Vincent Peale and the *Bhagaved Gita*, Peter heads for graduate work next year where an outstanding performance will be noted.



PAUL ALAN BAUER **Delta Phi**

Mattydale, New York

"So shall it be, Polemarchus, even as you suggest: we shall discourse upon what qualities make up what men call 'Hamilton Man,' or the *shazam*. What say you?" "Why surely, Socrates, the 'Hamilton Man' must be highly literate, a jock of sorts, and a fraternity member—or so common opinion holds—of a thoughtful and academic turn of mind." "But, Polemarchus, do you consider these things alone to be criteria, or is it the application of these things in daily living that is the measure of the man?" "It cannot be otherwise than as you say, Socrates." "Well, then, the possessor of *Shazam* must, as you remarked, be highly literate. I take this term to mean 'Versed broadly and deeply in the best of our culture—music, prose, poetry, and art.' " "What you say is very true, Socrates." "In his capacity as an athlete, he is a sociable companion in all sorts of games, not only active but less active as well. And as for fraternity, well surely he is a discerning member rather than a shallow caviller, loyal rather than merely gung-ho." "By the gods, Socrates, you have so well defined the man of *shazam* that I would say you have an actual person in mind." "I have, Polemarchus, I have. . . ."

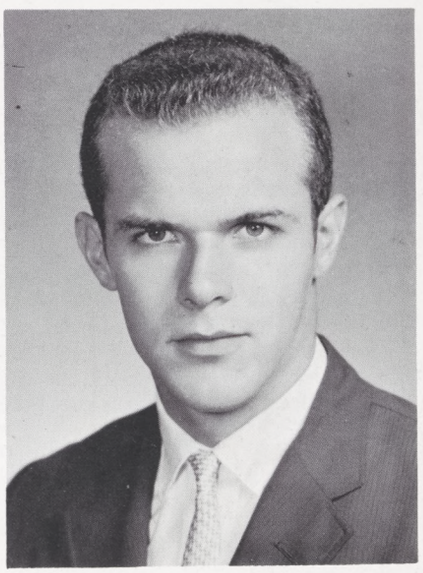


JEREMY DIXON BIRCH **Gryphon**

Hanover, Pennsylvania

Sailing Club 1, 2, 3; Skiing Club 1, 2, 3; Outing Club 4.

When Jem arrived on this campus, he was nearly mistaken for a sheep dog. The group at Lambda Chi didn't hesitate to invite him into their menagerie, but there was considerable debate whether to vote him in as a member or as a mascot. Nevertheless, "Birchie" found Hamilton a suitable place to develop his talents and sailed nonchalantly through four years of math and physics, making sure, however, not to neglect the cultural aspects of his education. Always practical, Jem found plenty of time for sailing, skiing, chamber concerts, and even an occasional date. With soldering gun in one hand, and pliers in the other, he was often seen constructing or repairing electronic equipment. For him, building hi fi sets turned into a profitable hobby. Whether producing laughter (and groans) with his own jokes, or responding to others' jokes with his characteristic chuckle, Jem's sense of humor has livened many a bull session. "Birchie's" friends will long remember him for his ten o'clock bedtime, his bulging pockets and his unforgettable, twice-a-year haircut. It is certain that Jem will successfully fulfill his ambition to be a naval architect.



THOMAS BYRON BLAISDELL **Delta Upsilon**

Deal, New Jersey

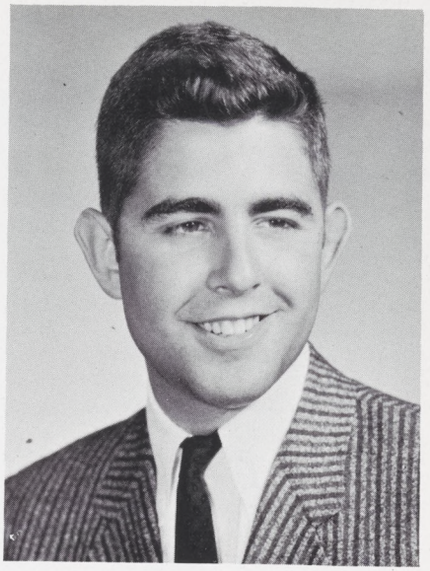
Football 1; Augean Stable, President 1, 2, 3, 4.

When the Woodberry Forest Flash first stepped forth upon the greensward of the athletic department, it looked as though he would pitch camp and remain there for four years. Soon, however, the walls of D.U. beckoned, and Tom renounced the Buff and Blue to serve the Blue and Gold, where he sparkled beautifully, much to the glee of the zoo. At D.U. Tom conjured everything from spaghetti and meatballs to schemes for financing the Wasp and Regin Mobile to Cas and Vassar. It is difficult to say what Tom will be best remembered for—his beautiful bar or the mighty sledge of '57-'58 which was banned by Ed Hanna of the Utica Park Commission for felling too many trees on the ski slope. Most outstanding, however, and it cannot be denied, was Tom's sense of accomplishment—his tremendous ability, his determination to get things done. Many is the time, in their midnight wanderings, that the native D.U. mice saw Tom valiantly toiling, with a passion to make Margaret Meade envious, over notebooks packed with Scythian and Swahili. Yes, it is with great sorrow that we see the King and Proud Beauty walk hand in hand into the sunset, perhaps never again to bless the shores of the Oriskany.

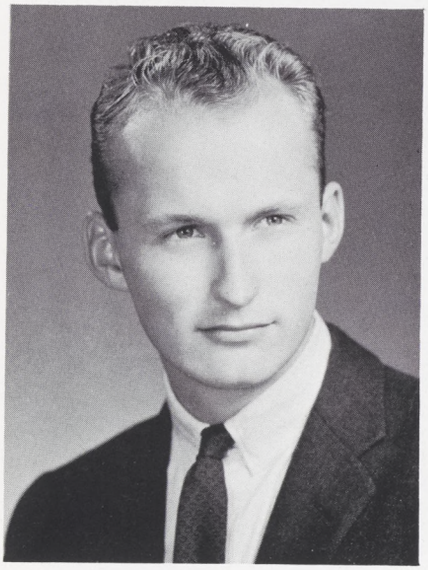
DAVID A. BLUESTONE **Delta Upsilon**

Miami Beach, Florida

Cheerleaders 1, 2, 3; Lacrosse 1, 2, 4; SPECTATOR 3; Student Press Board 3, 4; Biology Club 3, Secretary-Treasurer 4.



Once upon a September morn four years ago, a rodent slipped into the depths of South Dorm; the Mouse had arrived. As a cheerleader, Blue showed adept agility and flawless grace as he tumbled and stumbled along the sidelines. His enthusiasm seemed to be governed by some strange, inexorable law, for as each game progressed, Dave's acrobatics became less coordinated and more spirited. A flask of bourbon hidden beneath a megaphone provided exuberant bursts of energy, and the answer to the riddle. Though Blue had rarely exhibited any athletic prowess before he came to Hamster, he sought to fulfill his dreams of glory on the lacrosse field. For three years he has held the dubious distinction of being the next to slowest man on the team, and one of Sienna's most feared opponents. Though he sought to be a champion of carefree drinking and lasciviousness, he wandered away on Fall Houseparty in his Junior year, and returned a married man. Long afternoons in the science labs have amply rewarded Dave, for he plans to move Joan and young Dan'l to Pittsburgh where he will enter medical school. Blue hopes to spend the rest of his life practising medicine in Florida.



CHARLES HUBBARD BURROWS BRAISTED **Psi Upsilon**

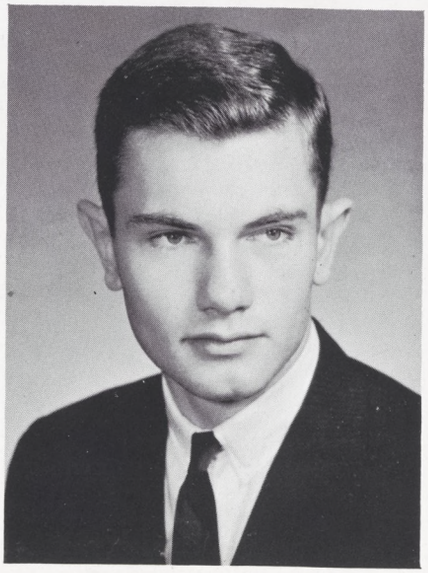
Garden City, New York

Soccer 1, 2; Track 1.

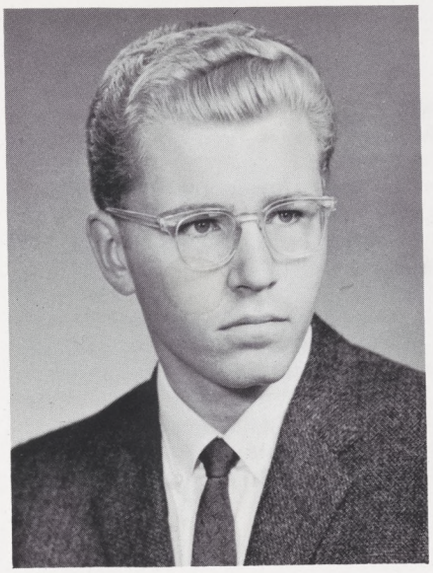
Chick arrived on campus with a battered cowboy hat and a weathered leather jacket. Four years later, he leaves with both. Strewn over the four years are a collection of paperbacks (mostly unread), a series of athletic endeavors, an indeterminate number of hours watching T.V., an almost indeterminate number of hours playing bridge, numerous trips to Cortland, and occasional flurries of intellectual activity during nights before hour exams, papers and finals. Chick abandoned soccer, swimming and track for stardom in intramurals and more genteel drinking activity, his t-shirt proudly proclaiming his membership on the Olympic Drinking Team. Remarks about his rotundity stirred him occasionally to pushups. After much prodding from Nee, Chick started skiing and, much to his roommate's amazement and envy, he soon graduated from "schuss-boomer" to "fair-to-middling" skier. Trips to Cortland intensified under the added attraction of Greek Peak. This year he set himself three new intellectual goals: to read his entire pile of unread books; to graduate at the bottom of his class; to shock the campus by making credit. In indecision lies his strength.

JOHN JOSEPH BRENNAN, JR. **Gryphon**

Oswego, New York



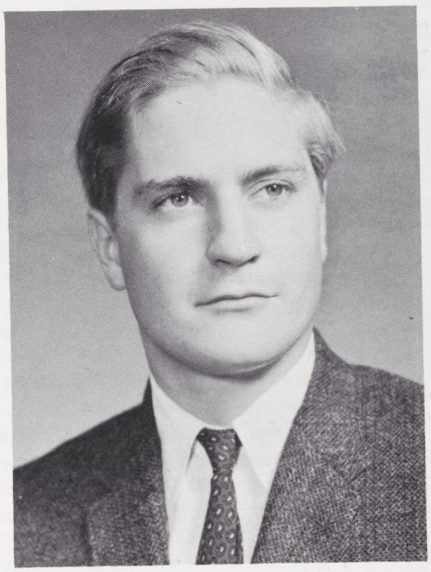
The son of an immigrant barber was a stubby finger tracing life through a sheaf of obscenities. Leaving his fingernails and clipper at his desk, he retreated into a world of longer hair. A monstrous head waddled by, grunting smoky threats. He bathed for it. A fleshy neck stroked itself, squaking his future into tiny merds. He flushed them and lit a cigarette. A blind mouse led a squeaking procession to the room where he lay. He hugged his cheese to the mattress and dreamt of tigers. An open mouth sucked in air, making it difficult to breathe. He crepitated and grew taller.



KENNETH JAMES BURKE **Emerson Literary Society**

Staatsburg, New York

The philosopher is king, but it was not always so. K. Burke, reared on a riverbank, arrived at the waldonian acropolis ready to reign, but unaware of the road to renown. Finding small consolation in the devotion of his mastiff, Fang, Ken sought refuge in the Irish underground, plotting in the very seat of history. Lectures to unenlightened ladies of Utica *et al.* on the way, the truth and light proved fascinating for Ken, shocking for the old girls—but it brought only temporary relief. Nor could he find the answer in Poughkeepsie or Pittsburgh. Scotch offered assistance and a Scotsman offered a system, but no answer was found even in far-off Ceylon. An aquatic bard joined the slowly expanding entourage. Unable to decipher the smoke signals, K.J. frequently visited a mystical presbyter in Youngsville. The mystic's message brought fruition. Ken polished a tree trunk and saw the writing on the wall. Dressed in a sweater of tortoise dimensions, he then set up court in the Northlands; Sot-boy became his jester. Rejecting the unenlightened opinion of his inferiors, Ken next turned his philosophical bus to the neighboring Marshlands. To K. Burke we offer a champagne toast through an open kitchen window: the philosopher *is* king, the written word his kingdom.



ROBERT BURNS **Sigma Phi**

New York, New York

Sailing Club 1, 2, 3, Commodore 4; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Societe des Eclaboussures 3, 4; Hexagon.

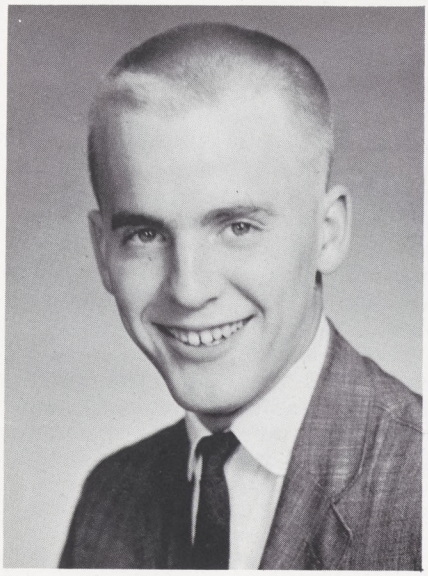
Citizen legally of Canada but spiritually of France, resident of the festering metropolis called New York, Seventy-first Street's answer to Popeye leaves the Hill after his allotted four years and prepares to scoot across the northern border to seek further education in history and to join the Canadian Coast Guard. It seems to be a tradition in these articles to note what legacy a departing senior leaves to those who follow him; what is Blotto's legacy to the next generation of Hamsters? He leaves the position of commodore of the sailing club: Stan and the boys will miss his rotund form at the helm. He leaves an heroic tradition of waiting on table at Sig:—what will Willy and Ella do without him, plodding faithfully between kitchen and dining room? Memories of 22 South, Stevie and the telephone, showers, reading the Post, asthmatic wheezes in the crows' nest, a carefully clipped 'stache—ah, crafty Blob, how will this windy hilltop survive without you? "Autant en emporte le vent."

ARTHUR HOUGHTON BURR, JR. **Gryphon**

Ithaca, New York

Spanish Club 1; Wrestling 2, 3; Biology Club 2, 3, 4; Outing Club 3, 4; Glee Club 4.

The assent to this higher plateau of learning was made by our unsung hero with relative ease. Well versed in theory, but without practical application, Jay found academics an easier pitch than the corresponding social climb. The Gryphon Mountaineering Society, quickly realizing his potential and willing to impart their secrets of success, brought him under their wing. With newly acquired approach technique, our young novice tackled Jung Frau by making a long pendulum traverse to Cortland Spire and Booze Pinnacle. These new rock faces with extreme exposure, however, did not lead to the neglect of those intellectual pursuits which Samuel Kirkland set forth. Very early in his climb up Hamilton Rock, Jay found himself leading his class. Cycling became easier, swifter, and much cheaper than a car, and he peddled on, following the alpine call of psychology and research. He emerges from this plateau and the science building a competent mountaineer, both in theory and practical application, to ascend the citadel at Rockefeller Institute.



WILLARD HENRY CARTER — **Delta Upsilon**

Cortland, New York

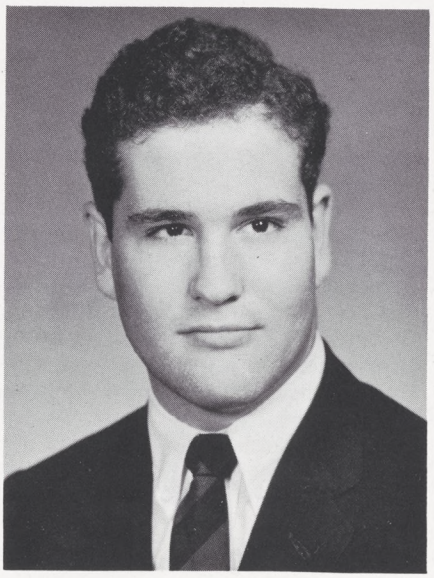
Biology Club 2, 3, 4; I.R.C. 1, 2; Augean Stable 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 4.

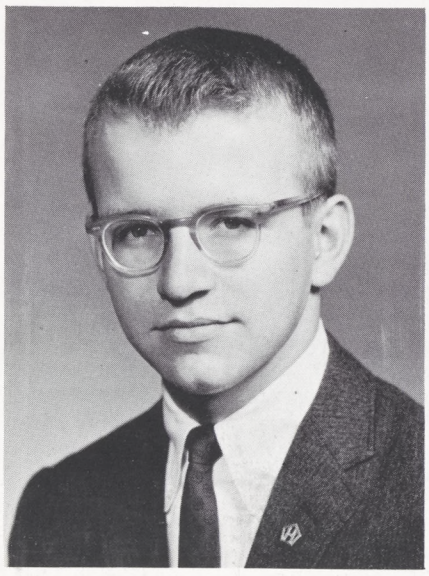
On that memorable September day in '55 a shy, smooth-faced boy from Cortland unaware of the evils of alcohol, women, and textbooks was deposited on the steps of South Dorm. His first, although not his last, lesson in the power of fire-water took place at DU's faculty cocktail party, the results of which were memorably exhibited in the Chapel that evening. Discouraged by episodes with the Cortland State "honies" and the chemistry department, Will decided to forego the decadent academic life for one of adventure and prestige as a Navy pilot. Finding the summers at Pensacola too humid, he returned to civilian life and "the zoo." After four years he is quite aware of the evils of alcohol and textbooks, but has been completely outsmarted by the opposite sex, as may be evidenced by a gold pin in the possession of a certain U of R co-ed. Although the brotherhood pities the "flying one" for having all but lost his bachelorhood, they are, at the same time, grateful for his luck in being landed by the best asset to a party to enter the DU House in at least four years. No longer shy, but still smooth-faced, Will heads for Buffalo Dent leaving a trail of beer cans, lost golf balls, and indignant professors behind him.

RICHARD FREDERICK CHASE — **Squires**

Melrose, New York

Symbolism, all is symbolism. Fred traded his hopped-up Ford Convertible for a smaller TR-3. The hot-rodder had turned sports car enthusiast. The change was a symbolic one. Shortly, Fred pinned Lynn, a girl he had been dating for a year, and started more frequent (if that's possible) trips to Oneonta. To everyone's shock, Freddy's grades rose with the speed of his car. In the spring of his Junior year he found himself on the porch of Squires House "vaguely" eyeing the faculty-student cocktail party. He was told that he had valuable assets for a roommate—a car and a hi-fi. His prospective roommate chuckled to himself and asked Fred to live down at the House the following year. Freddy accepted. This was the second most tender moment of his life. The first occurred the following Thanksgiving when Fred and Lynn became engaged. But even symbolism must fail to be complete. Essentially Fred was unchanged. He still knew every hot spot in Central New York. The mood still carried him far into the night, going from "Marcy" to the "Lafayette" to the "Restaurant." Freddy had made it—he was officially one of the "night people." Will Melrose, N.Y. (pop. 250 plus cows) be prepared to accept a brilliant legal mind like Fred's after Albany Law? Certainly he will follow tradition and buy a Mercedes.



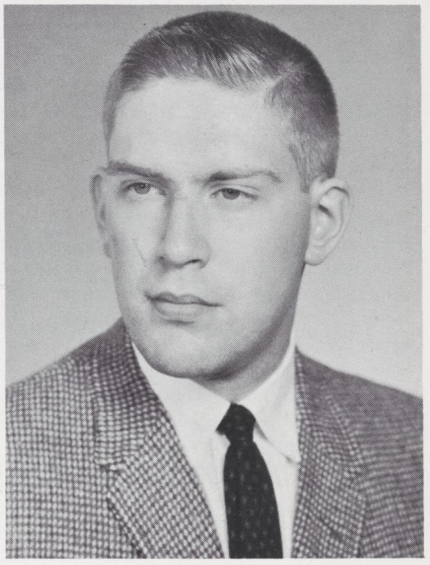


JOHN DAVID CROSIER — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Grafton, Massachusetts

Pentagon, Recorder; Student Senate, Treasurer, Chairman of Rushing Committee; Canterbury Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class; Student Advisor 3; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 4.

Crose turned up at the Phi fresh from the Pittsfield hills with great ideas. He spent freshman year in the shadow of the Walrus and decided that Phi Bete and Nous Onze were two extra-curriculars he didn't have time for. Later on, Crose escaped from Tweedy's seminar long enough to wage war on faculty coffee monopolies. Included in his Senate rushing report was a plan to "get the damn juke box out of the P.X." Crose got smuggled into Kirkland Cottage in a pile of dirty college linen and took his post as the "Great Compromiser." Although much of his time was spent issuing policy decisions from Root 7, Crose solved our dietary problems and reconciled house trustees and Frau by shouting "Close the kitchen 'til June." Serving as Wells' best man began our hero's downfall as a riotous Carnival later proved and now the Buffalo T'way exit looks better than Sandy's office. As post Ralph dictator, he left us a blue phone, and executive council, and a pile of Pentagon stationery, and now drives off in Sidney's chevie to sell Total Opportunity to Connecticut General.



DAVID J. CROSSLEY **Gryphon**

Watertown, New York

Biology Club 2, 3, 4; French Club 1, 2; J.V. Tennis 2; Young Republicans Club 2, 3.

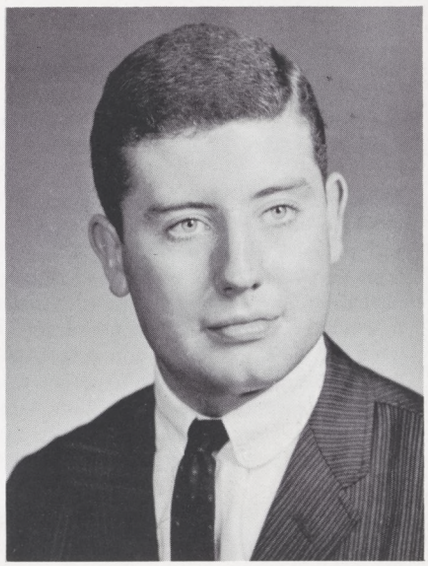
To the cry of "Silver" and the clatter of a pair of decrepit riding boots, our hero emerges, a shining example of the bulldog tenacity that built the beloved "Empiah." Indeed, his persistence is amazing, whether in defending the Queen's much-maligned honor or grinding whatever it is he's always grinding. So great was his devotion to duty that, after two years in the company of some of Hamilton's leading degenerates, he fled to a cell in Middle. Here, with a mass of papers covered with strange symbols on his desk and a scotch and soda well within reach, he continued to work for the holy goal. But life for David is not without its lighter moments; graciously presiding over the poop-deck of the "Ibnyacht," devouring a monstrous meal at 'Maldi's, winning an occasional tennis match, and above all spending a weekend with Joyce have made the academic life more bearable. Now, treasuring the memories of a "Hunt Breakfast" at Holyoke, a Christmas party in Carnegie and a certain summer in Maine, Milord leaves the Hill, four years closer to that day when the noblest mouths in Watertown will open and close at his command.

RICHARD E. DAVIS **Chi Psi**

Jenkintown, Pennsylvania

Spanish Club 1; SPECTATOR 1, 2, 3.

When Dick came to Hamilton his main interest was marksmanship. The influence of the Washin' Shop and Alteri's soon caused his interests to change. He met Lee, Jean, Sandy, Martha, Sharon, and scores of other Clinton lovelies and was transformed into a new person, "Horns." Horns was offered a job as patrolman in front of Clinton Central, but he refused it because it would interfere with his work. The Sweet Shop became his new study hall and Tiri's his "hideaway." We must not forget his evenings with Sally Anne at the Halfway House, nor his comment "At last, we're alone!" Dick also had other interests—sudden weekend trips to Philadelphia senior year and rock and roll. His roomie Challie almost went "Tahoot" over Splish Splash. Violent clashes with Ivan and "Cimabue" left our lad exhausted and disillusioned. While at Ham he drank 1,236 cokes, and spoke to girls for a total of 1000 hours on the phone. We'll never forget those evenings at the Lafayette and "121," wasted time that they were. However, the old horns fooled them all by making Wharton Graduate School, proving the old adage that college doesn't have to interfere with education.

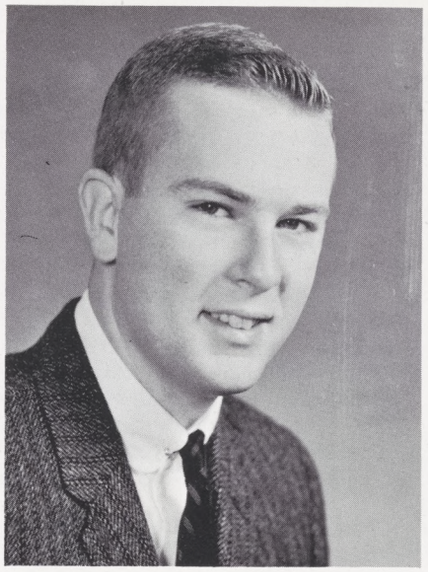


STERLING PETER DAVIS **Theta Delta Chi**

Binghamton, New York

Band 1, 2; Spanish Club 1, 2; Hamilton Literary Society 3, 4; Philosophy Club 3, 4; Swordsmen 4.

The academic policy of Hamilton College makes it next to impossible for anyone to "con" his way through its adversity for three years, and then, just to spite the whole system, end up on credit in his last year. But on the way from the Village Tavern to Mt. Holyoke, Took did just this. In 1955 a Marine arrived in Clinton from a quaint valley town in the south, with the intention of setting up a sandwich concession. However, he was offered a waiting job and decided to stay for the duration. On weekends he changed from his mild contemplative self to the raging, lustful Captain Virility, bent on conquering half of the Holyoke campus and any other attraction which appeared on the way. His virility never gave out, but both his Coaches did, and in his last year he was forced to live a life of quiet dignity in his mountain top seclusion, a life marred only by a chance meeting with a Persian Empress from Sarah Lawrence and a run-in with the overlords of Utica politics. If Took ever pays his material debts to society, and if he ever returns to the fold, we have the fondest hopes that he may continue in a life of philosophical gaiety.

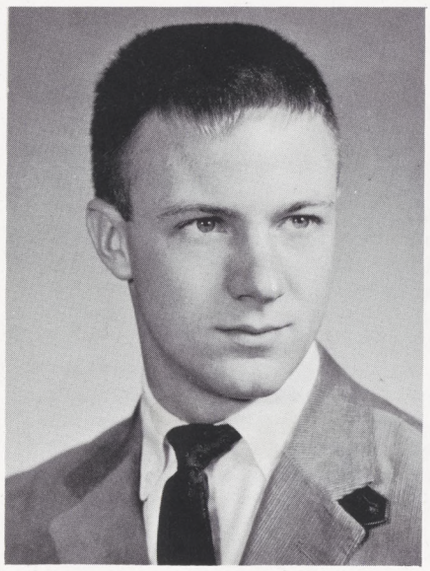


GERALD VICENT DIRVIN — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Oneonta, New York

Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Nous Onze 4; D.T.; Spanish Club 1, 2; Campus Fund 2; Newman Club 1, 2, 3, 4; A.A. 4.

Philo (affectionately called so by his two friends) learned two things at Hamilton. One was how to get to Cornell, and the other was how to do things wrong. He didn't learn to get to Cornell in the best conditions, as he invariably ended up off the road or returned with a new dent in his Hawaiian car, but he perfected and prided himself in muffing. What other best-dressed man in America could buy clothes that didn't fit? Who else could rip three pairs of pants in one week by falling? Who else could hit a house 30 feet off the road with a car? Who else could maliciously break Stella's piggy-bank? Slim was a stand-out during warm-ups on Ken's shock troops for three years, but his "gimp" prevented him from receiving national recognition in his senior year, and he was forced to limit his heretofore brilliant athletic career to tennis and Za Za's. Jerry's smoothness earned him a berth on Nous Onze, and he did his utmost to live up to the name of this organization, often with disastrous results. Destined to become the man in the gray flannel suit, Dirv is seen boarding the 701 Express telling Polly, "If you want to see a show, I want to see a show."



CHARLES EDWARD DIXON — **Gryphon**

Lyons, New York

Debate Club 3, 4; Biology Club 3, 4; Choir 4; Sailing Club 2; Outing Club 3, 4, Secretary 3; Lacrosse 3, 4; Campus Fund 1.

A Dixon is a Dixon is a Dixon is a Dixon. No matter what Ed did, he did it with an enthusiasm and in a way undreamed of by man. Who else would think of turning South Dormitory into one great radio aerial? Who else would conduct scientific aeronautical experiments with talcum powder, apples, and burning laundry wrappers in stairwells? Who else would be seen scaling Gryphon's rugged walls with one toenail and a wad of gum? What other steward would serve champagne with baked beans? And if ever he was thwarted in his grander quests, he could always fall back on his harem. The Dixon Belles are spread from Ohio to Massachusetts and they are all proud of their privilege to be one of the chosen many. Nonetheless, even with being side-tracked to cave and mountain, Dix has wound his way through the well-rounded pile, and is now headed, unchanged and unaimed, for the University of Rochester. Of what will happen, only one thing is sure—he will be no ordinary doctor.

DONALD ARTHUR DRAKE — **Squires**

Cooperstown, New York

Canterbury Club 1, 2, 3; I.R.C. 4; French Club 1, 2, 4.

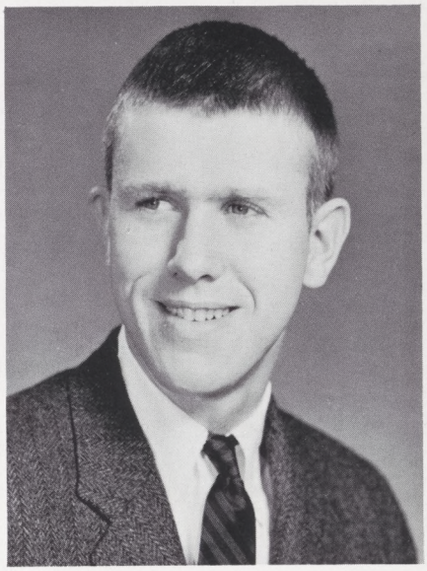
Don "Teach" Drake left Cooperstown four years ago prepared to forsake early to bed early to rise in favor of academic achievement. No trace of early country mornings troubles Don now. The student from Cooperstown has since made life unpredictable for all about him and startled more than one teacher with his Drake statements. In addition to pursuing math interests, he sampled all of Hamilton's sciences but one. He did so well in English freshman year that he has continued it for better or for worse and is now cadet teaching grammar in Clinton. "Teach" has nearly worn out his car going up and down the hill every day to teach, but he thinks the experience will come in handy in the future, especially with psychic students. Don's dreams for the future consist of a little white house, a Mount Holyoke grad, and a school full of young math students. We know there will be plenty of demand for his professional services and maybe his quick retorts will keep the kids in line when all else fails. Good Luck, "Teach."

JOEL DAVID EASTHAM, JR. **Chi Psi**

Springfield, Illinois

Debate Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; Delta Sigma Rho 4; Assistant Hockey Manager 1, 2, Manager 3; Soccer 1; SPECTATOR 2, 3, 4, Circulation Manager 4.

Having an innate aversion to "No Doz," Joel greeted Colin Miller with an ultimatum, "You can deny God, but you can't deny the sack." Colin replied with a flake warning, and a throaty snarl that was comprehended by none but the talking cereals. Debating, though, was Joel's passion, and after sixteen hours in dreamsville, he was ready to overwhelm the Lodge, the Hill, and village of Clinton with a basso profundo that sneered at cork walls. He eventually became president of our one man debate club, stick and jock man for the hockey team, and sloth in residence at the Root Art Center. Despite his many activities, however, Joel still harbors a secret desire. Dazzled by the bright lights of the Uptown and the Stanley, he hankers for the excitement of show biz. But next year when he packs his grip and trudges down the road to Miltown, Joel will forsake old Broadway and enter law school. He carries with him our straining eyes and a six pack of Benzedrine.

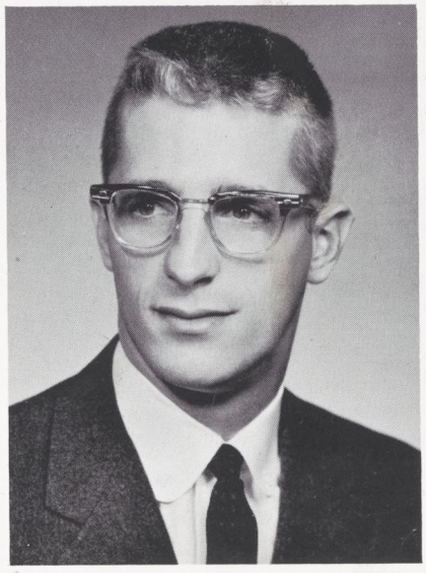


TERRY JOHNSON ELD **Psi Upsilon**

Far Hills, New Jersey

Winter Track 3, 4; Varsity Track 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; Geology Club 3, 4.

With a "stealthy puff" and a long sigh, "T" has managed to do a commendable job in hurdling for Hamilton. To survive in his sophomore year, Terry was forced to jump many an obstacle in the Great Hall to beat "Big Brother" for the "pause that refreshes"—did someone say Coke? Many believe that this is how Terry learned to hurdle! In between hurdles, "T" often stopped to examine that rock which had thrown him off stride. Pocketing the "useless gem," Terry would finish the race—occasionally in first when his inquisitive mind did not get the best of him—and then proceed over to the Geology lab and take a look at the priceless crystal under the gleeful direction of "Dr." Hawley. Socially, Tear-Bear scurried around to many of the eastern colleges for women—Skidmore, Smith, Wells, and Wheelock to name a few—but found his palpitating heart unsatisfied. In a vain attempt to tame his date on Cayuga's waters, "T" tried to feed her a bale of hay. He found neither a challenge in rolling dice in the suburbs of Boston nor drinking "Baby" against the best the Big Green could offer. With the potential he has shown thus far, Terry has a good start to prove a success in the future.

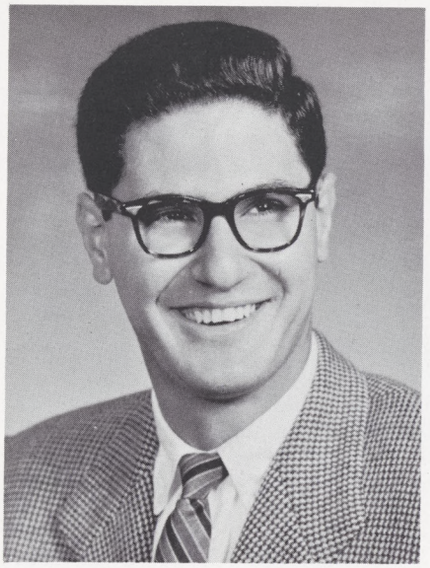


ROBERT E. EVANS **Delta Phi**

Leonardsville, New York

WHC 4; French Club 1, 2, 3; Hamilton Literary Society 3, 4; Biology Club 2, 3.

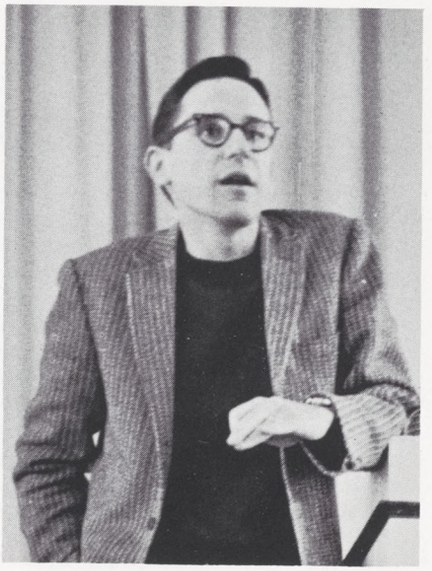
An anomalous product of a militaristic secondary education at The Manlius School, Bob has been noted and will be long remembered for the fastidiousness of his housekeeping, his impressive collections of books, records, and the *Opera News*, an aborted flair for mathematics, an ever-crescive appreciation of Verdi, and perhaps most important, a tolerant, yet discerning eye for people who count and people who *don't*. Occasionally so far "in" he was almost "out," Bob leaves little room for doubt that lime juice and juniper berries are "in," and, oddly enough, that the "gentlemanly C" —when actively striven for—is "out." Flirting with social disaster, Bob successfully played down various academic talents—notably in chemistry—while playing up rather less austere areas of his interest. Headed for a conservative, intelligent, full, life, Bob has set a worthy example at Hamilton, along with his uphill friends; if the example is not emulated, *cannot* be emulated, so much the worse for Hamilton. But after all, when one has led the life of a senior for not one but four years, the call to leave can hardly be denied . . .



SAMIH KHALIL FARSOUN **Gryphon**

Beirut, Lebanon

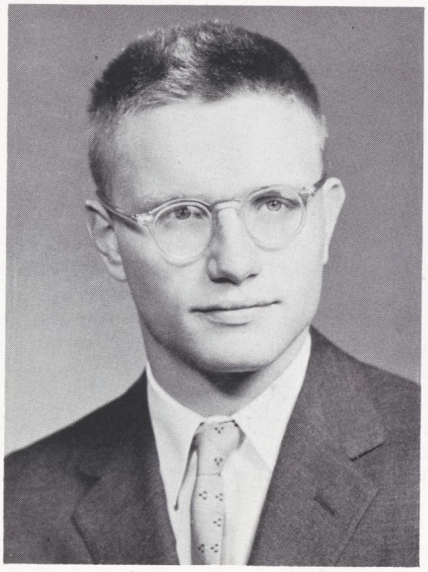
The memory of the "angry young Arab" will remain for years to come in the halls of the "Great Mythical Animals." For who will remove the pasted pictures of his personal idol, Abdul Nasser, placed strategically throughout the house? These shrines, along with his messages on the downstairs bathroom, "Sam loves Nasser," scratched one inch deep in the oak woodwork, are impossible to remove. The Arab has become a typical Hamilton man, and thus a typical American, in two respects: the first, an ability to underachieve while those about him are grinding; and the second, an acquisition of certain four-letter words, which, as Margaret discovered one morning, he uses expertly and often. Sam leaves here in a blaze of speeches delivered in the Utica area for which he has received only a sore throat and a couple of phone numbers, although they have been responsible for a greater understanding of his country and people. This has not been a one way proposition. He takes with him a great understanding and appreciation of the U. S., especially women and Bourbon.



RICHARD PATRICK FLANAGAN

Clinton, New York

Descending upon Hamilton armed with a chess board, a copy of Webster's dictionary (which he had read from cover to cover in Japan), and the third volume of Truman's *World History as a Preliminary to the New Deal*, Dick Flanagan launched his campaign against the received opinion from a temporary campsite near the cemetery. His first maneuver was to seize control of the Honor Court, the Debate Club, the Linen Service and the Dean's Office. With the aid of the Campus Labor Congress, Flanagan next invaded the Park Hotel, the History Department, and Sam Kirkland's Cottage. These conquests, however, were nothing more than preparation for the offensive against big business, Norwich provincialism and esoteric eating clubs. Ignoring the accusation that he earned his campaign funds peddling tip sheets at Vernon Downs, Flanagan ordered a cohort to infiltrate Utica Free Academy and secured his dictatorship by assuming the role of God. In his State of the Union Message in June, 1959, he asserted that Jack Letzelter is a Republican. Commencement over, he was seen wandering away from the campus, mumbling, "The world will little note nor long remember. . . ."

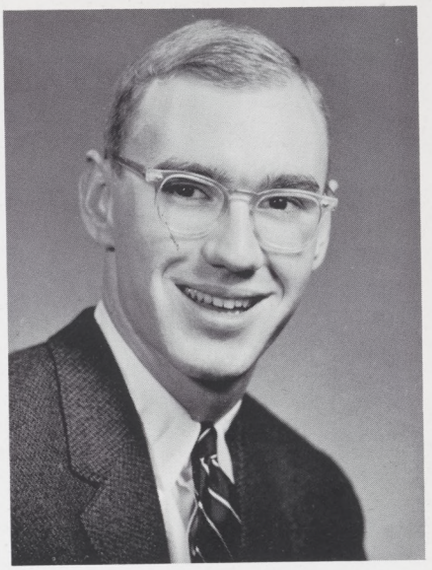


JAMES WHEELER FOX **Psi Upsilon**

Scarsdale, New York

Band 1, 2, 3; Choir 3, 4; I.R.C. 1, 2, 3.

Known for nothing, but suspected of much, Fox always remained a mystery to the uphill boors. Never one to be categorized, Jim set the boys a-chatter by flunking math in his junior year and stomping around campus in a hod-carrier's outfit in his senior year. Jim did manage to eke out a B average as an English major, and he did play a bumbling game of hockey for the Psi U. Losers, but he always managed to conceal any enthusiasm he might have with an enigmatic mask of jaded, but amused, ennui. Down at the House plump Jim let the mask drop at Houseparties and at meals. But by senior year the Brothers were well-accustomed to his hoarse, lusty cries of "More food and women!" However, Jim never let anyone forget just what a superior fellow he was with his tart, *sotto voce* mutterings of "Philistine!" After all, Fox was the finest Library Chairman in years, and Fox was the originator of the infamous peanut butter and chastity oaths. Accomplished pianist and goulard, Jim Fox lives in laugh and legend wherever Hamilton men congregate.

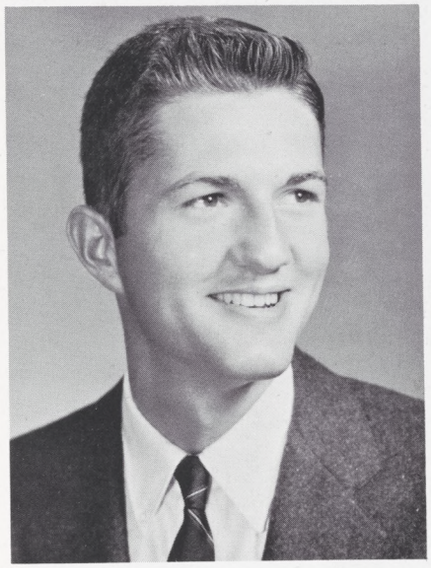


LEWIS RONALD FRENCH — **Emerson Literary Society**

Binghamton, New York

French Club 1, 2, Secretary 2; Swimming 1; Lacrosse 2; J.V. Tennis 3; McKinney Prize Speaking Contest 3; Publications Board, Chairman 4; Pi Delta Epsilon 4.

Armed with his high school's slide rule given him for achievement in science, our Ron came to Clinton prepared to show Hamilton who the next Linus Pauling really would be. Unfortunately, this meant taking freshman chemistry. After it was through with him, Ron decided that maybe Swahili would be more interesting than chemistry anyhow. Besides, this way he would have more time to spend bringing athletic laurels to old Ham. Coll. Taking glancing blows at swimming, tennis, and lacrosse en route, Ron discovered that management is really the best place for the born spectator to compete. His success in intercollegiate sports is matched only by his success in getting houseparty dates. In between summers of globe tramping and check cashing, the gentleman from Binghamton managed to prove to everyone, including occasional professors, that he really did have something on the ball. Ron leaves E. Hall with his fingerprints on the gavel and the cry of "Spooker" still echoing down the hall. When last seen he was headed for the library.

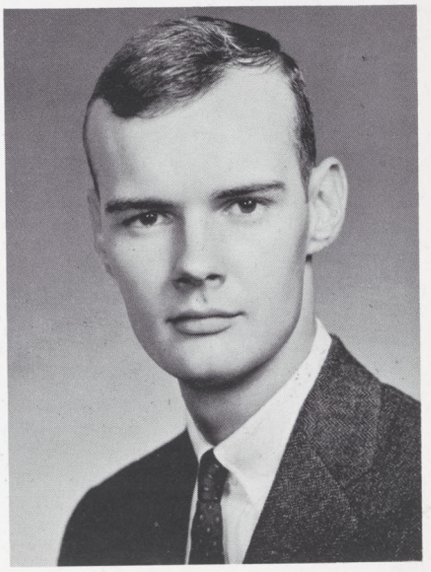


WILLIAM STUART FRIEND — **Psi Upsilon**

Newton, Massachusetts

Soccer 1, 3, 4; Winter Track 3, 4; Spring Track 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 1, 2; Chapel Board 3.

With eyes brighter than a honky-tonk jukebox and striding like a King Arthur nobleman, Sir Black William climbed the Hill four years ago as a man of destiny. His mission: to endure the experience of college while upholding the Beatitude beginning with the words, "Blessed are the pure . . ." Being a brave "old" soul he decided to try his luck as goalie of the soccer team. He met with a good deal of success, and the girls loved him for it—especially those whose first names began with the letter, "J." Since those days long ago, many have come and gone; now only a few of the faithful remain in his files. But his loves were many. He worshipped anything and everything that represented Boston; the "Big Green" of Dartmouth; one or two professors (education and economics); and running around in circles on a cinder track. Psi U elected him social chairman, and his reign saw the introduction of "punch floods" into houseparty agendas. Although undecided about his future, we know he will be successful. It would seem, however, that two things have to go: the sign of the "B.V." and a New England accent which sometimes makes communication difficult.



JON M. GAASERUD — **Gryphon**

New York, New York

Charlatans 1, 2, 3, 4; Hamilton Literary Society 2, 3, Secretary-Treasurer 3; I.R.C. 2, 3, 4; Young Republican Club 2, 3; Campaign Chairman 3; Campus Fund 3.

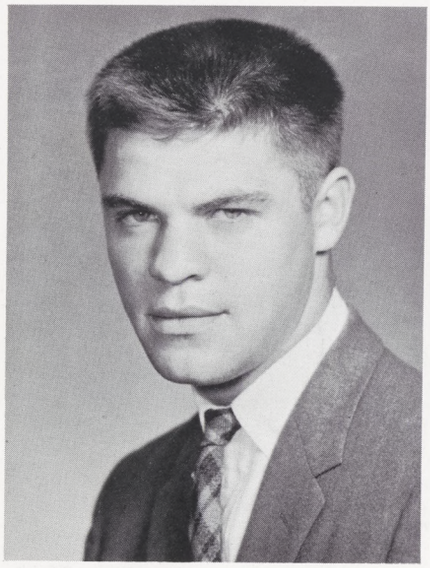
With a 'tini in one hand and a cigarette in the other, Jon would greet a visitor with the words, "Have you heard the latest?" From here almost anything might be divulged from the pipeline of Hamilton's walking newspaper. Usually via the energy of his long, thin legs which gave him a literal, "more bounce to the ounce," Jon wended his way through the Hamilton social whirl, displaying his labels to the masses and his hospitality to his friends. Guests at his parties never lacked a full glass, loud music, and really, really, topdrawer conversation. His interests were varied and his dislikes were convictions. He devoured philosophical systems, laws of supply and demand, some Russian character called Dostoyevsky, and Dance Out the Answer. He detested people who said nothing, messy roommates, the unshaven pseudo-beatniks, and Elvis Presley, while loving PX coffee, Gilbey's Gin, 7 No-Trump hands, Madison Avenue clothes, Wells College, and West Side Story. Now finally sobering up, our cosmopolite has shifted the headlights of his imaginary Bentley from provincial Clinton to the U. of P., the girls at Bryn Mawr, and the upper-class Philadelphia gentlemen.

BRUCE R. GEER — **Delta Phi**

Lowville, New York

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Chapel Board 2, 3, 4; Student Senate 4; Student Curriculum Committee 3, 4; SPECTATOR 1, 2, 3; McKinney Prize Contest 2; Biology Club.

Like the well known man of Galilee before him, Bruce spent four years trying to guide the house from his unofficial post on the Barb and Prod Committee, only to be relegated at last to the oblivion of the Student Senate. That his committee efforts were not in vain is shown by the famous Cresswell-Geer feud which made Pearl Harbor look like a wedding. Clearly outweighed and for once held speechless in the face of superior rhetoric, he served as the foil to the Maid of Franklin Springs in the modern equivalent of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Having received his basic training in Christian martyrdom, he became the obvious choice to lead the Chapel Board. While proving academically that what goes up must come down, he showed that he was a bundle of athletic prowess by leading the Chi bowlers to their worst season in several years. Yet as the end approached he mellowed and became sage to hordes of underclassmen who crowded about his chair to hear the way things ought to be.



FREDRICK DANFORTH GOODRICH — **Emerson Literary Society**

Odessa, New York

McKinney Prize Speaker 2; Cube 1, 2, 3, 4; Cube Root 4; Monk 1, 2, 3, 4.

Goody's lifelong ambition was realized before his college life really started, for he was selected to become the anchor man on that well-known six-sided organization called cube, a position which he has continued to hold in esteem for the past four years. Never let it be said, however, that Nick is not a man of action, for he is continually on the move. His ramblings take him to an occasional class; but, more often, he can be found prowling between two of three places—the pad, home, or the nearest emporium of liquid refreshment. Since Joy insisted on a strict policy of domestication, Nick decided that the venerable position of House Manager was the best beginning. He handled the position so expertly that E. Hall was able to afford not only a new look in living rooms, but also a new Peter Gunn Memorial television set, while still managing to keep everyone adequately supplied with light bulbs. Even if Goody is being forced to leave his study habits behind for the world to ponder, he should not be discouraged, for his day by day count down is bringing him closer to the pleasures of a sink-full of unwashed dishes and a stack of uncorrected papers.

ROBERT HOWARD GRAEME — **Delta Phi**

Rahway, New Jersey

Swimming 1; Football 2; Assistant Athletic Trainer 3, 4; Biology Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 4; Vice President of Class 3; Campus Fund 1.

If the saying is true that good things come in small packages, Bob has a prize in Carole, the nearest thing to Wendy. Making the gym his home away from home for four years, he served Gene Long admirably as vice president in charge of taping Bill Humphreys to his chair. The high point in his athletic career was his stellar performance as goalie of the defense-minded (just fall on the puck) house hockey team. Meanwhile, back at the house, he became the brains behind the small but stalwart "Bulldozer Party," a potent force in house politics. Everyone lamented the departure of Henry J (the car with a personality) the most uncomfortable if not dependable (just hand me the crank and shut up) car in existence. But if the car was missed at first, his hillbilly music remained to cheer up the most depressed individuals and the occasional requests answered by WWVA let him know the outside world still cared. Bob leaves for his encounter with the jet age. Should he get as far as the flight line, it's safe to say he'll never get off the ground.

JOHN MICHAEL GRIFFIN **Gryphon**

Clinton, New York

McKinney Prize Speaker 1; Choir 2, 4; Buffers 2, 4; Hamilton College Junior Year in France 3; French Government Scholarship 3.

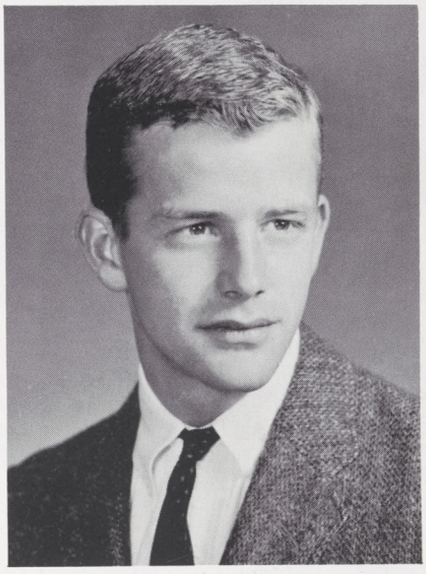
In the fall of '55 Griff trundled up the Hill, while the storied brass band bleated out his praises. During the next two years, he frequently emerged from the academe to dally with homebred wenches. Rejecting offers to sing with the papal choir, he lent his rasp to the Choir and Buffers. Our man could never endure complacency or tranquility, and few equilibria escaped his ravages. In '57 the French plucked him from his ivoried nest and successfully imbued him with their culture. Impressed with the French philosophy of life, Griff unhesitatingly grasped every opportunity to disseminate it on his trek 'round the world. He secured Harvard Med. soon after his return to the jaundiced nest, and his final year saw many sallies into the ivied realm of women. Griff often observed that his blind dates were desirable only as subjects of negative eugenics, but he never relented in his quest. Evidence of this is a network of furrows converging on unsuspecting Smith, Skids, and the 'Sar. Continuing his legend, our quasi scholar laureate bends his way toward an existence filled with seas of white, billowy uniforms.

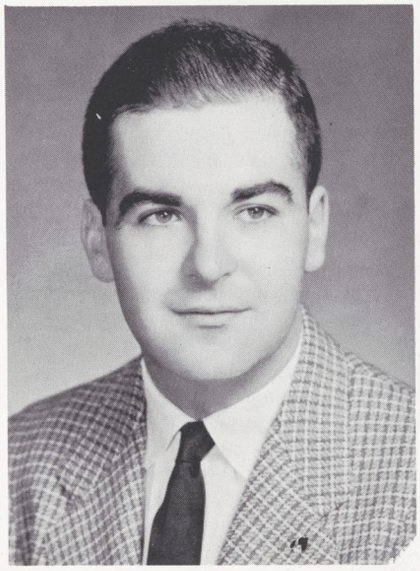
CARL MANFRED HAKANSON **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Martinsville, Virginia

Honor Court 4; Student Senate 4; Judiciary Committee 4; Nous Onze 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Golf 1, 2, 3; Block H Club 4; President DKE 4.

"Give us a rebel yell, Carlie!" could be heard to echo through the halls of Tau as the sophisticated house president, with one foot in the potatoes and the other in the broccoli, would step up on the table to give an announcement at houseparty. Eventually, Manfred yielded up the house leadership, but not until he had graced the office with the savoir-faire that for years had been noticeably absent here in the zoo. The Honor Court, the Dean's List, the Judiciary Committee, the Bio Labs, the athletic fields—and even Nous Onze—were brightened by the addition of the charm of this southern gentleman. And the harmless appearance that hid his evil mind made him the perfect whip for the unsuspecting freshmen. They grew to love the tender care with which he locked them together to the strains of the "Battlefield Five." A man of well-chosen words, the rebel arrived on the Hill with embryo book, bridge table and six-pack under his arm. He then proceeded to become a versatile pre-med, a species rare among Hamilton's well-rounded people. Syracuse beckoned in his junior year and "Thmitty" visited the Pi Phi house . . . and Carl and Ellen lived happily ever after.



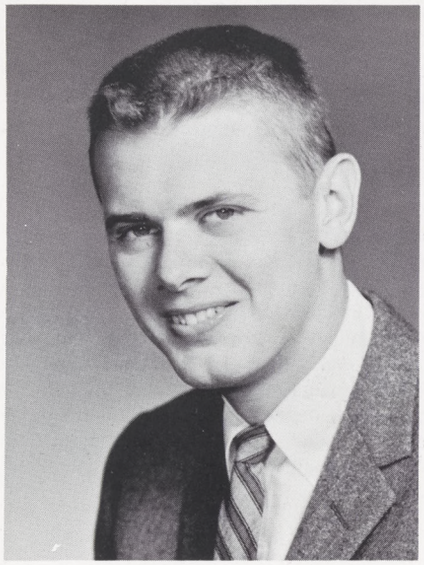


WALDRON S. HAYES, JR. **Theta Delta Chi**

Buffalo, New York

Charlatans 1, 2, 3, Business Manager 4; Alpha Psi Omega 4; Spanish Club 1, 2, Program Director 3, 4; Young Republicans Club 1, 2, 3, President 4; SPECTATOR 1; Debate Club 2; Winslow Prize in Romance Languages 3.

"This martini is a new high." "I maintain that Eisenhower is the only man for the job." "What are you doing—trumping my ace?" "I maintain that Rockefeller is the only man for the job." These remarks were made at a recent press conference, at which he was asked to discuss his fond memories of college days, by Wally (He has had to change his first name for party reasons.) Hayes, the standard-bearer of the Republican Party. He then proceeded to discuss at great length the faculty, certain members of the student body, and his great disgust for poorly blended punches. Reaching into his alligator briefcase, he showed the audience some of the trinkets which he had collected at college—a rusty, "I-Like-Ike" button, a sadly worn bridge score pad, a Vassar mug, and some Roaring '20's albums. Still quiet and reserved as in "the good old days," he even at this date continues to "hablar" like a native "espanol" and to comment fluently on Broadway plays which he has never seen. He certainly looks like a winner in the next Republican landslide in the 1960 election.

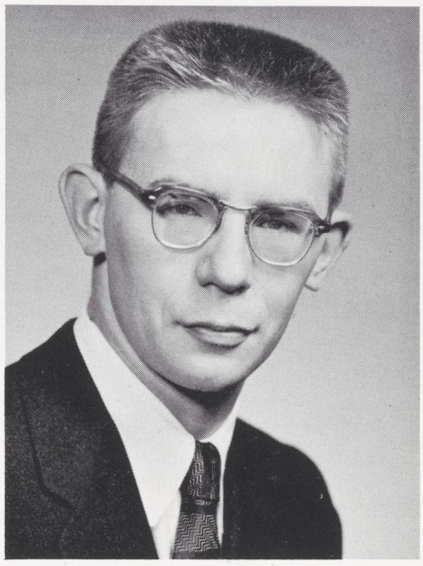


WALTER DIETSCH HOFFMAN — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Buffalo, New York

D.T.; Baseball 1, 2; Football 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; Biology Club 1, 2; Hamilton College Junior Year in France; Racing Club de France.

Stepping out of the Buffalo society to become one of the cultured few, Hoff quickly established himself on the Hill. Combining his innocent smile with his basso, "bon soir mademoiselle," Waldo impressed a wide variety of winsome blondes during his stops at Alpha Delt and Syracuse. Possessed with an unlimited capacity for work, Wally returned from his Junior Year in France with top honors. Speaking fluent French and displaying some old Paris customs, the heretofore quasi-conservative Waldo blossomed out during Initiation Weekend his senior year to become permanent director and trail blazer of the early morning "rounds." Although Waldo should have majored in geography, Buffalo Med. decided to take on this versatile French garcon to the great loss of Hamilton and St. Luke's.

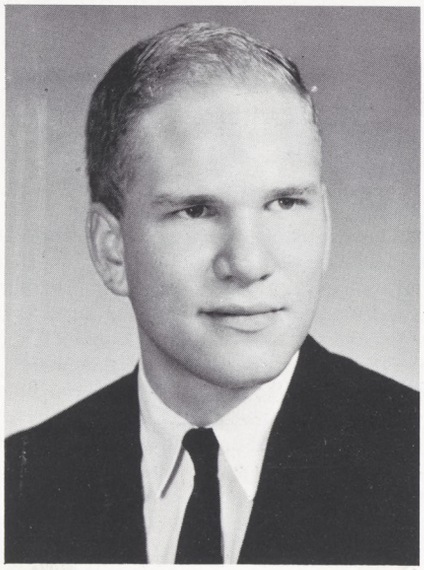


GEORGE ROBERT HOLZHAUER — **Squires**

Troy, New York

French Club 1, 2; Young Republican Club 2, 3; I.R.C. 4; SPECTATOR 3, 4.

Armed with a fall sports schedule, George "Yes" Holzhauer arrived at Hamilton with the desire to test the old proverb, "Why do it today if you can put it off until tomorrow?" George found many allies in Carnegie Dorm who were willing to educate him in the fundamentals of bridge, bourbon, and brunettes. Never one to be distracted by academic pursuits, George soon became an authority on Hamilton College sports statistics. Impeded only by a slight case of near-sightedness, George became the peerless leader of Squire's immortal bowling team. His bowling ability was no doubt the result of his frequent practice sessions at a nearby "restaurant," or so he maintained. His ability to rationalize will no doubt one day make him eligible for the White Owl Hall of Fame. It is George's goal to further pursue the good habits learned at Hamilton on another college campus, leisurely expounding the glories of European history to other interested neophytes.

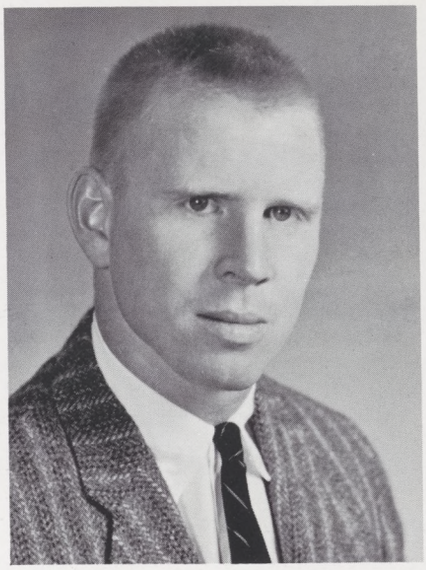


ALBERT ARENDT HOPEMAN, III — **Delta Phi**

Bronxville, New York

French Club 1, 2; Harpoon Club 4.

Providing that all the world is not a china-shop, Arie-bo should have no trouble becoming the logical choice for Dante's philosopher-king. After tiring of keeping the night watchmen company for the first two years and accordingly avoiding the daylight, Arendt bloomed (or at least turned green) scholastically. The cause, appropriately, was philosophic (or was it physical?). Best of all, he let everyone reap the benefits, for "body by Hopeman" became stamped on several of the more ponderous motions to come before the Chi legislature. But the mental stimulation became a physical depressant. Never satisfied with any sport, he tried several before deciding that the best games are not team activities, and like the steamship builder before him proved that "Fulton's Folly" was indeed a worthwhile venture. In conjunction with Utica Drop Forge he built the "Hopeman Logic Machine" which was powered by putty and which to everyone's amazement proved that two plus two equals five. But that's just like the devil-may-care, swashbuckling hero whom we remember as being more considerate and helpful than most . . .—Oh, bosh.



WILLIAM LORING HOYT — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Concord, Massachusetts

Football 1, 2, 3, Co-Captain 4; Lacrosse 1, 2, Co-Captain 3, 4; Spanish Club 1, 2; D.T.; Newman Club 1, 2, 3, President 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, President 4; Intellectual Committee; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

Things were relatively quiet that early September day as a great orange glow appeared on the Hill. Who else but Hoink looking for the gymnasium? From that day on very few people escaped from the grasps of the greatest gift to womanhood since Joe Zintect's "McCoy." It did not take long for Hoink's activities to be realized, and by his senior year he became recognized as someone to look out for on American campuses. Even his friends up Hill recognized him as a great leader and one of the brains behind the Intellectual Committee. Athletics also claimed Hoink's undivided attention, and many a scream still resounds from his feats in great Steuben Stadium. When the Irish-Italian war broke out Wild Will naturally volunteered for service. He was captured by one of the Italian beauties and apparently lost his identity. On February 27, 1959, however, the Hoink returned into his own, dressed in great shining armor with a lance in hand. As Hoink leaves the sacred halls of Tau he heads out into the world equipped to face any trouble he may run into. "HO-HO BOO-BOO."

CHARLES KELLOGG HUDSON, JR. — **Sigma Phi**

Clinton, New York

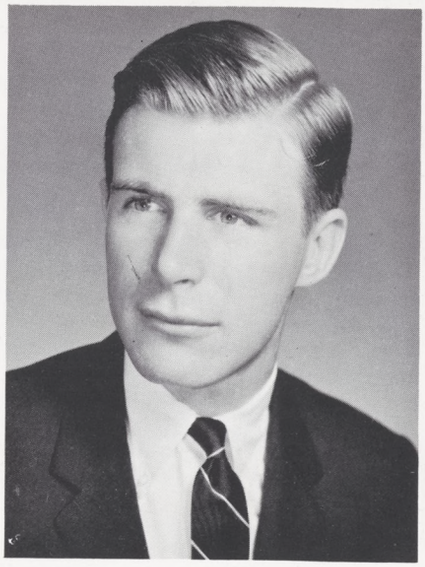
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Nous Onze 4; Root Art Center Advisory Board 4; Hexagon; Block H Club 3, 4; French Club 1.

From out of the misty highlands of USNY came C. K. to run through three cars, two estates, nine lives and four years at Hamster. This tweedy lad, who claims to be the Dauphin of Utica, has distinguished himself in many ways during his four years here. Aside from helping to perpetuate the Beta's dominance of the Sage Rink, Charlie, through his unfailing patronage of the Arts (the Utica Concert Series and the Munson-Williams-Proctor art shows), has proved that the Siggy Poos *do* have aesthetic tastes for more than just wine, women and song. In the spring of his Junior year, C. K. made his debut at Vassar with a splash. This was followed by a series of gracious house-warmings—one for each room of the disguised palace just down the road a piece. Now that the days are lengthening and June incredibly approaches, Charlie will soon bid farewell to his Quixotic gambols and go forth to conquer the realities of the business world. The future holds unlimited success for our country squire, and we at the Beta are certain he will attain it.

RICHARD H. JACKSON — **Squires**

Bath, New York

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "Smoke—never!" That's what we said in high school days. But college, the great corrupter, gives men vices they never dreamed could happen—women, song, and even an attempt at beer. Add cigarettes and a dash of "moderation"—shake well and you have a formula known as Dick Jackson. Dick had two special talents—golf and the use of a credit card. Carrying his training from the Bath Country Club to Hamilton, he breezed around the course and won his block H. He also learned, with the aid of "Fergie," the ins and outs of using an Esso credit card (but even for paying tuition?). He parlayed that talent with a '56 Merc convertible and "had wheels" at school. Dick was a sportsman from the word "go." He toyed at bowling and hockey with success. He also managed to earn a clubhouse sticker for his car at Vernon Downs. His last effort at sports while at Hamilton was a move to live down at the house in his Senior year. He thus gained the distinction of being one of the "Fearsome Five." After four years of Hamilton, Dick has learned many lessons. The most important one is obvious from his future plans. He wants to head for a "warm climate" when he attends Law School (even restaurants need lawyers).



JAMES WRIGHT JOHNSON **Theta Delta Chi**

West Orange, New Jersey

Student Guide Service 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 2, 3.

"Do you folks have wash-cloths?" asked a tall, smiling fellow with a crumpled Wall St. Journal under his arm and the stately look of a diplomat. Disregarding his knowledge that to purchase wash-cloths in Clinton is false economy, Jim made the purchase. Owing to a willingness to endure and a dogged determination which surpasses Napoleon's, Jim escaped the ever engulfing flames of the academic inferno. In his junior year, Jim abandoned treks to Vassar, finding them a trifle dull compared to pursuing the elusive trout in Oriskany Creek. He successfully combatted the ennui of Middle dorm existence by posing as a soccer player, swimmer, junior stock broker, and benevolent keeper of the largest Irish setter in the world. Jim will always be remembered at Theta Delt as a late-comer to meals, and incidentally, as its finest gentleman. He leaves Hamilton hopefully confident that somewhere in this world he can find "real" economy, and a beautiful, intelligent woman who will mend his size 13 socks and care for his bird-dogs.

KENNETH JON KAZANJIAN

New Hartford, New York

I.R.C. 4; Young Republican Club 2, 3.

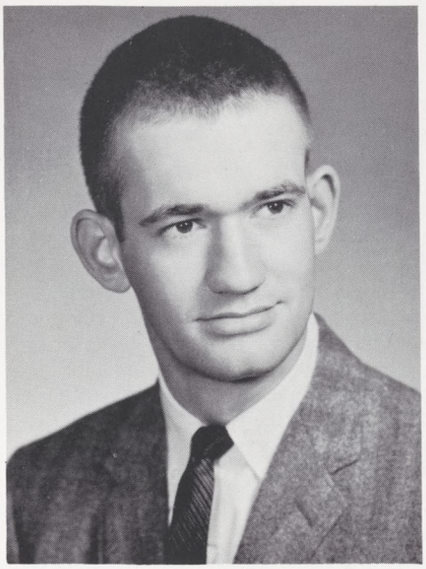
Hamilton College received the largest addition to its physical plant four years ago when Ken arrived at North Dorm. His naiveté that year was only surpassed by his failure to master the fundamentals of the English language. No one was more astonished that year than Ken when the *Spectator* announced that he would be the starting catcher on the baseball team. Sophomore year saw Ken move into Carnegie armed with his *Odyssey Handbook of Grammar*, prepared for his final assault on the English Department. An almost disastrous encounter with a mouse and an occasional rendezvous at the local tavern brought Ken into contact with the more corrupting influences of life. His determination to improvise on the theme of *Blackboard Jungle* and his desire to make his first million before he was married, convinced Ken to teach American History in a typical "spindle" fashion. His ambition is to find three reasons for the high tariff on oriental rugs and four causes for the growth of Arab unity. Ken leaves Hamilton with the voice of his friends echoing throughout North Dorm, "Good luck, daddy-o."

PAUL WELLS KREMER **Alpha Delta Phi**

Eggertsville, New York

Soccer 1, 2, 3; Golf 1, 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Husband 4.

Matriculating to the home of loyal steadfast men from the sacrosanct walls of Amherst Central, Wells began his college career with an unblemished record. His extra-curricular interests began that memorable eve when King fastened his pin on Barbara. As our stallion wandered into the pastures of co-education, he left behind him any previous interest in med. school. Subsequent diversions were interspersed with soccer and golf. Wells returned in the fall of his senior year and announced his engagement to Gail. Under her steadying influence many trips to 'cuse seemed mandatory. Those frequent trips, however, did not prevent him from getting on credit (perhaps they aided him) and deftly fulfilling the responsibilities of being the Choir's concert manager. His obligations to the musical world necessitated a memorable seance on the Choir's future activities with a representative from Gillett & Co. Wells leaves the Phi as a mellowed Blatz drinker and an aspiring family man, confident that he can conquer that unfriendly business world with his silver tongue at the nineteenth hole.

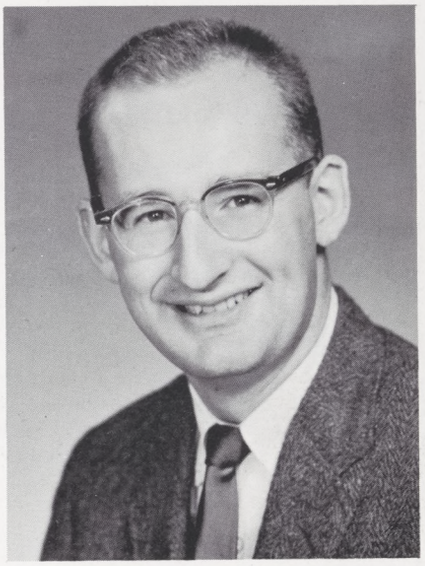


WALTER T. LANE **Gryphon**

Pleasant Valley, New York

Student Senate 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; Campus Fund 4; Swimming 1.

The pleasant Thin Man from Pleasant Valley pulled in four years ago with his ukulele and knit tie firmly in hand, and, despite the intervening tribulations and vexations of the academic rigor, they are still there. Walt may have changed, but the world has changed more. Naturally, there were times when the ukulele was changed for a small "furrin" steering wheel, or when the knit tie was replaced by a book or a bottle or a like diversion, but the overall scene was, as it should be, continuous. A devoted advocate of the gentlemanly C and certain female institutions near the Massachusetts Turnpike, Wally will be well remembered for his spirit. The bowling team will long miss his good arm—and his Renault—and the parties will seem to drag without the industrious song-leading of our W. T. But the inevitable ticking of the big clock upstairs still goes on, and college draws to a close. To Walt, bound for grad school and marriage and who knows what else, go our heartiest farewells and thanks and our hope that wherever the Renault may point her snout, her driver will find happiness there.

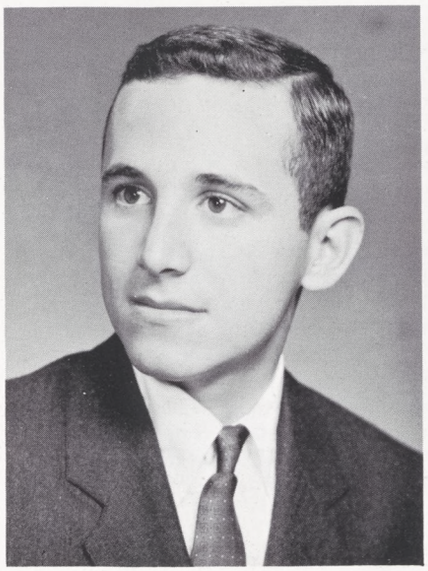


DANIEL J. LANGAN, JR. **Chi Psi**

Kinderhook, New York

SPECTATOR 2, 3; Track Manager 1, 2, 3; Cross Country Manager 3; I.R.C. 2; Newman Club 1, 2, 3; French Club 4; Debate Club 4.

The only freshman ever to be mistaken for a professor, Kinderhook's answer to Perry Como, Yul Brynner, and Fulton Sheen came blasting up the Hill one fine fall day in his '37 Ford to begin a new career. Possessing the amazing ability to "express himself" (which he undoubtedly acquired on the farm), "Deep River" forsook the obvious course of majoring in poli. sci. and turned his attention to teeth, test tubes and testosterone. After completing a course with Rocky, our budding Dr. Lyons, intent on getting ahead, drilled vicariously with the help of an electric clipper. Keen on practicing what Daddy Hess had preached, pipe in one hand and Badge firmly in the other, he led innumerable excursions to Caz for experimental purposes. Not content with these exploits, Lewgan sublimated his desires, received a vote of confidence from the Lodge, and obtained the keys to the pantry. Equipped with a golden voice, a fast alarm clock, the Wizard's suggestions, and the cook's daughter, he ran the Board department with an iron hand. Now he leaves Hamilton with a lot less hair, but a lot more knowledge, intent on pulling people's teeth as well as their legs.

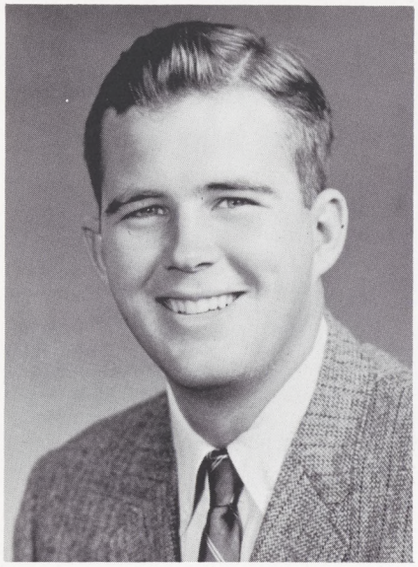


SAMUEL K. LEVENE **Psi Upsilon**

Binghamton, New York

I.R.C. 1, 2, 4; French Club 1, 2, 4; Golf 1, 2, 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4.

"Thwock! There it goes, fans. What a drive! It looks as though. . . . Yes, fans, Kim Levene has maimed yet another Crane Dairy cow." From the wilds of the north-eastern part of south-western central Binghamton emerges Kim Levene. He's lost his golf ball. No more time to search, my boy. Go to college. And go to college he did. Kim made the Dean's List, the farmers' daughters and the Hamilton Home for Incipient Bald. The first two years at Hamilton went quickly for Kim. His old golf ball never turned up (although they gave him a letter for trying). And then came: "Can I go to France, huh, Mr. Moraud, please?" Hamilton had inflicted its favorite son on the Rue Cujas and the Tour Eiffel. "*J'entre dans la salle de classe. Je cherche ma balle. Je prend ma place devant Marie.*" And so Kim returned from sunny Frawnce. He hadn't found his golf ball, but by heck he sure smelled of garlic. What's left? After the Hill, Kim plans an attack upon law school and then some comely Portia.



PHILIP SHUMWAY LORD, JR. **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Garden City, New York

Tennis 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Squash 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; Intramural Council 4; Spanish Club 1, 2.

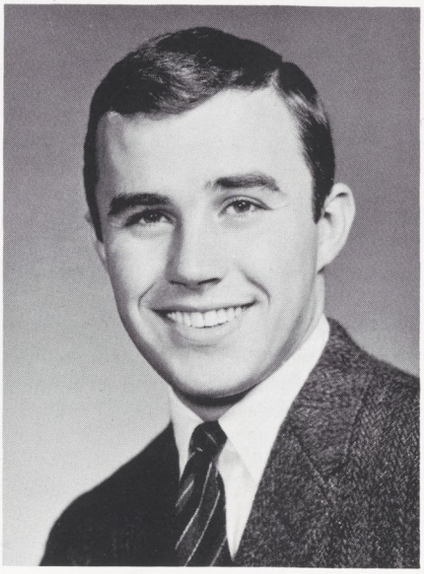
In September 1955 "the wily Lord with a knowing grin" blessed the Hamster campus with his racquet personality. This Garden City tennis ace immediately made a name for himself on both the tennis and the squash courts by bewildering his opponents with his overwhelming and "wicious" serves. After this first arrival of the Stone-like Lord on the campus, the Tau Steward condescended to attempt to fulfill the arduous job of filling the limitless paunch of this new animal. Soon the Shumway stuffed himself behind the wheel of the historical "Shum-mobile" and began to terrorize women at all points between Elmira and Skidmore. The gallant Olds could not keep up with the exhausting pace of its master and was soon replaced by the custom painted "Green Machine." This mobile legally made its home in the Tau lot and was destined to burn the roads between Clinton and 'Cuse for the remainder of its master's residence on the premises. Phil's future looks very promising to those who have witnessed his amazing credit-able finish at Halls of Carissima. We know that Shum has a good start toward success in the "Cold Cold World" by having such a great partner.

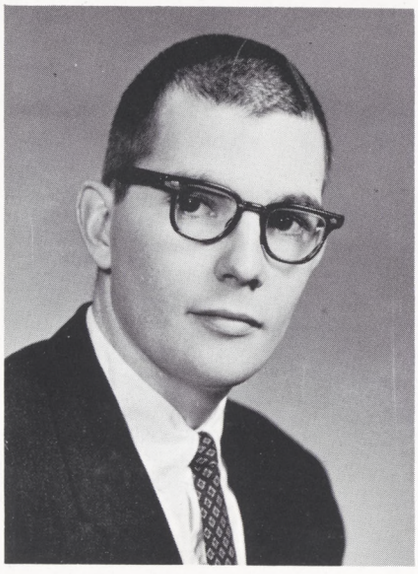
PHILIP SOUTHWORTH LORD **Alpha Delta Phi**

Tuckahoe, New York

Track 2; I.R.C. 2; Apathy 4.

It has often been said that Phil joined Alpha Delt because he believed it to mean "pad" in Greek. Despite this primary disillusionment, Phil, as his waistline grew and head grayed, won the admiration of the brothers so that he was a natural choice for the vice-presidency and chief-channel-changing job senior year. The little fella, in his colossal blue tank (he would prefer touring car) has likewise won the admiration of numerous jeunes filles from The Lafayette to Skidmore. None of these demoiselles, however, can inspire our unmoved mover to more than, "Oh yeah, she's all right." Showing versatility, the little cosmopolitan, who played it cool throughout Europe, turned clod one summer to pour cement at the Seaway. Massena will long remember Phillippe as the man who invented the Sunday morning "walk off." Hamilton, however, will remember Phil for his bouncing gait and uncanny ability to murder a joke.

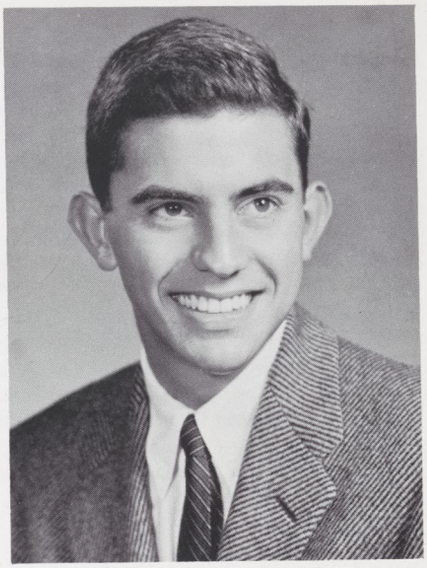




DAVID OWEN LYON **Alpha Delta Phi**

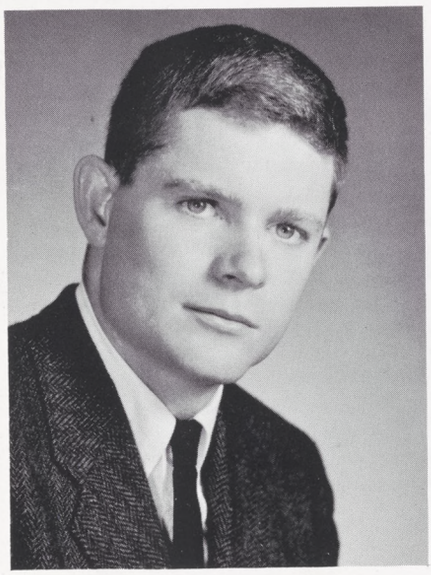
Horsham, Pennsylvania

After four very successful years as a B.M.O.C. in high school, Dave decided to give Ham. Coll. a try. The great fall came as a result of not making the football team, the basketball team, or the German team. This all proved quite perplexing, until he suddenly discovered the RATS. Between the Wistars, the pots, and an occasional club opener, the Mouse has managed to recover fully from his Frosh disillusionment. Junior year his interests became centered in a certain, green, nondescript Dodge, for which he was proud to announce one day that he had purchased, at great monetary saving, a set of second hand, used, re-re-re-treads. The problems with the newer Mouse-mobile have not diminished in the least. Between the life-giving Schilling battery-charger, the "green thing," and the trunk tire, however, it manages to keep afloat. So now Mousie is off to weigh the rats in Bloomington hand in hand with Minnie. If he can only keep his mind off the guy with the fast draw, and stay out of Biology libraries at four in the morning, we are sure that the world of reaction time and neuroses will reap great benefits from Sigmund Goren Mouse.



MICHAEL MAGZIS **Psi Upsilon**

Black Magic sped sleepily up College Hill Road a few falls ago, yawningly lit the first of an incredibly endless supply of Luckies, and observed that Hamilton was delightfully apathetic. His first year proceeded with a maximum of inactivity until a chance meeting with a lady of somewhat tarnished reputation reminded him of *la difference*. Sophomore year found him sandwiched between the Great Amoralist and the Great Irish Prude, but, remembering *la difference* and careful to offend neither, Miguel selected the golden mean of immoralism. An atrociously colored roadster rolled ominously in all directions and, apathy and skepticism notwithstanding, he attained happiness. But after a traumatic shock and an ill-fated fiasco with a religious zealot combined to restrain his interest, Il Raton looked to other fields for happiness. Skeptically rejecting scholastic interests or the eating club as the true *summum bonum*, Magic again sought the road. Finding the auto without petrol in Aurora, he stopped, looked once or twice, and considered forsaking the Hill for the Lake. Who, after that, could say he knew Mike? After all, he left Aurora only to bring Jascha papers "worth reading," and to acquire enough cash at the table to once more ride into the west.



PETER T. MARCY **Theta Delta Chi**

Fayetteville, New York

Hamilton Literary Society 3, President 4; Philosophy Club 4; Student Curriculum Committee 4; Squash 3, 4; Campus Fund 1, 2; Swordsmen 3½; Democrat 1, 2, 3, 4.

"It all goes back to Orpheus. . . ." And with this the Grand Lodge gave up. Peter Marcy triumphs again. But thwarting Grand Lodges is not all at which Peter has triumphed. In academics he was topped by no one except married people and pedants. He never really considered grades in themselves as important, until Digger . . . But it was all in fun and on principle. Peter also triumphed over something somewhere in Florida, although the subject of the conquest has never made herself known to the House. In his last year Peter, as a proctor, had charge of a dozen or so little bundles of energy into which he tried to instill an early disillusionment in order to cushion the shock later on in life. But most of them resisted, and Peter went back to his tracing of time. If his fondest hopes are realized, he will be reading this while in a graduate school of history this fall.

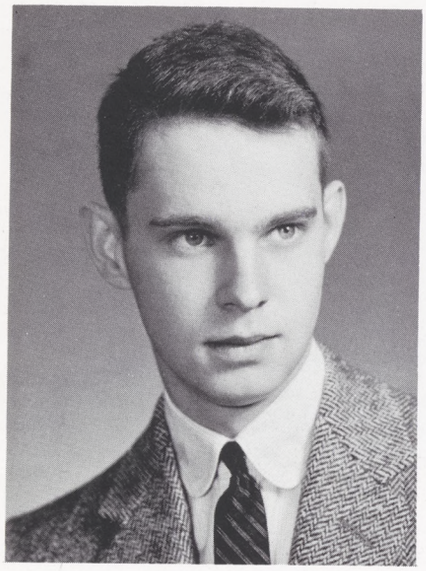
JOHN MILLS MARTIN **Psi Upsilon**

Fresh out of New England's most obscure prep school, The Spectre arrived at Hamilton as an embryonic artist. Cherishing the dream of penning the great American novel, he spurned Seminar's beguiling advances, and instead elected to practice his writing in 11-12. But alas! The aspiring James Joyce could never reconcile himself to the stark realities of mundane composition. Angered by the radical new criticism of the local scholars, Jacques determined that he would never again bring pen to pad. Despite the temporary defeat, he remained undaunted, and decided to assume the guise of the scientist. Seeking to unravel the mystery of human existence (and all related problems), The Spectre began to haunt the lab, sometimes remaining there for days on end and emerging only for an occasional houseparty. Indeed, it was at those very houseparties that The Spectre shone. Whether playing the Messiah, strumming the bass, or engaging rapt and charming damselles with his spirited conversation, John was, at least, a bit of civilization amidst organized chaos. With his sheepskin tucked neatly in his Brooks Brothers suit, John leaves his beloved Clinton followed by a million white rats to Creedmoor.

BRUCE McGRATH **Delta Phi**

Schenectady, New York

Mac arrived (garlanded) bearing ribs and juice and singing a Song of Innocence. He left singing a Song of Experience. But Song of Myself was the perennial favorite. Having spent his first year in the comparative obscurity of physical conformity, Lou broadened himself in the second and nearly met his Nemesis. His Grecian patron made it possible for him to play the role of gracious host. He spent his latter years in revolt (some said he was revolting) and finally left (to everyone's astonishment) shorn and a little subdued. One Winter he went into seclusion and made a penetrating study of contemporary literature. He was seen to emerge in the Spring in a state of intellectual heat. Finding both the Lost Generation and the Beat Generation lacking, he gave birth to his own movement—the D-generation. But all was not seriousness with the Sot and though he spent considerable time spreading sweetness and light in Pete's Pub and elsewhere with his reprobate travelling companion and the battered Plymouth, The Grand Jester found time for an occasional house party. ("Imitation . . . pilot going into a dive . . . Swish it, Mickey . . . Marching through Africa. . . .") He leaves behind him several memories (some of them pleasant) and a pile of rubble in 408 North.

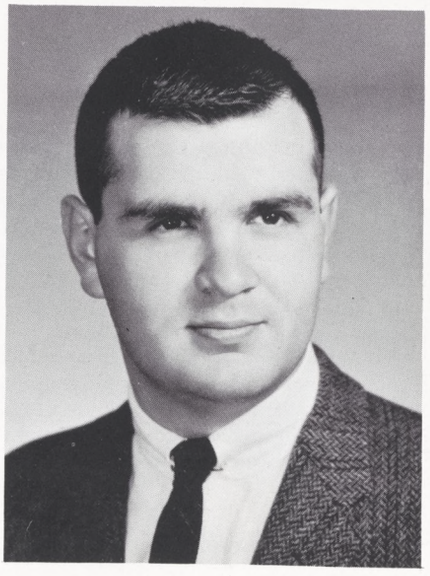


PHILIP BARTLETT MEAD **Emerson Literary Society**

Delmar, New York

Choir 1, 2; Class Secretary 3; McKinney Prize Speaker 2; Catatonic Five 1, 2, 3; Student Senate Secretary 4; Monk 1, 2, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa 4.

The little man blasted his way to Hamilton College in an effort to become another Dr. Kildare; although he still lacks a wheel chair, he has garnered several injuries while attempting to bend the elbow and remain in a vertical position. With an acceptance to Cornell med. school and an ardent enthusiasm for alcohol, Phil seems destined to reach his goal. The desire to win Miss Clap overcame Phil on several weekends, but after the inevitable conquest, he was able to concentrate on defending the Student Senate and playing Kleebob. After the Catatonic Five disbanded Pilsner was lost. He enrolled in the experimental psychology course, hoping to experiment with the effects of alcohol on the female's response rate. The psychology department calmly recommended that he work with the effects of sucrose on rats. Phil has handled his disappointments well, for his youthful optimism has preserved his hopes that the stories he has heard about nurses are valid. Phil's red ears, risque stories, and shouts of C.L. will be missed, but we are certain that his numerous talents may be more justly applied in the field of medicine.

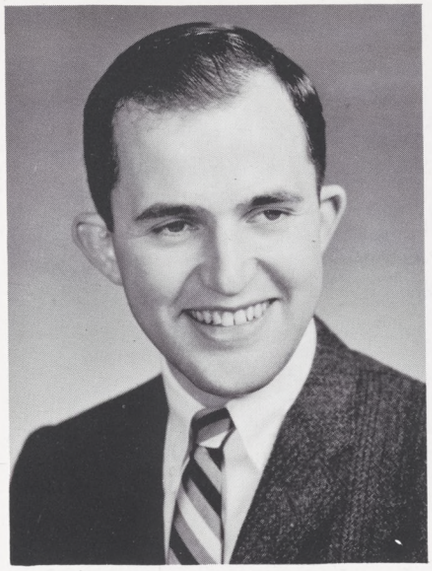


TERENCE JOHN MEYER **Delta Phi**

Hawthorne, New Jersey

French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; HAMILTONIAN 3, 4; WHC 4.

Looking benignly down on Hamster's scurryings for four years, The Master Social Chairman occasionally came down to the common level—if only to squeeze himself and his Exacta into his '48 Toy Car. Hamilton's only truly Wagnerian senior, our strange amalgam of *leitmotives* and *idee fixes* saw several lights at Hamilton, not the least of which indicated the inadvisability of the Teutonic world of science, and the suitability of the French Romantic world of Berlioz and, alas, the Uff. The extra time gave the house cantor opportunity to display his Machiavellian abilities in administrative reigns, in the French Club and his fraternity, unparalleled in their efficacy, if not also in their densely sylvan atmosphere . . . Above all it must be noted: Ter's watchword is Discrimination—a realistic ability to discern the finer things in life. Leaving Hamilton with sheepskin in one hand, *Liberté* schedule in the other; the stock exchange on his mind, Palestrina and Debussy in his heart; with pity; the large one moves on to lend the pleasure of his company to a society which cannot but appreciate him. We wish we could go with him . . .



JOHN S. MILLER **Delta Upsilon**

Crown Point, New York

Class Vice-president 2; Debate Club 2, 3; Augean Stable 1, 2, 3, 4.

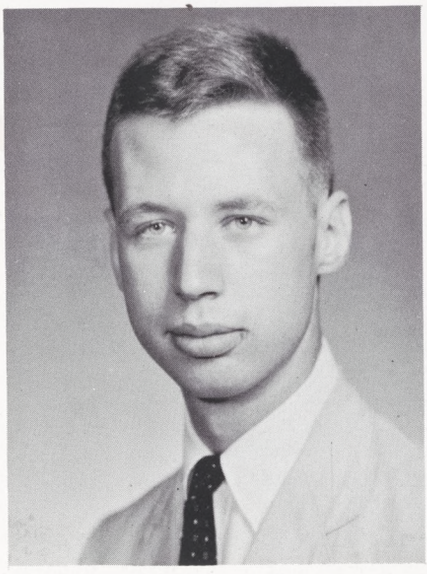
Four years ago Jack donned a pair of cross country skis and made his way down to civilization for a sojourn at Hamilton. After an unfortunate first year in Carnegie with Stud, Jack ensconced himself in 112-A Middle from whence he has refused to emerge. The room became virtually a palace where Jack has entertained countless House dignitaries with strong drink and an occasional cheese. His only trouble lives next door. While he has never resided at D.U., Jack will go down in the books as a memorable house manager and his desk drawer will show how discriminating he was in getting tools (for the house). Still, when it comes to making decisions in House policy, Jack is a Beacon that the brothers follow. Next year Jack will be able to transform his Hamilton Gobble into a Wah-hoo-Wah for old Virginia Law School.

RALPH BALDWIN MOORE **Chi Psi**

Elmira, New York

Pentagon; Was Los; Class President 4; Vice President Student Senate 4; Elections Committee Chairman; Judiciary Committee; J.V. Basketball 1; Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3; Choir 2, 4; Intramural Council 2, 3, Chairman 3; Biology Club 4; Campus Fund 1, 2, 3; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 4.

Used to being successful, the wunderkind from Elmira Free Academy quickly asserted himself at Hamilton College. He sang, ran the mile, debated, attacked rats, and in his senior year was elected class president. Even our bonded basketball coach was amazed at Ralph's drive, and in the last game his drive paid off as he started and finished the pre-game warm up. Ralph, believe it or not, had time for social life. He developed a great interest in perpetuating the "B" & "C" combination, which made all of his rats jealous, and as head of the class planted a tweak on the Junior Prom queen. Unless picked up by the Harlem Globe Trotters, Baldy dribbles his way to Rochester Medical School where *Sports Illustrated*, flicks, ping pong, and politics will be forsaken for his lifelong ambition—rodent butcher.

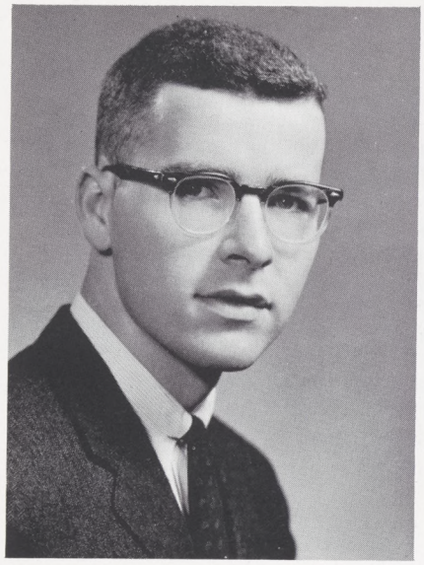


WILLIAM ANDERSON MOULD **Squires**

Binghamton, New York

I.R.C. 1, 2, 3; Charlatans 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Vous Douze 4.

Concealing his noble birth, Louis XXIV arrived incognito under the ignominious cognomen of Mouldy. Contact with Fay-ro forced him to reveal his true identity, an honor from which the Hill has not yet recovered. Bored with the role of pretender, he exchanged the *fleur-de-lis* for the imperial eagle. Hail Divinity! Abandoning books for bottles and *bibliotheque* for bridge, Bill espoused the bacchanale. Sophomore year saw the beginning of the France Fund and the end of Sylvia. Junior year saw the end of the France Fund ("I'm subsidizing the wine industry") and the end of Diane. That Nero, Apollo, and Wizard of Ours made his off-Broadway triumph at the Colledge and returned to collapse, exhausted, into a sea of pillows. Beating his breast and expounding to the Knights, Squires, and Peasants, Divin swept majestically into his Senior year straddling a wine glass. Decorating his room with *objets d'art* from exotic corners of the world, Mould shocked Ham Coll out of its intellectual torpor by getting pinned—for a week and a day. The Fates decreed an end behind arras. With a disjointed jaw and a volume of Nostradamus under his arm, Bill departs to claim his birthright from General de Gaulle.



DANIEL ROGER MURDOCK — **Emerson Literary Society**

Commack, New York

Pentagon; Was Los; DT; SPECTATOR 2, News Editor 3, Editor-in-Chief 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, Executive Committee 4; Class President 2; Student Council 2; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Publications Board 4; McKinney Prize Speaking Contest 1; McKinney Prize Debate 4; Clark Prize Oratorical Contest 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES; Cobb, Dean Alfange, Kellogg essay prizes; Pi Delta Epsilon 4.

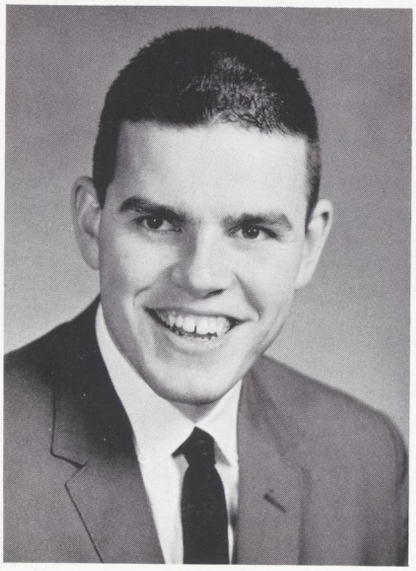
S. Murdock arrived at the Sacred Grove with calloused hands and bright eyes. Exchanging coveralls and hammer for tweed and gavel, Scotty went on active duty although he was also an observant spectator. Coupling his ability to philosophize Blythly with his forensic skill, Murdo took his stand and took it well ("A house divided against itself. . . ."). Haunted for four years by his bleary-eyed vision of the Mold, Demosthenes Darrow was at last seen scrapping his dream for reality. Knowledgeable And Youthful, he leaves in search of precedents. Certain echoes remain: "No kidding, this weekend I'm going to *sleep*. . . . only seven more books to read between now and nine tomorrow morning. . . . Sir, if you could only give me an extension. . . . Hey! I think I'm disenchanted. . . . And this is Pearl Street. . . . Black coffee, please. . . ."

J. DAVID NAGY — **Emerson Literary Society**

Buffalo, New York

SPECTATOR 2, 3, Senior Editor 4; Press Board 2, 3, Manager 4; Pi Delta Epsilon 4; Tweed Ring 3, Boss Tweed 4; ROYAL GABOON 3; Soccer 1.

In future years the following experimental report will be unearthed in the Science Building: CLINICAL FORMATION OF TWEED. *Purpose:* To synthesize a creature, genus: *coolatum snowarum*, species: tweed. *Apparatus:* Bennett High School youth, Brooks Brothers *manipulandum*, "silent" alarm clock, midnight oil, blue mercuric ointment. *Procedure:* The starting reactant was placed in a tower and subjected to seminar English themes for 8 months. When sufficient tiredness was induced, and after one year of seasoning in wards of Carnegie Hospital for curable diseases, the subject was incorporated into the denim-clad, workshoe-shod population of ELS, suitable precautions being taken so contamination would not occur. *Observations:* Appreciable sleeplessness observed throughout. Violent reactions occurred between the subject and the Doe, Marta and Georgine solutions. The Dibbey solutions yielded on reaction whatever. Snow was a reaction product in all cases. *Results:* Under the above conditions a generally suave, disease-resistant, intelligent, mature, tired tweed can be induced.

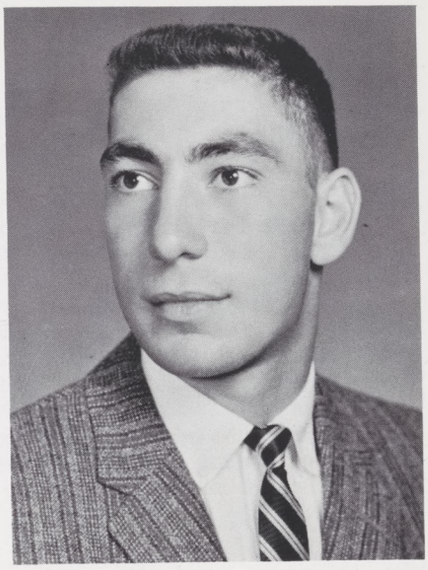


JOHN F. NAYLOR — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Newburgh, New York

Phi Beta Kappa; SPECTATOR 2, 3, Senior Editor 4; Park Aloof Society 3, 4; McKinney Prize Speaker 3; Clark Prize Orator 4; Newman Club 1, 2; Lacrosse 2, 3; Dormitory Advisor 3, 4.

During one of Tekedom's more literary moments of 1955, Big John was dubbed "Lennie." For a while it was feared that he would out-Steinbeck his tutors' fondest dreams, but Wulsch, Cramp, and Williams to the contrary, virtue prevailed, Connor narrowly escaped martyrdom, and John was left with a taste in the mouth which, for the sake of propriety, had best be called the Bitter Taste of Calculus Nearly Unconquered. So, dismissing conviviality his freshman year, John quickly dismissed fraternity the next and fled to the Hill to "advise" unsuspecting frosh. Needless to say, nothing, including Uncle Sid, could calm South. Tapped by the Teke Bridge Club and the Park Aloof Society, John climaxed his junior year with a meteoric rise in journalistic circles. Honors dismissed, John concluded by dismissing everything but Vassar, the Park, and "obviously," history with a digger. John, in turn, was dismissed, too. To this mutuality of feeling, we suspect, John winks a satisfied and tearful eye, as he departs for Harvard.

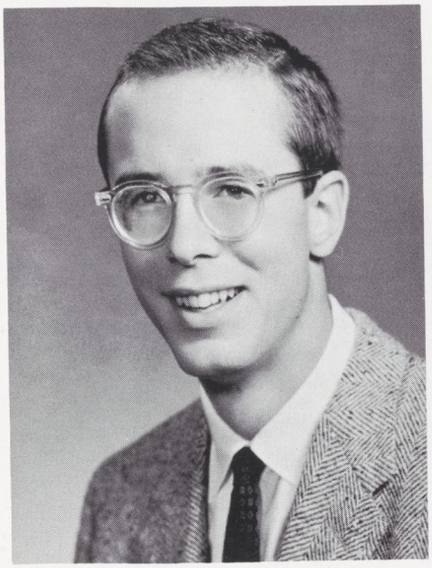


JOSEPH R. NICOLETTE — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Frankfort, New York

Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Spanish Club 1, 2, 3; Newman Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, Vice-president 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; A.A. 4.

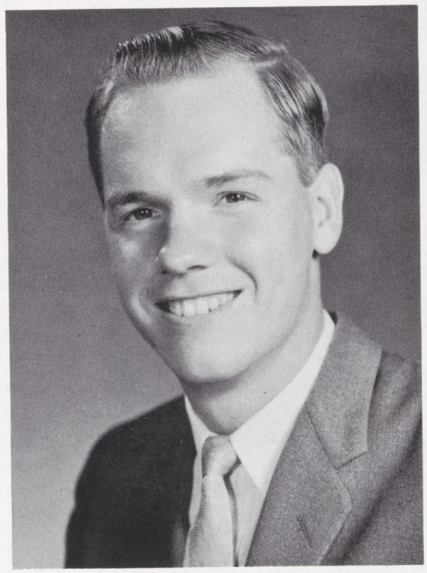
Haunted by the screams of unwanted Children, The Dashing Dago leaped into the blue bug and raced from "The Town With a Future" with his few possessions—a football, a crumpled baseball glove, and a hideous two button sport coat. Following his nose, Black Nick soon arrived at his destination, where Anna, Joe, Stella and Stevie welcomed him with open doors. Throughout his four years on the outskirts of Clinton, he made occasional trips to the Hill. Nick had two great loves—thinking and puellae, both of which he indulged in to excess. On frequent return trips to his original base of operations, the Sicilian Bandit went incognito. He passed ungreeted among the populus in his button-down shirt (collar turned down), rep tie and three-button sport coat. Nevertheless, Mitch would swear on a bottle of scotch that someone answering to his description had consumed five pitchers of beer and carried a frightened female to his waiting car. As the cross-fingered faculty see the Nick pushing his cart down the hill for the last time, a last word alights on their hopeful ears, "Ah—what the Hell ya gonna do?"



DAVID MacKELLAR OSTROM, II — **Emerson Literary Society**

Spanish Club 1, 2; Track 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 3, 4; Monk 3, 4.

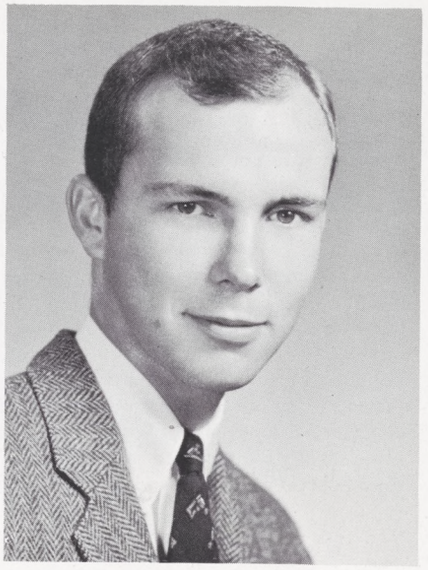
The Bigman arrived at Hamilton, bought two pairs of boots (for work and for dress), grew respectable sideburns, and began being well rounded. A year at the gaming tables sufficed to perfect this facet of his personality, so he played two more hands of poker, won enough furniture to fill his striped-wall den, and began work in another area. The love of rock 'n' roll and the ever-present Ford were still in evidence, but the boots had been replaced (for the most part) with shined cords, and when the sideburns had been scraped away a Jock H sweater was donned. Joe College, minus prayer shawl, had arrived. When not planning and executing houseparties that kept the house from becoming a literary society ("We're having 26 halves of Ballantine and 3 pints of scotch"), bolstering the Continental track team ("Steve's a nice guy but he should learn how to place the crossbar"), and waiting ("Is my finger really in your glass"), the tall one wandered about the countryside. Dave leaves Hamilton with a battered rock hammer, an inadequate knowledge of genetics, sole responsibility for the infamous senior party and, hopefully, a sheepskin.



ROBERT DIXON PATTON — **Psi Upsilon**

Cross-Country 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Block H 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Curriculum Committee 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa 3, 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 3.

Bob is no longer the innocent youth he was when he hit the Hill four years ago. A man with high ambitions and hopes, he is about to enter into wedlock and Medical school. He achieved much of this despite the unfavorable atmosphere (for studying, that is) of the "cave" and its inhabitants. In between trips to Rochester and library stacks, "Putt-Putt" has found a few hours each day to devote to the manly art of running faster than the next guy. "Putt-Putt" received an "A" for effort one day when it was discovered that he had been running on a broken leg. A teetotaler, Bacchus once successfully tempted this innocent youth. Now Bob is a steady customer for the Canada Dry Company. Bob is also known for the sound advice given as Scholastic chairman of the House. When asked how to study for a test, Bob replied: "If you go into the test knowing everything, you shouldn't have too much trouble." Even an honor average cannot seem to help him remember where he put his pencil, which is usually perched behind one ear. Minor details such as missing pencils and the like are not destined to keep Bob from realizing his great potential.

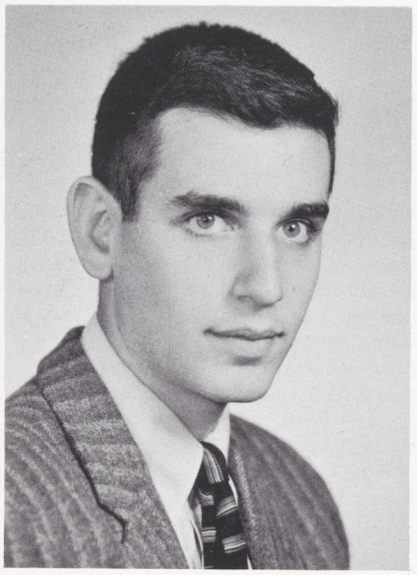


ALBERT F. POLK, JR. **Theta Delta Chi**

Dayton, Ohio

Lacrosse 1, 2; Nous Onze 4; Student Senate 3, 4; Swordsmen 4.

On his way home for vacation from Andover, Smokey stopped off at Hamilton to attend college. He came to Clinton with the illusion that the track around the football field was for horses and the hockey building a glass-enclosed set of stalls. When he found out different he, as most disillusioned physical chemistry majors do, tried to find consolation in the study of veterinary medicine. Smoke tried twice at Chip's version of lacrosse, but failed. This drove him to an equally unfruitful attempt at golf. Finally, he turned to politics, and halfway through his junior year he came to the attention of political bosses who hired enough votes to get him elected House President. Much to the disappointment of disgruntled ward heelers, Smokey did not use his office to party advantage but ran as fair an administration as Psi has ever seen within the past few years. Partly due to the low company he keeps, Smokey's romantic ventures abroad have, for the most part, ended in dismal failure. But we hope that he has shaken this company by now and is well on the way to Sweetbriar and social re-adjustment.

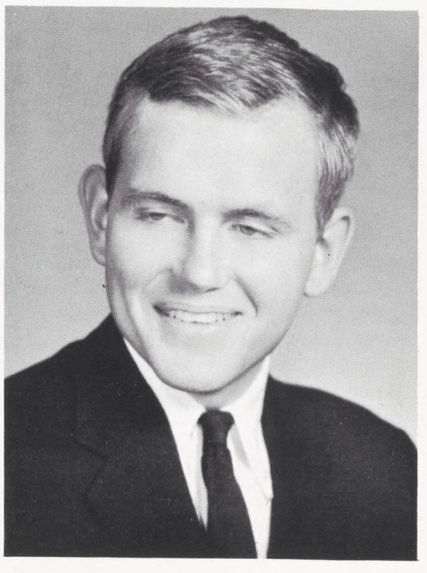


JAY MARTIN POMERANTZ **Squires**

Waterbury, Connecticut

Outing Club 1, 2, 3, President 2; Debate Club 1; Campus Fund 2; Biology Club 3, 4.

Jay's speeches against the majority combined with a smile that always seemed to imply that only you and he were right managed to propel him into the offices of Social Chairman and Vice President of Squires. His first office brought institutions such as the Pajama Party and the Beer Shower (both now deinstituted) to the club. Once freed from the nightmares of unmarried chaperones, fictitious date lists, and missing bottles of vodka, however, he made a lasting contribution—the vice president's job must be a sinecure reserved for a deserving junior pre-med. We cannot let him leave, however, without recording for posterity that Jay, while serving as the last president of the "old" Outing Club, led six girl-starved freshmen and one now departed senior on a twenty-mile bicycle trip along some deserted, winding mountain road to a place appropriately called Hicksville where all were revived by ten Cazenovia maidens who had wisely come by taxi. In June, the house loses a spirited soul to Yale Medical School.

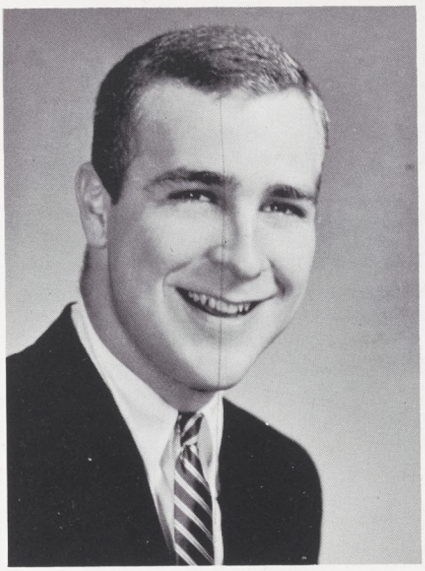


WILLIAM E. POOLE, III **Chi Psi**

Springfield, Missouri

Spanish Club 1, 2; Cross Country 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Captain 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Wearing his camel hair rug and lugging a fifty pound moose head under one arm, his other hand offering a full case of coke through the taxi window to the driver, Cess was first heard on the campus exclaiming, "What d'ya think I'm trying to do, screw ya?" With his ruffled hair, baby-blue eyes and disarming smile, Poole-boy squirmed his way into Josh Kessler's office ("By Appointment Only"), Peabody Hall, the Chi Psi spook room and Gene Long's arms. During his first three years Bill derived his energy from a good heaping cup of Crushed Bone Meal and four square inches of Major Hoople per day. Then, lowenbeholdsberg, unaware that he had been the cause of several girls' disillusionment into sudden marriage, Bill, perched atop a ladder somewhere in Michigan, picking cherries at eighteen cents an hour, reached puberty. Now a devout pragmatist, he plans to make "A Career in Business," has no desire whatever to run a four-minute mile, has been seen gritting his teeth in anger and actually has been heard exclaiming with passion that Eudora Welty isn't perfect! And now looking at labor relations from the business side, Bill faces Missoo and a chubby world.

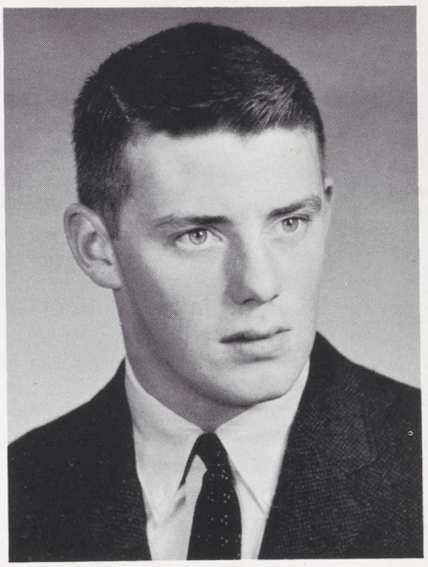


G. BRUCE PORTER — **Theta Delta Chi**

Kensington, Connecticut

Hockey 3; Baseball 2, 3; Jolly Fingers 3; Nous Onze 4; Swordsmen 4.

Out of the vastness of space and time appeared "Shark"—so bestial, so frightening, and yet so grand. Bruce's quest to civilize himself became apparent in his sophomore year when he acquired his infamous "Oriskany Stud Farms" station wagon. This machine, like all of Bruce's machines, had a fast, furious and short life. Its inability to endure long forages to Skidmore and Vassar led Bruce to the Haitian Sports Dispatcher. Besides his penchant for terrorizing Vassar, Bruce has no small talent for gleaning pearls of wisdom from the odds and ends of a maladjusted humanity. Though he has gloriously defied irksome academic regulations like class attendance and exams, Bruce knows the joys of learning as well as the short cut to Elysium via Citronic Elixir. His literary revelation of a social conscience came to the surface in his exposé of the notorious Ned Whisper, '05. Underneath a polite disdain for most things that breathe and an abhorrence for the superficiality of folly lies Bruce's conviction that "vice is nice and virtue will hurt you."

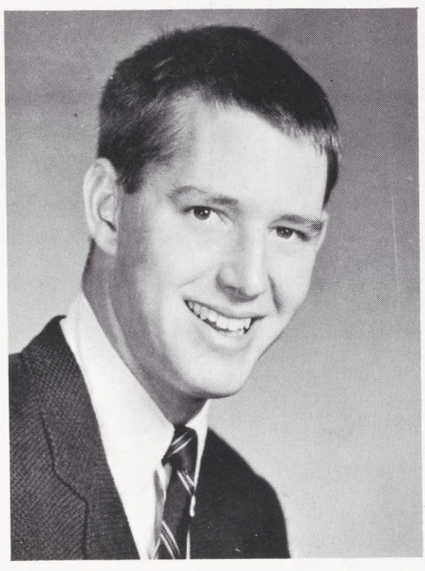


CRAIG L. PRITCHARD — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Johnson City, New York

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Charlatans 1, 2, 3, 4; Brass Ensemble 3, 4; WHC 4; Inner Circle 3, 4; Cushing Club 2, 3, 4; Probation Club 2, 4.

After four years of hanging over Hamilton's academic ravine (while steel-shod faculty ineffectually stamped on his fingers), the Ace nimbly pulled himself to *Terra Substantia* and joined the hundred and forty odd sheepskin herders. Following three semesters' tending to not a few ewes, Pritch dipped into the Beer Baron's reservoir of horned intelligencia and managed to ladle out an uninhabiter Sister and later a Ray of Hope, both of whom have taxed his brain, robbed his sleep, and kept him generally dimeless but smiling. After two years of blowing his valved conch shell in various collapsing (and unintentionally madrigal) orchestras, Pritch, to the delight of his more Purcellian elders, classicized tone, tongue, and digits and became first conch in Smith's *molluska musicorum*. But to the chagrin of those who believe the craggy, sub-zero environment of the shepherd to be ideal, the more epicurean Pritchard has been seen dreaming of sand, sea-water, and a life of raising breadfruit and papayas, while occasionally surfboarding past boatloads of milk-drinking organization men.



THOMAS R. PUTNAM — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Scarsdale, New York

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; HAMILTONIAN 1, 2, 3, 4; Chapel Board 2, 3; Social Committee 3, 4.

Put came to Hamilton in The White Ford, determined to live down Scarsdale, the Madison Avenue bourgeoisie, and Dixieland. In doing so, he has managed to teach the Choir to like modern jazz, memorize the *B Minor Mass*, bring controversy to Social Committee Jazz Concerts, and read parts of *Pamela*. He owns every recording Boyd Rayburn has ever made, and plans to establish a trust fund to guarantee Rayburn's appearance at every Winter Carnival. His dates have all been psychopathic; one, it is rumored, has been preserved in a snowbank outside Carnegie, and will be generously donated to the Science department. D. H. Lawrence, Bird, and gin-and-tonic are the ingredients of his cultural diet, which has produced an almost indestructible laugh and tremendous musicianship. He is probably the only person ever to become a social, or conscientiously objecting, member of Nous Onze. Put will undoubtedly be a total failure, but, man, if you have a grey sweat shirt and a horn, what need you?

ALAN L. REED, JR. **Alpha Delta Phi**

Chatham, New Jersey

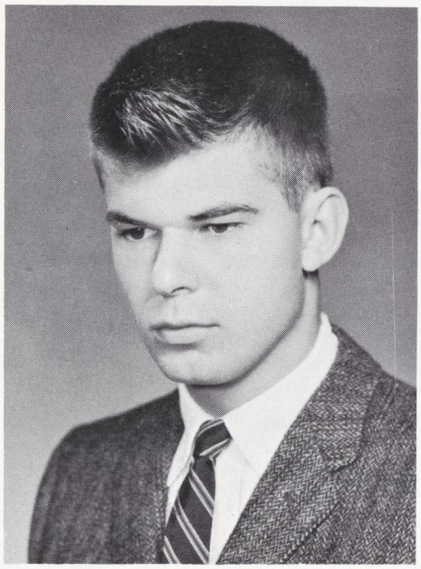
Basketball 1, 2; Golf 1, 2; Oren Root Prize Scholarship 2; Huntington Memorial Mathematical Scholarship 3; Tompkins Prize in Mathematics 3.

From the depths of the Whitney Point pool halls came Reeder, his Ford, and a pool cue. It's not like home, but between Goren, the flicks, and Ann, Reeder found time to help Ken "shape up" his basketball squad, show Don how to correct a slice, and then retire to the confines of the AD bridge table. Reeder will always be remembered because he helped us acquire a pool table and the bottom of the scholastic ladder, but it's not all his fault, because he was always on credit. As our Superintendent of Linen, he would be known on occasion to work, but his nomination speech for Ralph was superb. Reeder leaves for Chatham and Ann, but his pool table is a lasting monument—until the Trustees find it. There'll be a new place at the bridge table and one less for Frau's "fries," but Reeder leaves for greater glory.

PAUL PARKE RHYMER **Psi Upsilon**

Chicago, Illinois

"Gollywobbles, fellas! Does Hamilton College really have a gymnasium all of its very own?" What a naïve boy Rhymo was. (They never called him "Rhymo" but the kid has to be immortalized somehow.) He amazed his freshman mates in 20 South by knowing no one in Scarsdale, by charming each and every one of his blind dates, and by his ability to quaff endless carmine liters of peasant wine. So what, you say? You're right. During his sophomore year, young Paul lived in the house and watched with some awe the antics of "the old Psi U's," who bounced each other off the walls and voided out the library windows. A year later, a jaded Rhymo sought the serenity and culture of the Continent. He returned for his senior year a lean-jawed, rock-steady, penny-rich, land-poor, sun-spotted young god of a man. And so he remains until this writing. His only problem in life is presented by the decision whether to marry a beautiful woman equipped with a father who will pay him to drink endless carmine liters of peasant wine, or whether to sink slowly in the west. We bet on glug.



GEORGE DAVID RICHARDS **Psi Upsilon**

Kissimmee, Florida

Choir 1, 2, 3.

"Well, yes. Mr. Richards was a proficient scholar . . . even if he did frequently spring from his seat, leap on the nearest wall, and shriek, 'Ring me! I'm a telephone.' "

Dr. Count

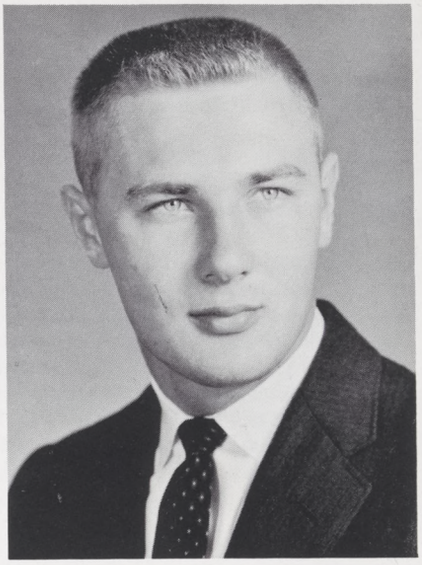
". . . In 1953, Richards stood in a post hole from July 2 until August 20."

Encyclopedia Americana

"Last evening, Richards' dog Brownie, who in 1946 saved Sumner M. Wickwire from drowning, died."

West Winfield Star

Mr. Richards has a cold.



EARL MARTIN RICKERSON **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Binghamton, New York

Lacrosse 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; I.R.C. 2, 3; Campus Fund 4; SPECTATOR 1, 2, 3; J.V. Basketball 1.

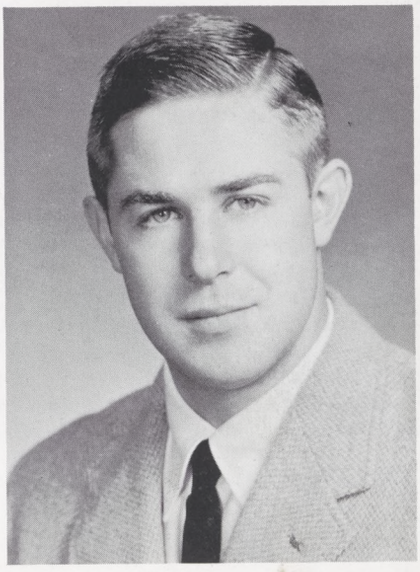
Erl came to Hamster with this dubious title—"North High student too small to play football" —and left with four very successful years of football under his belt. When Spring came, Rick found himself confronted with a paradox—whether to concentrate on lacrosse or women. Well, he played lacrosse and very well, but as for concentration—women won. Erl never received a bid to Nous Onze, but the ginger ale flowed freely. However, he did drink once, and it put him out of commission for a few weeks. Instead of the conventional hangover, he suffered from a rather unconventional burn inflicted by a hot radiator while gazing, not too steadily, at the ground below. Cas still saw a lot of Rick, and he discovered the love of his life—the Campbell Soup girl from Philly. Rick also found time to make many good friends and to attain good grades even though he had a habit of cutting German finals and English double "F" cut classes. As he leaves the halls of Tau, we can see the makings of a fine lawyer moving to Cornell in his bright yellow car.

REYNOLD A. RIEMER **Gryphon**

Flushing, New York

Charlatans 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Director 4; I.R.C. 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 4; Young Republicans 2, 3, Treasurer 3; Debate Club 1; Hamilton Literary Society 2, 3; Campus Fund 4; Fayerweather Prize; Wyld Prize in German; Duell German Scholarship; Phi Beta Kappa.

Our Reynold, a copy of *Mein Kamp* in his hand and a box of used Brooks Brothers labels in his pocket, arrived at the ghetto to begin his four year search for diversion. Convinced that the mainstream of Western culture consisted of more than "that blithering idiot" Plato and the rest of those "ridiculous people," he investigated everything from Byzantine decadence to Herr Browning's adaptation of German literature to prove it. During this search he also managed to acquire a closetful of tweed, a fair capacity for scotch, and a love for the horizontal position. Hamilton's laziest Phi Bete in years will be remembered for his all-night soirees and those bathtub gin parties that almost floated Gryphon off the Hill. If such inane things as the phys. ed. department, cut warnings, and the philosophy requirements occasionally made things "look universally black," as he was wont to offer for any and all misfortunes, Rey has at least overcome them.

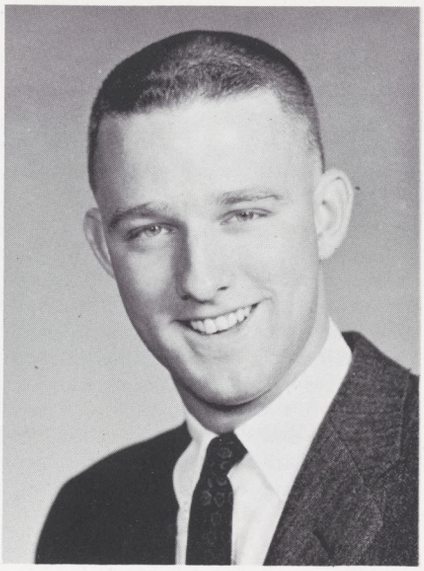


CHARLES WARREN RING, JR. **Theta Delta Chi**

Brunswick, Maine

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4, Publicity Mgr. 4; Buffers 4; Charlatans 2, 3, 4, Production Mgr. 3, 4; Alpha Psi Omega 4; Sailing Club 1, 2, 3; Intramural Council 3; I.R.C. 1, 2; Young Republicans Club 3, 4.

"Johnny" casually took out his little black book and jotted down the waiter's fine just before the glass hit the floor. "We must have organization!"—at least after 10 a.m. Recognizing his talents all too well, the Charlatans gave him a hammer and some nails and sent him backstage. The chubby face seen peering through a set window, or in the front row of the Choir, or amidst the smoke-filled air of *any* party captivated many people. Four years ago, the Maine gentleman, hands in his vest pockets, surveyed the situation and decided to stay. Broken alarm-clocks, 8-1 Martinis well-chilled, the T.D.X. hockey team, and "purrr" are all to his liking. He hates working alarm clocks, rock collections, dead soldiers, anti-Mainers, classes, and inefficiency in general. Some night in the future when the cry, "Olio, let's roll" no longer reverberates around Psi, and the Fiat tracks on the Sig lawn have been filled in, a dog will be seen quietly walking his master (hand in his vest pockets) across a Maine hillside.

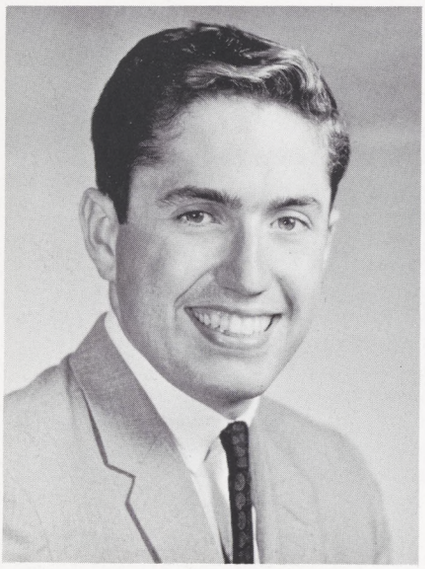


RALPH HENRY ROBERTS, JR. **Alpha Delta Phi**

Elmira, New York

Student Admissions Committee 2, 3, 4; Executive Board 3, 4, Chairman 4; Intramural Council 2, 3, 4, Chairman 4; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; President, Alpha Delta Phi, 4; Spanish Club 3; Parents Weekend Committee 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

"Well guys!" Porky arrived from Elmira sporting his St. Albans blazer, his sun tans and white sneakers. A.D. heard a great deal from Ralph, official and unofficial, but our unerring prexy brought us twenty-six pledges and a blue telephone. It was a tossup between Skids and Wells (a date?), but Porky found time to study—really he did, Dean—just missed Phi Bete, but got his gold key from WWIACU. In his spare time he developed his "Ralph finesse" and managed to go down a trick every time, kept his room spotless—just ask Mouse—and reminded the seniors that "you've got to know everything" to crux for Paul Parker. Porky leaves the Phi and heads for Elmira and the Country Club, but the Navy needs Admirals.



THOMAS OLNEY ROCKAFELLER **Delta Upsilon**

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Track 2, 3; Swimming 1, 3, 4; Newman Club 1, 2, Treasurer 3; Augean Stable 1, 2, 3, 4.

Four years ago a strapping young lad boasting a shy smile made his way up the thruway to carve himself a niche in the Hamilton Tradition. Tom brought with him a set of principles which four years of the zoo have hardly scratched. Some of them, thankfully, have left their impressions on the house. The athletic department soon recognized in Tom an untapped reservoir of physical prowess. Unfortunately for him, but worse for Hamilton, a respiratory illness kept Tom from garnering laurels on the playing field. Known to his fellow D.U.'s as Rocky, Tom utilized one of his many connections to supply hockey uniforms to the D.U. Hockey Squad. A fearless defenseman himself, Tom made up for his less than brilliant stick handling by lunging ferociously at any opposing player who came within reach. Impeccable neatness was one of his many assets that survived a year of rooming with Wally and Stud in the center room. Though a conscientious student, Rock's protests were not strong enough to prevent him from being dragged to a mid-week movie, occasionally, and the beseidled walls of Harts Hill knew him well. His lucky dates appreciated his extraordinary mental power. Hamilton's loss will be the Navy's gain.

LEWIS JAMES ROSE **Squires**

Corinth, New York

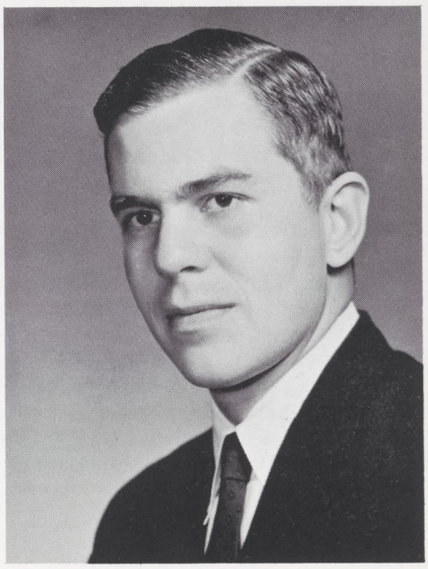
Wesleyan Fellowship 1, 2, 3; Student Christian Association 1, 2; Young Republicans 2, 3.

After seeing many sections of Upstate New York at odd ends of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, Lew came to Hamilton. He now calls Corinth, New York, his home town, and he appreciates the nearby racetracks. During his sophomore year Lew decided that history was more interesting than atomic and nuclear physics. He maintains that aptitude tests are not infallible, and after three years he successfully convinced those in authority. Other interests, purely non-academic, have entered Lew's life, and he is now certain that parties are here to stay. Next year, Lew wants to attend Law School. To settle down in an upstate New York village, where he can establish a successful law practice, is his chief ambition. We are certain his sarcasm will be helpful to him in court. Perhaps a small town murder will bring him fame.

HOWARD E. ROSEN **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Nashville, Tennessee

After a six-day trip in his mould-green 1944 Buick, Howie Rosen arrived at Hamilton to take command of South Dorm and prove that Nashville is the intellectual center of the universe. Finding that he had spent his entire fortune on barbells, binaural folksong albums, and collegiate sweaters, Howie retired to the science labs in order to avoid buying books. He applied all his energies to the dissection to atoms, cats, and dogfish and emerged only long enough to be initiated at TKE and lead an occasional cheer. In his later years at Hamilton, however, Howie became interested in French and memorized a poem entitled "La Bouteille á la Mer." He also found time to organize sorties to various girls' colleges and he became famous for cross-country navigation during snowstorms. As a dormitory proctor, Howie kept order in South and later in Dunham by applying the principles of secondary reinforcement and *laissez faire*. He organized a rock 'n' roll club and persuaded the freshmen to spend their junior year in Nashville. In his official position as a member of the Student Curriculum and the Egghead Committee, Howie fearlessly advocated the introduction of an all-college study of *The Psychopathology of Orval Faubus*. Migrating south again next Fall for medical school, Howie hopes to follow the example of either Jonas Salk or Young Doctor Malone.



LEE JUDSON RUSLING, JR. **Alpha Delta Phi**

Rochester, New York

Sailing Club 2; Soccer 2; Baseball 2; Geology Club 2, 3, 4; Geology Departmental Assistant 3.

Out of the west on a horse named STUDEBAKER, rode this fine geologist. Becoming an honorary member of the Colorado School of Mines at the end of his freshman year, Jay joined the swerving ranks at Hamilton. Although he has "lost" his pin, he claims that he was a Sigma-Nu at Colorado. Recognizing the Alpha Delt house as the house where "one gets the best marks with the least effort," he soon became a social member. The sailing club, soccer team, and the baseball team all proved unsatisfactory entertainment for this MOST SOCIAL OF SOCIAL MEMBERS. Skidmore, Wells, Smith, and St. Lawrence became the home away from home. In his spare time, Jay has managed to pull his marks out of the bottom of the can into the foam with a strong credit average. Besides Frau and Walter Schmitt, Jay has made another close friendship with one of the reputables of a bird sanctuary in New York called FINCH. Hammer in his right hand and a Brunton compass held "LOOSELY" in his left hand, Jay has our luck in bringing in an oil well and bringing up a family.

DANIEL STEARNS RUSSELL **Delta Phi**

Frankfort, New York

French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club Plays 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Canterbury Club 1, 2, 3; Harpoon Club 4.

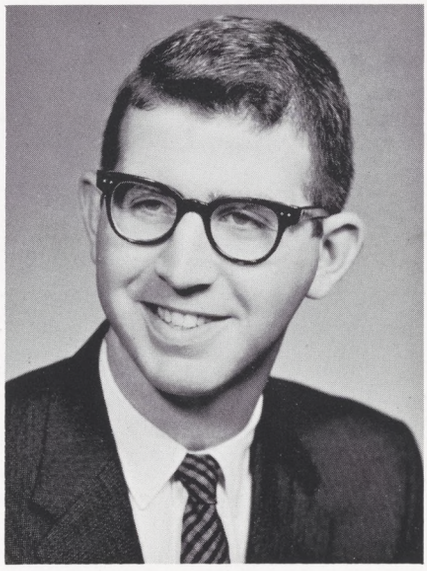
Count Maximilian von Thuringen came to Hamilton from his ancestral holdings in Frankfort, New York. Once on the hill, the young nobleman sought out those versed in the sublime mysteries of aristocratic potables, the fine arts of the written and spoken word, and the ecstasies of the best music. Early in his Sophomore year, Max-Old-Chap, as he is familiarly y-clept by his intimates, was stricken by a virulent species of *mal du siecle*, from which romantic malady it is doubted that he will ever fully recover. In spite of the refined languor induced by this condition, the indomitable Count continued to bear up bravely, with the aid of sustaining effusions of Cointreau, cigarette smoke, and Beaudelaire. For three long years the patrician, virtually alone and unaided, maintained the sturdy fortress of culture in the face of an almost invincible anti-intellectualism. Count von Thuringen constructed for himself and a few others an atmosphere of grace and ease. Come senior year, the Count was lured from his personal ivy tower by the charms of the legendarily beautiful Princess Olga of Long Island.

RICHARD BRANSON RUSSELL **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Binghamton, New York

Lacrosse 1, 2, 3, 4; J.V. Basketball 1; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Campus Fund 3; French Club 1; Intellectual Committee 4; CONTINENTAL 3.

Probably the most well-known nonentity on campus, Branson ambled into Hamster's much-endowed greenery to seek the education that his brother had left here. Oddly enough, his not-too-diligent scholastic endeavors resulted in a highly respectable credit average, an appointment to the Intellectual Committee, and a certificate of attendance from Endicott Junior College. Practical applications of his education showed up in his patient study of the trajectory of an eraser and in his deathless prose, which was recorded under the pretense of being Chapter minutes, but which was read the next week like the script from a Steve Allen Show. And a certain group of bewildered Middlebury defenders are still wondering what Mack truck roared into their midst from midfield and piled them neatly in a corner of the goal. Endowed with an ever-present smile and a personality that everyone found warm and pleasing, "Coconuts" turned out to be the senior most sought by the men in the grey flannel suits. With bourbon bottle tucked carefully under one arm. . . .



DONALD H. SAVAGE **Squires**

Ausable Forks, New York

Student Curriculum Committee 3, 4; Newman Club 1, 2; Intramural Council 1, 2, 3; I.R.C. 4; Baseball 1; Polygon 3, 4.

It is said that a great man makes his presence felt. Here is such a man. Don left the North woods in search for the opportunity to progress. Our politician arrived just in time to run his first successful election. The big room with the fireplace has been Savage's lair from that day in January, 1956, when he gladly left South Dorm. Other feats? In serving as headwaiter for two years he also outlasted Harry Morris. And keeping on amiable terms with J.J. for four years is a major accomplishment! "Savage's Folly" is now past; our paths are slowed. After years of study harder than any courses, he became an expert on hi fi. His "ins" were so numerous we named him the house wholesaler. After years of buying and selling he owns one turntable—no records, or speakers—but he does have the best turntable in the college! Those "unnecessary females" said "he talks too much," and we who often forgot what we had to say while waiting for him to take a breath, do agree! A natural salesman, politician, and leader, Don will always make a place for himself in the world.

BRIAN ROBERT SCHNIER **Squires**

Utica, New York

Biology Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Debate Club 3; McKinney Prize Speaker 3; Outing Club 2; Polygon 3, 4; Charlatans 2.

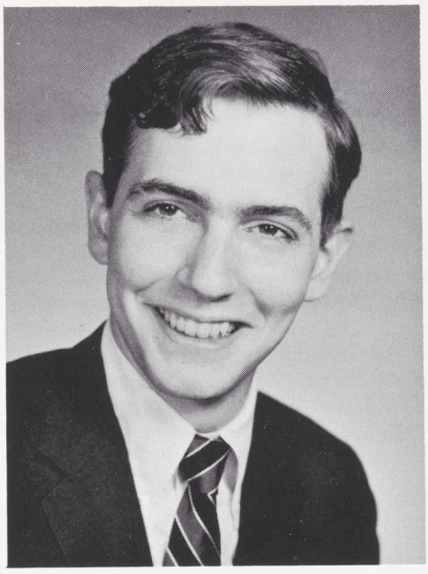
Arriving from somnolent Utica, this slim son of the city of sin looked ahead at the trials of college—and yawned. Bob's freshman year was mildly disturbed by the sound of knives and 3 a.m. potato chips, and half of Middle dorm pushed him off to Calculus. Bob studied. But in his sophomore year, he escaped the grinds of Middle for a well deserved rest. Amidst Paul's snarling and the squish of Don's deodorant, while Harvey rehearsed pre-meds and Jay merged with his reflection, Bob slept serenely. With the fall of his love life, he fell off the bed—but only to sleep under it. Junior year came, and to the roar of folk music and the reverberations of Cohen's "Grind!" a momentous event occurred—Bob became a psychologist and a devotee of B. F. Skinner (he liked the dark labs). With new energy he screamed "Hate Ronna" and "Love Bubbles," but soon settled down to audit History of Philosophy for the third time and make Dean's List. Bob's calm in the face of crises is due less to a low metabolism than to an intelligent and mature attitude towards life. He leaves college with the admiration of his friends and straight A's in chem.

TIMOTHY WHITLOCK SCHOLL **Gryphon**

Watertown, New York

Pentagon, Governor; Student Senate President; Buffers Octet, Leader; Choir; Chapel Board; Gryphon, President.

Gryphon's own "tun of man" lumbered up the Hill many years ago to begin his conquest of the minds of men. After spending his freshman year building up a wardrobe of $2 cord suits, he decided he was ready to throw himself into the socio-political whirl of the Hamilton noblesse. After having remained singularly and utterly neglected by his fellow Hamiltonians for almost three years, he bought a truck with loudspeaker and spotlight to guide him to the eminence of Pentagon. In the meantime he cultivated the friendship of the Utica-Albany bus drivers in hopes of finding one who drove to Poughkeepsie. He learned to covet obscure pipe tobaccos, to drink Bushmills, and to amaze us all with tales of his great prowess as a young gallant in Watertown. He doffed his hat to Abe Lincoln and resurrected Gryphon as an independent asylum, guiding it through its first struggling months, heedless of the tortured cries of "Yaweh" issuing from that down-hill, wooden world. But now he leaves, packing his raccoon coat, tweed suit, neon Pentagon pin, and Princeton catalogues, and goes off to his future as diplomat and social savant.



HENRY BRADFORD SMITH

New York, New York

Young Republican Club 2, 3; Geology Club 2, 3, 4.

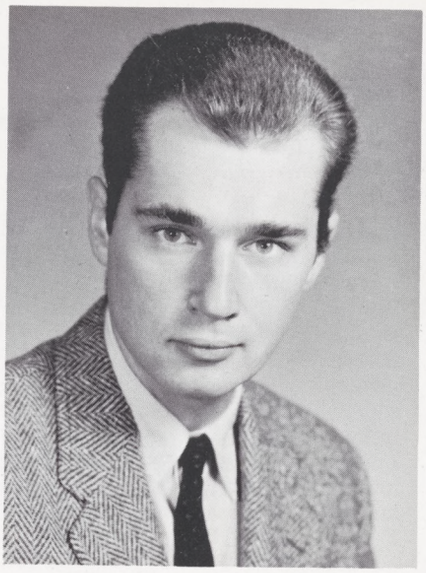
In September, 1955 a cosmopolite coughed and swam his way to Clinton with the aid of his indispensable "coffin-nails" and "Brewer's Gold." His chief goal at college was to educate his upstate peers in the genteel vices. Being a methodical worker, Brad can now claim many converts. Brad's first major academic obstacle was the English Department. However, he soon found the key to success in Mr. Park's faculty box. Being so impressed by his success in English, Brad decided to use his knowledge of English in conquering French Lit. Having found little success in this endeavor, Brad tried to find solace in the beautiful Mohawk Valley mapping City Brook. His love for France, not being completely suppressed, Brad acquired the "Blue Flame" from a New England Renault discount house. Despite a leaky water pump and hoards of smoke pouring out of his pride and joy, Brad maintained that economically his investment was paying high dividends. Brad's love for large dividends has had much influence in determining his plans for the future—the bar. Whether it be Webster, Sheffield, Chrystie, Smith and Smith, or Mike, Stan, Doc, Min, and Hank, Brad is sure to be a success.

KENNETH JOHN SMITH **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Merrick, New York

Swimming 1; SPECTATOR 1; Track 2, 3; Biology Club 2, 3, 4.

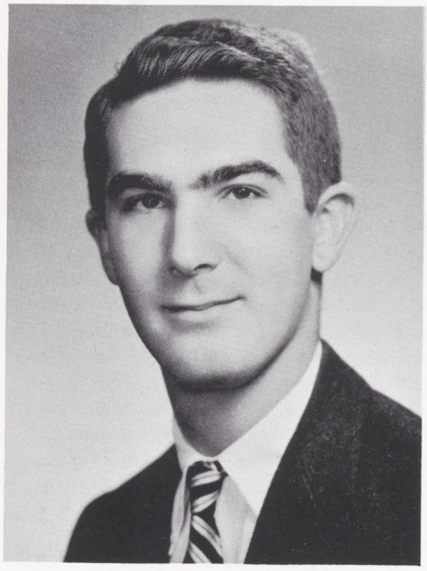
At the beginning of Ken's sophomore year, he made an effort to advance ahead of everyone in a single respect—that respect was apathy towards "dogma collegium," a disease very contagious to seniors at Hamilton. Ken accomplished in one year what is ordinarily encompassed in three. After two mighty exertions in the track and swim department, Ken's interests became exclusive to the Bio lab. The only time he seemed to move from the lab was to take occasional trips to "Cuse" which would be classified in the lower register of his music scale. He hit the upper register when his music appreciation turned northward to a cute blonde-haired girl at SLU. Marriage is waiting for Ken after graduation, and as we gaze a little deeper into our tea leaves, we see that he won't be able to frolic in snow below the Mason-Dixon line. As Ken swings out of Ham Col to the tune of Freddie's organ impressions, we all know with the grappler from Mepham gone, the walls of Middle Dorm will last a little longer.



RICHARD ALLAN SMITH — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Rochester, New York

The son of an immigrant barber was a stubby finger tracing life through a sheaf of obscenities. Leaving his fingernails and clipper at his desk, he retreated into a world of longer hair. A monstrous head waddled by, grunting smoky threats. He bathed for it. A fleshy neck stroked itself, squawking his future into tiny merds. He flushed them and lit a cigarette. A blind mouse led a squealing procession to the room where he lay. He hugged his cheese to the mattress and dreamt of tigers. An open mouth sucked in air, making it difficult to breathe. He crepitated and grew taller.

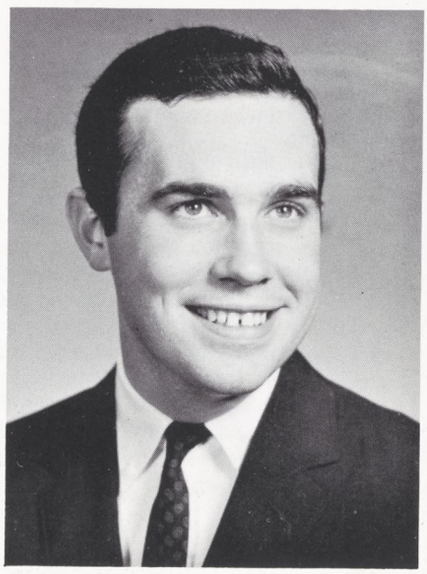


THEODORE SCHUYLER SMITH, JR. — **Sigma Phi**

Geneva, New York

Press Board 1, 2, Manager 3; Publications Local Advertising Manager 3, Business Manager 4; Publications Board 4; Student Admissions Committee 2, 3, 4; Parents Weekend Committee 3, Head 4; Chapel Board 2, 3, Secretary 4; Hexagon.

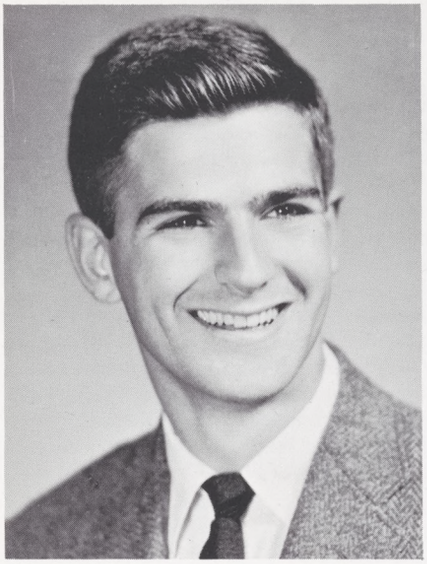
Garbed in choir robe and turkish turban, the hustling young prelate from the Eastern Orthodox roams from party to party, casting bread indiscriminately at frolicking Christians, repairing the Schism, which doesn't bother his uncritical flock, but which he deems deserving of illumination. From his role of chief smoothie at Siggie Poo cocktail parties, "Leader" stops trying to tie things over with Ellie and her husband, and avaunts into the night, a Turkish delight, a confusion of Eastern mysticism and Beta urbanity. No freshman's date is safe from this nocturnal specter, whose interests in Martini Rossi prevail upon instincts for someone else's lovely. Tweed and 'tinis, use of the correct fork and all that the Beta stands for are often forsaken as Prexy discovers that leadership is only a more subtle form of hypocrisy. Alteri's will remember him long after Mike at the Inn has only a hazy recollection of a silent object enshrouded in a tweedy smog.



WALTER A. SMYTH — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Charlatans 1, 2, 3, 4, Director 4.

Geologically speaking, Walter's four years at Hamilton were unsuccessful. However, he turned his sights toward Alexander Woolcott's pride and joy and kept them there for the duration of his stay. Living at the T.K.E. house with the "old Hare" (who else could?), he broke his way through his sophomore and junior years. The theater was his first love and it always will be. Living in North Dorm for his senior year, Walt ruled the Charlatans with a "superfluous" hand. Perhaps the most rewarding things about his years at Hamilton were his associations with Martha Brewster and with Robert Frost's Mask of Reason. The future? Someone must take Mike Todd's place!



HANS JOACHIM SOLMSSEN **Sigma Phi**

Summit, New Jersey

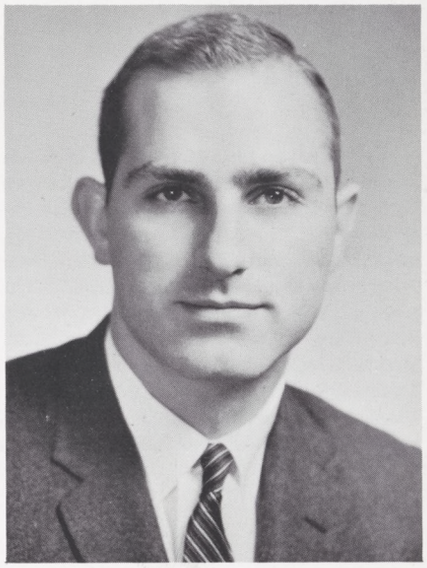
Choir 1 2, 3, Executive Council 4; Hockey 1, 3, 4; Intramural Chairman 3, 4; Hexagon; Block H Club 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3; WHC 4; Vassar 1, 2, 3, 4.

We hear in the distance a muffled roar, as from an emaciated Sherman tank. Slowly a great green bomb appears on the horizon and grinds to a halt in front of the Hall of the Beta. From this motorized tribute to the genius of Henry Ford steps a tall, dark gentleman in lederhosen and Alpine cap (with feather), yodeling a few bars from Kodaly. Note his baronial air; note the suggestion of a wolf-like gleam in his steely eye. It is the squire of Summit—also well known in Martha's Vineyard, Edinburgh, and Poughkeepsie—world traveler, chorister, hockey jock, roommate of Fat Ward and Jolly Cholly, known to the world's people as Hans J. Solmssen. Though his travels on land are extensive, he is no stranger to the seas; boats fascinate him, and he has shown a particular interest in stearns. Music is his consuming preoccupation, and he has the distinction of being the only person to follow courses in advanced harmony and composition, otherwise called Advanced Bear. So that he may better serve the Co-op Milk Co. or whatever, he has done research into the magnitude of the labor problem-m-m. Hans goes forth into the world the master of himself.

DONALD LOOS SPENCER **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Warren, Pennsylvania

Class President 3; Honor Court 3, 4; Hockey 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Lacrosse 1, 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, Vice-Pres. 4; SCA 1, 2, Vice-Pres. 3; Chapel Board 2, 3, 4; Student Senate 3; Intellectual Committee 4; Campus Fund Chairman 4; D.T.; Was Los; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.



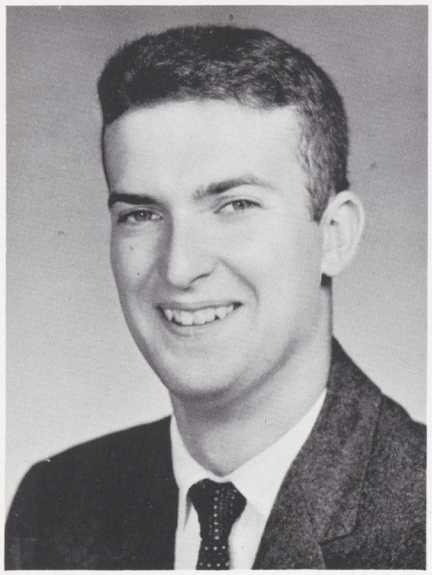
Straight from the secluded halls of Taft came the bearded Indian. Complete with horn-rimmed glasses, hockey stick, and a nose that only Gene Long could fit with a face mask, he developed a keen sense of forgetfulness that was matched only by his capacity to get himself into jobs that required much remembering. Don could never say "no" to a request, and soon he was requested to be a leader in almost every active group on campus. As he sat at his desk adjusting his glasses, he imagined his name on the Dean's List. But before he could crack a book, a phone call would tear him reluctantly from his studies to attend an uphill meeting of minds. In between his meetings and trips to the gym, Don found time to ride in Chrysler convertibles and replace broken window panes. As Indian leaves, the Halls of Tau still echo with the cries; "What do you mean I can't play bridge!" and "The goalie is too the best skater on the team!"

DON LEWIS SPILLMAN, JR. **Delta Phi**

DeLancey, New York

French Club 1, 2, 3; SPECTATOR 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 4; Harpoon Club 4; Moi Seul 1, 2, 3, 4.

With what aplomb the quixotic philosopher spent four years looking (moderately of course) for a girl with breasts of marble! And he was moderate in all things: "fools admire, but men of sense approve." Born perhaps a century too late, he lodged for several pounds six shillings in an ordered Walden, albeit a bit Victorian, where coffeehousers like himself partook in lean months of scotch or dubonnet. But when they left, who knows what dreams he dreamed, pondering over a pipe and the damnable rain. We wouldn't be at all surprized if glittering armor replaced "my necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—." But out of dreams he came from time to time for one more joust with the terrible Blythian windmills. Still, at the bar he claims descent for William James (philosophically speaking, I am sure). And even when he doesn't wax pragmatic his inclinations draw him towards the Law. In later life no cacophonous trumpets will herald his approach, but with quiet diplomacy Don will make his presence felt.

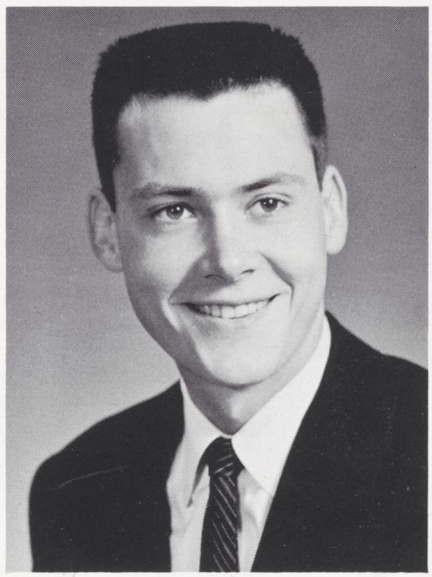


CHARLES BENJAMIN STEVENS **Squires**

Argyle, New York

Lacrosse Manager 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer Manager 3, 4; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; Biology Club 2, 3; Campus Fund 3; Polygon 3, 4; Winslow Latin Prize 1; Hawley Latin Prize 2; Dr. Edward Fitch Prize Scholarship 3; Arthur W. Soper Latin Scholarship 3.

The Argyle Central Railroad has ground to a halt as the kid from the North stuffs his HO trains into his suitcase. His drum and bugle corps jacket, the Stevens' trademark for four years, will no longer be seen on Campus. "Look," he said proudly at the end of his sophomore year, "I've got my Block H!" And indeed he had, fair and square. "The Matt" will be sorry to see Bengie go, too, for he was his most prized pupil for three years. The only member at large of Squires's Executive Council who was unable to be tracked down, the house made him Veep his senior year just so they would know where he was. As a member of the Grange Faction the kid was never known as a social wheel . . . until his senior year that is, when he emerged with two arrow marks, the second a recent infliction. "Oneonta," he exclaimed in his Northern drawl, "is much closer than Plattsburg!" The medical profession's loss will be the teaching profession's gain.



RICHARD BRUCE STOCK **Chi Psi**

Staten Island, New York

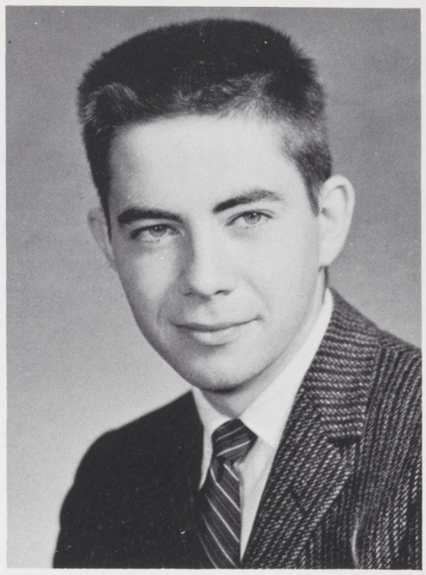
Arriving on the Hill from the Isle of Staten, the old Storker cried, "This place is a real high!" His main interests were obviously sack, ping-pong, "Ralph," physics, and SACK. 'Twas not long before he also became acquainted with ice hockey, Mary Ann, and couches during houseparties. Downtown he made quite a hit with Doris, making money on the deal. Sophomore year he managed to find a new gal from Wells and returned to bigger and better couches during houseparties. After a few ringers at Skids, Caz, and 'Cuse, he settled down to Wells, ping-pong, sack, intellectual discussions with Ivan, and SACK! After Carnegie, his interests changed from physics to German; a few days later from German to psychology—(He became one of Lundin's Wizards). He also pursued education courses enabling him to permeate the walls of Clinton Central School. There he found his dreamworld, with Zaza's only a few steps away. "R-i-i-i-chard" will be remembered for his inverted Coke bottle at initiation banquet, his determination to drive "Horns" squirrelly, and for his ice cube tricks at area parties. Yes, for "The Stork" Hamilton will always be a real high!

RICHARD H. STORM **Theta Delta Chi**

Poughkeepsie, New York

Choir 1, 2, 3, Manager 4; CONTINENTAL 2, 3, Editor 4; Charlatans 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 3, President 4; WHC 4; Art Center Student Board 4; Vassar 2, 3, 4; Raskolniki 4.

Prepared to demonstrate to his fellow students the proper way of living, Dick came to Hamilton with the complete organ works of Bach and a collection of paper-backs which has kept his roommates from ever going to the library. After proving to the choir that he could master the *Song of the Sea,* Dick became Choir Manager and the best drill instructor that the choir has ever had. Aspiring to some degree of literary eminence, Dick founded the Literary Society and became editor of the *Continental.* As if this weren't enough Dick started a workshop in 3 Carnegie, where he repaired old organ pipes. After studying E. M. Forster for his independent study program, Dick decided that Forster *is* an English novelist. About the future, Dick would like nothing better than travelling in Europe, but there may be an opportunity for him to play a part in a forthcoming Broadway musical. In any case, he will always live tastefully, filling his room with chintzy cushions, and his decanters with a special wine prepared by Mr. Slater's gardener.



SAMUEL STUART STRADLING — **Emerson Literary Society**

Hamilton, New York

Basketball 1; Newman Club 2; Intramural Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Cube 3, 4; English Comp 1, 2.

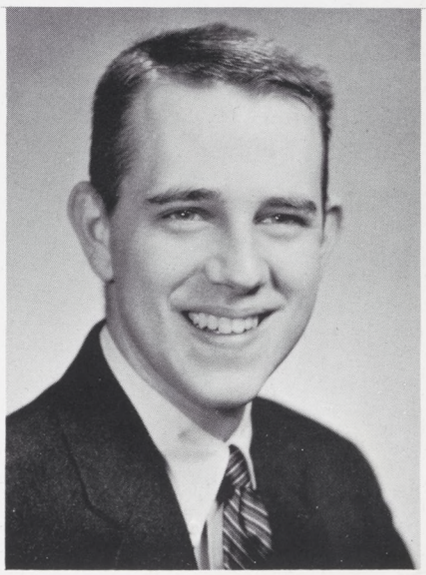
Four years ago, our Stuart smashed his way from Hamilton, New York to Hamilton College in an effort to become the most well-rounded card player in Emerson Hall. Having received this dubious honor, he settled down to the more serious aspects of college life. His wife-hunting ventures never proved fruitful, but Stu never became disheartened. With a fortune from his Coke machine and more advice from Sully, his battle to conquer the opposite sex raged on. Studies seldom interfered with Stu's college life, but when finals rolled around, even Stu was forced to crack a book or two. Occasionally he cracked the books harder than necessary, and he ended up on the Dean's list—a feat which seriously threatened his membership in Cube. Fear not, for Stu's lack of interest in college activities saved his expulsion from this noted organization. Having the house presidency and a few acceptances to grad school, the cute little ——— prepares to leave Hamilton in search of better things: better card players, prettier girls, louder music, etc. Although Stuart may leave, his philosophy of C.L.M.F.T. will linger long.

JAMES BORTLE SULLIVAN — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Massena, New York

Football 1, 2; Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Biology Club 4.

One usually thinks of a bear as being big and strong and loud. But Hamilton's most noted "Bear" was very much the opposite: he was small and quiet. Mind you, however, he was strong. He not only had strength throughout the limbs of his body, but as was occasionally demonstrated, he also seemed to have touches of muscle between his ears. The Tau Zoo gained his animal services by selling him a better deal than that being peddled at the time by the Hill's leading mystic. From here, "Sully" came to be known as a man having many opinions but few words. He detested Fords, certain professors, Albany "bigwigs," and studying. He cherished his Chrysler (which sat at home in the barn on his Massena farm most of the year), the back seat of one of his Tau brother's car, manic-depressive drunks, and sleeping. "Not necessarily . . . now here's the point" was one of his more favorite clichés, and "the boys up home" seemed to be his closest companions. After much grinding, sleeping, and reading magazines in the library, he now looks forward to dental school. Our hopes might be expressed in the words of his simple philosophy: "Take it easy, big fella."

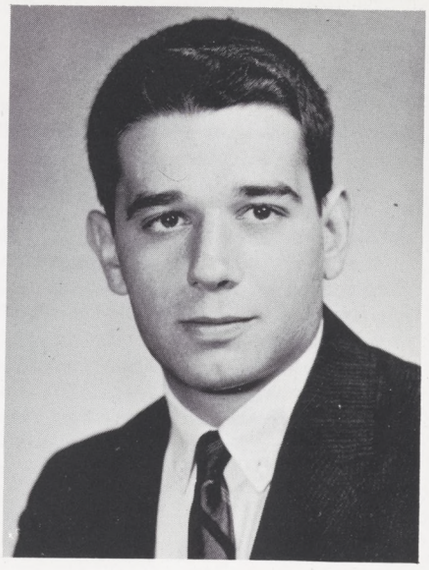


DAVID TERRENCE SYKES — **Psi Upsilon**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Student Admissions Committee 1, Secretary 2, 3; I.R.C. 1, 2; Track 3.

Throwing his golf bag in a corner, Dave began to nail a Duke banner on the wall of 17 South. "That," he explained to his new, bespectacled roommate, "is where grass and women thrive year round." Dave never, in the next four years, quite reconciled his yearning for the good life of the southern country club with his life at the austere academy on the Hill. So, resigning himself to his own befuddlement, Dave resolved to make do. In studies he garnered a respectable C average. In sports, injuries kept him from any prolonged varsity competition. An appreciative gentleman with the ladies, soft-hearted old Dave fell in love with what must have been at least six lush charmers while at Hamilton. Keeping two on the hook at one time, Dave was always able to turn to one sympathetic young lady when the other threw in the pin. His Brothers couldn't help sniggering at times when Dave complained about his girl problems. At the House, Dave was elected successively to the posts of Junior Officer and President. His sincerity and fairness will always earn him the same respect in whatever pursuit he may follow.

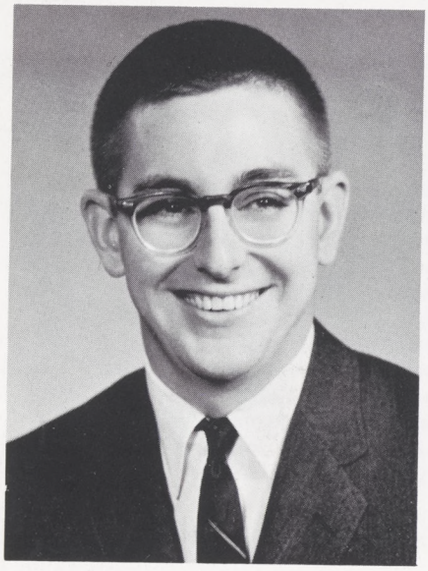


ROBERT LOUIS TESSLER — **Emerson Literary Society**

South Orange, New Jersey

Class Treasurer 1; J.V. Basketball 1; Student Curriculum Committee 2; I.R.C. 1, 2, 4; HAMILTONIAN 1; McKinney Prize Speaker 1.

Bob is unique in that he is the only student in the history of Hamilton College who has commuted from South Orange, who has been unanimously elected to the presidency of the J.V. watchers' guild for three consecutive years, and who has, with Dick's help, consumed two hundred and twelve cans of tunafish in one semester. We will always remember the plaintive cries he has uttered before infinite platters of greasy pork chops; we will always remember how he spent many hours burning the midnight oil as he faithfully worked into the wee hours of almost every morning; and we will always remember how his face lit up when he heard: "The King is dead—long live the Queen." "The Grind" completed his sojourn at Hamilton in just three years—due, perhaps, to his Ruthannian background, which, to say the least, has played a major role in his abbreviated stay. So, as Tess prepares for his last trip to South Orange and bids a sad farewell to the balmy Oriskany Valley, he will pack up his crossword puzzles, sunlamp, refrigerator, and the few text books that are almost as good as new and prepare for his first really big step out into the cold, cold world.

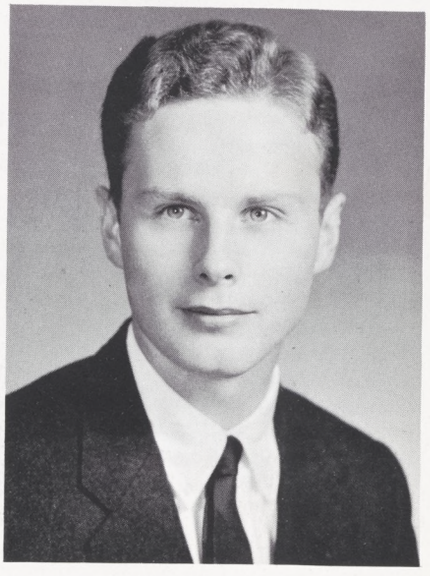


JOHN PETER VAN KEUREN — **Delta Phi**

Glen Rock, New Jersey

Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; SPECTATOR 4; Intramural Council 2; Hamilton B. Tompkins Math Award 3; Block H Club 4.

The Dutchman splashed his way through four years at Hamilton as swimmer, manager, and then swimming manager of Hunter's Frogmen. After hiding out in New Jersey on party weekends for a time, he became a social success almost overnight, luring young ladies from far and near with his subdued charms. Preferring to let the women come to him, only on one occasion did Fudd take the offense and journey to Boston via giant bird. A one-time proponent of teen queens as the spice of life, he became, for a time, Delta Phi's guest lecturer on dating techniques. Although never quite able to live down "One Beer van Keuren" he managed to pay the "Wages of Sin" on only one occasion. A quick wit and the ability to join in any house activity made Duff one of Delta Phi's most popular members. As President of the "Rockets to the Moon Construction Company" he rivaled the Wright Brothers in air supremacy. As treasurer of the fraternity, however, he showed a substantial profit on the house books which later paid for his senior year. Versatility is the one word which best describes Baron von Korne.

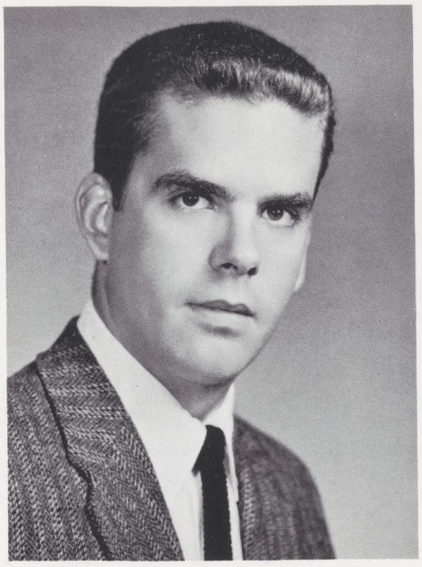


BARCLAY WARD — **Chi Psi**

Storrs, Connecticut

Cross-country 1, 2, 4, Captain 3, Co-captain 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; I.R.C. 3, 4, President 4; Student Admissions Committee 3, 4; Debate Club 3, 4.

Missing Storrs, Barclay ran thru four years of college with a lucky penny. He nimbly hurdled all obstacles but rarely let himself go. He ran so well, in fact, that he captained the cross-country team and finally escaped the salacious maw of the German Department. For light entertainment Barclay either preached his Scottish philosophy or flipped on the Ninth Symphony; more than likely it was Beethoven for if he couldn't find an audience he could at least be one. Rejuvenated by the classics, he stormed up the Hill, took over the IRC, and elbowed into the Debate club. Debating successfully against everybody but Gene Long, Barclay was soon back in the whirlpool. Shunning television, liquor, beer, poker, dice, and ping pong, Barclay typifies the hard charger. Generous and amiable Barclay heads for diplomatic school where his diplomacy and tact will be. . . .

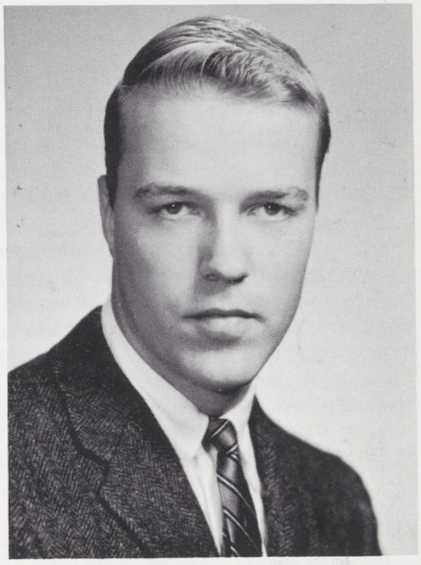


PENN R. WATSON, III **Alpha Delta Phi**

East Aurora, New York

HAMILTONIAN 1, 2, Associate Editor 3, Sports Editor 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Block H Club 2, 3, 4; Squash Team 2, 3, 4; J.V. Tennis 3; SPECTATOR 4; Sailing Club 1.

Carrying a camera and a physics book, 'Wats' appeared at the North door of the Hall ready to step into a new life as a freshman. Now after four years of Physics, soccer, parties and pool, he is ready to leave by the front door for parts as yet unknown. The bar will no longer flow with his foamy beer, nor The Phi dining room echo his appeal for a lift into Utica, nor the halls resound with the sound of his "hi-fi" collection; yet these will never be forgotten. Still, with all of these extra-curricular fields, he didn't forget the books and was always there with a sturdy average. From the cue and the mug to the dry cell and the lever, Penn busied himself for four years. Now we wish him the best of luck in the years to come.

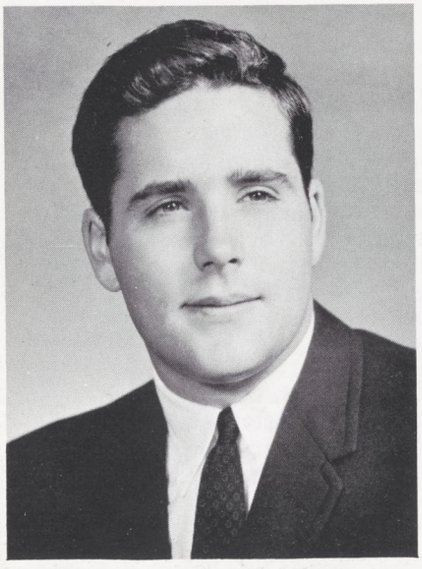


CHARLES IRVING WEBSTER, III **Sigma Phi**

Summit, New Jersey

Football 1; Choir 1, 2, 3, Executive Committee 4; Buffers 1, 2, 3, Business Manager 4; Student Admissions Committee 1, 2; Off-campus Weekends Set 1, 2, 3, 4; Hexagon.

With the roar of straight pipes, our own "Kipper" made the scene at the Halls of the Beta. After a rigorous first semester of football and good clean living, Kip decided to divert his numerous talents to an extensive correspondence career and the like. Thoroughly successful in furthering his literary ability, he also managed to visit every women's college in the East. In between these various wanderings, Kip found time to participate in many of the College activities such as the Choir and the Buffers. Late sophomore year, Kip garnished the Beta with the "Blond Bathtub," a slow but sure conveyance with a 4.2 rear end. During the following two years, a strange disease forced his chariot into hibernation; however, Kip has vowed that he will return to the Beta sporting a new red M.G. With spring and vacation in the near future, Kip looks forward to Mad. Ave.—not to mention 'tinis and doll. When Kip departs from Hamster this June, the Beta will lose one of its more adept silver-tonguers: an art fast become unknown among true Sigs.

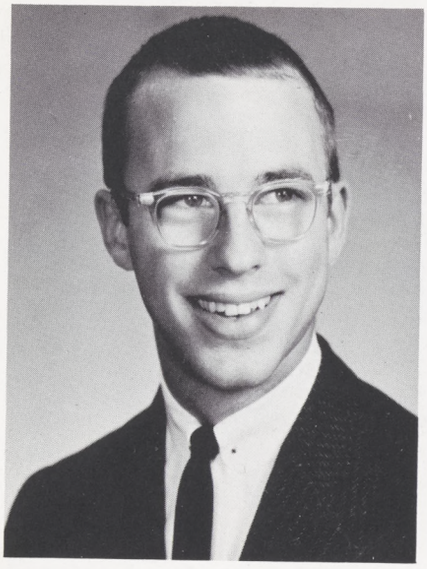


HERBERT WARD WETTLAUFER **Sigma Phi**

Buffalo, New York

French Club 1, 2; French Prize 1; Chapel Board 1, 2, 3; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; D.T.; Was Los; Campus Fund 1, 2, Treasurer 3, Faculty Solicitations 4; HAMILTONIAN 1, Social Editor 2, Sports Editor 3, Senior Editor 4; Golf 1, Captain 2, 3, 4; Nous Onze 4; All American College Golf Team 3, 4; Hexagon; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

With a mischievous twinkle in his eye and a formidable four wood clutched in his pudgy fists, Hamilton's rather weighty answer to Sam Snead trundled on the Hill. Squeezing in a few courses between the front and back nines, safaris to Smith and Vassar, and arduous treks across the burning sands of Clinton to that noted oasis called Zaza's for spiritual balm, Ward somehow managed to contribute his creditable grades to the Siggy Poo's struggle to raise the faltering house average. Never a one to push for recognition during his four years here; nevertheless, Ward has amassed many honors both on and off the campus, the most notable of which is his election to the Walker Cup. As he leaves "the massive walls that enclose our classic halls," Ward bequeathes one amazing, battle-scarred Dodge, a collection of rusty, bent irons, and his affinity for liquid assuagement. We wish him the best of luck on and off the greens.



WILLIAM F. WIETING — **Delta Phi**

Hamburg, New York

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Brass Ensemble 3, 4; Biology Club 2, 3; Outing Club 3; WHC 4; German Club 4; Wrestling 1, 2; Sinn Fein 2.

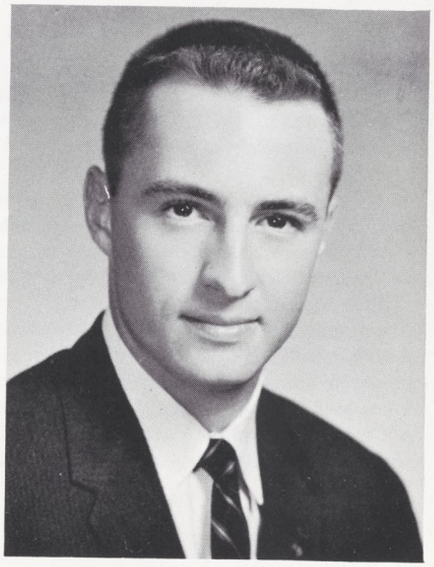
Displaying an astounding—even shocking—degree of perseverance in all endeavors which promised sufficient reward (tangible or otherwise), D Phi's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table dashed through his four college years devoted to a variety of propensities and interests that might well have overwhelmed a lesser man. The Basso's knowledge—from Gliere und Goethe to a well-researched conviction that sex *is* a question of lighting—made him a person of considerable interest to those who braved his moods long enough to appreciate him. Many knew him only as a blur, glissading down the Hill each day; others as a heckling voice on Tuesday mornings. But everyone knew him. A true troubadour, Bill's wanderings, musical and otherwise, ranged from Europe to deepest Penn-sylvania, but Boston and her University have charmed him most. With him there, it is validly rumored, will be an elfin creature who has haunted his dreams for several years. Still a firm believer in the great out-of-doors, and in himself, Bill starts out bound to climb still higher mountains and, perhaps, to penetrate caverns measureless to man.

LEO LAUD WINIARSKI, JR. — **Delta Phi**

Rutherford, New Jersey

Soccer 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Lacrosse 2; SPECTATOR 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Sports Editor 3, Sports Editor 4; Block H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; HAMILTONIAN 2, 4; D.T.; Harlan Woodfork Scholarship 1.

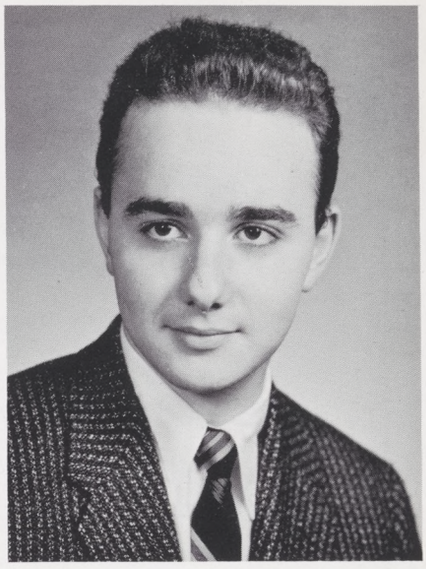
If the Mayor of Poland had known that the Falcon was graduating from Hamilton he would have felt less secure about his job, for no one has done more to popularize the land of kiulbasy and iron men since Paderewski. The flower of Poland flourished for four seasons on the soccer field. His literary talents blossomed on the sports page of the Spectator as "Here's the Pitch" became the athletic department's Voice of Freedom against eight o'clock gym classes (That's a *p* not a *b*). The bloom of leadership became a veritable bouquet when the spirit of Old Warsaw took the reins of fraternity power. A quest for ivory brought a small tusk marked "Conn. Coll." "I think she likes me," he explained cheerfully while the elephant licked his hand. Fortunately his hand is sanforized, for the elephant seems to have become attached to it.



COURTNEY D. YOUNG, JR. — **Squires**

Herkimer, New York

Court was not always the man he is today. His present aggressive attitude has only been with him ever since one miserable day early in his Hamilton career when he bulled two seniors off the path and into a convenient snow bank. This is not meant to imply that he is the complete animal type. Court has, during his stay here, been a scholarship student—periodically. He has managed to mask his intellectual activities, which have never been allowed to get out of control, quite well, by the clever ruse of arising when the rest of the members of the house were just arousing from a state of moribundity to one of deep coma. Whenever Jackie, his one true (oh, yes) love called, Court was always out but would most certainly be back in five minutes. (After all, station-to-station rates are cheaper.) Court has secretly always nurtured the desire for a credit average. The first semester of his senior year, he had his chance. Then, the night before his last double exam, deciding his reputation and honor were worth more than his average, he borrowed (deficit financed) a dollar, the traditional sum, and headed for Marcy. However, in his immortal words: I have an hour exam tomorrow! *If* you wake me up, I will kick you all the way back to *The Lafayette*. Sincerely, Honorable Young.

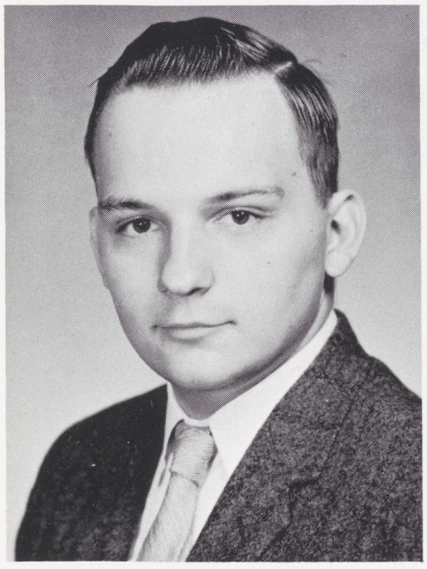


BEN ZEICHNER **Squires**

Brooklyn, New York

Outing Club 1, 2; French Club 2; Biology Club 1, 2, 3; Debate Club 1, 2, 3; Fayerweather Prize 1.

When Ben came to Hamilton, he was immediately dubbed "Little Ben" and was maliciously rumored to be a juvenile delinquent from Erasmus Hall. He denied this claim to notoriety, and after discussing seating arrangements with his advisor, became a devout disciple of Senor Martinez. Rooming in Middle his Sophomore year did not prevent him from also rooming in Carnegie 9, where he argued with the "Fearful Five" about the nature of reinforcement offered by the human female. A field experiment was subtly engineered, and Ben was suddenly surrounded by persuasive well-wishers. His only comment: "Eh?" Although he was pre-med, Ben perversely chose to be an English major. He even attempted Spanish, French, and, disastrously, German, committing to memory such words as should be an active part of everyone's vocabulary: e.g., *Abgrund* and *Herabgesandter*. Ben leaves Hamilton with the distinction of being the only student in Hamilton's history to fall asleep during a final exam and to take Hamilton's courses by correspondence in his senior year. His concern with "seeing the problem" may stand him in good stead at N.Y.U.



RAYMOND ZIMMERMAN **Squires**

Tarrytown, New York

SPECTATOR 1, 2, 3; HAMILTONIAN 1, 2; Biology Club 1, 2.

No matter whether Ray was residing in North or Carnegie, he retained his determination to clear all hurdles before him on his way to Med School. With a competent nurse to guide his work, we are certain that Ray will be successful. The lost notebook or the forgotten coat just serve as reminders that Ray's mind was on more elevated material. Most anyone is capable of looking beneath his feet for a book, but a special knowledge is needed for medicine. Batman, bowling, beer, and bridge have cluttered Ray's already full schedule, but never can it be said that these small matters really upset him. He remained true to his ideals almost all the time despite the efforts of the fearless four plus one. Every time he suffered a relapse into evil ways, he always "thought big" and returned to his medical ways—even after the mighty wars in Carnegie. We are all confident that Ray will become a great physician, but we nonetheless wish him the best of luck for the future, both with his nurses and his patients.

DAVID INGALS FISHER **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Guelph, Ontario

Chapel Board 2, 3; SPECTATOR 4; I.R.C. 1, 2, 3; Spanish Club 1, 2, 3; Campus Fund 3.

"Abridged"—"Completely abridged!" David's life at Hamilton could not be written otherwise! Being clean-cut and chaste when he entered Hamilton College, Dave will leave with wisdom and knowledge. Finding pleasure in breaking tradition, David forsook four generations of A.D. Poo's to go DKE. Fitting easily into the notorious atmosphere of the Zoo, "The Spider" has managed to obtain a creditable average although doing very little work. David's speaking manner was highly refined, and abounded with very picturesque adjectives and nouns. One couldn't help but be impressed by his remarkable ability to call a spade a spade, and an *f* an *f*. "The Mind," too, with his "extraordinary digits" found a profound pleasure in modeling clay symbols which were noted for their "elaborate" details. Meanwhile, he has led a social life extended from Utica's culture to Binghamton's society. Finding no desire to have his daughters to be "debs" at "The Annual Ball," he left Binghamton with a warm smile. Since then, David has had much time to think things over while canoeing on Cayuga's waters. When David can arouse himself from his usual siesta, success will be within his grasp.

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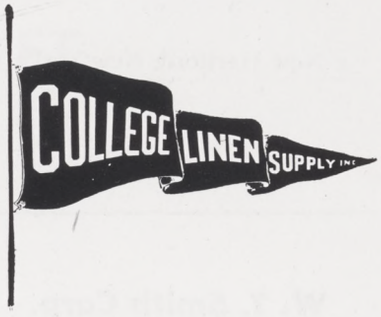

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editor's note

This book has been an attempt to put the experiences of a year into print. If it has succeeded in this attempt much of the credit must go to Bill Wieting and Terry Meyer who, among other things, made the entire snapshot section possible.

My especial thanks go to Mrs. Jewell M. Gates of Wm. J. Keller Inc., the publishers of this book, for the kind and patient assistance which she gave us in the difficult months preparatory to publication.

The names of the several editors of this book appear on a page somewhere in the text. They by no means deserve all the credit for its production. Behind them (and once or twice in place of them) stood men like Newland Smith and Doc Jordan who ground out the necessary, difficult and mechanical chores.

This year's HAMILTONIAN continues a precedent set last year. My predecessor as editor-in-chief, Hack Rhett, said that his book was intended as a "break from a formalized pattern that had descended down through several preceding books." It sought informality and originality rather than the rigidity of tradition; creative representation instead of stick pictures. This book and the one before it represent a reaching out for a new and more vital HAMILTONIAN format. They are the somewhat different and perhaps ungainly children of tradition and revolt.

To Jim Miller, who has proved himself an extremely capable staff member the past three years, goes the task of fusing the old and the new.

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